

Lessons Learned

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37210813) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37210813>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP , Dream SMP Roleplay - Fandom
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Michael the Piglin - Character , Shroud the Spider - Character , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Jack Manifold , Ender Dragon (Minecraft) , dragoninnit
Additional Tags:	Sleepy Bois Inc-centric , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , Sleepy Bois Inc Angst , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Evil Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Hybrid TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Not Canon Compliant , Misunderstandings , Fix-It of Sorts , Sleepy Boys Inc Redemption , Hybrid Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Hurt/Comfort , Moving On , Angst , Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit Angst (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF) , Sad TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit Needs a Break (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Siblings , Technoblade is Bad at Feelings (Video Blogging RPF) , Soft Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Angel of Death Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson is Called Philza (Video Blogging RPF) , Bad Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , he tries alright , TommyInnit Hears Voices (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit Has a Child Named Shroud (Video Blogging RPF) , BAMF TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , dragoninnit - Freeform , Ender Dragon Hybrid TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-18 Updated: 2023-02-09 Words: 79,176 Chapters: 15/16

Lessons Learned

by [ItsSugarHolic](#)

Summary

Tommy thinks he's learned his lesson.

He was too tired to keep fighting for a place to belong on the server. It finally dawned on him that everyone had moved on without him. He was the one who was still pushing, the one who was still angry, the one who was just too much...

So he was done.

He was ready to move on. To give those he loved what they wish for. And yeah, this realization might've come with a ton of hurt and made the Void in his chest all that bigger and maybe letting them go was going to be harder than he thought...

But Prime damn it, TommyInnit will start to heal and damned anyone else who tries to stop him from leaving this hell of a server.

Notes

Hello! I guess this will be me dipping my toes back into writing fics after so many years! But I could not resist reading almost the entire freaking library of content...

Anyways! The story will show a more resigned Tommy, one who has had enough. And it'll take place after Dream's escape but in this story, Tommy never went to the arctic for safety but still managed to get away safely! The how will be explained in a different chapter.

And you can drag DreamSMP SBI family dynamics from my cold dead hands god damn it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

If You Must Leave a Place...

Tommy finally gets it.

Or, at least he thinks so. Everyone gave their lessons in between explosions and manipulations over the years so there's a bit of a fog going on in his head. But he's pretty sure that he finally understands what people have been trying to tell him all this time.

Thanks to his sessions with the Captain, his mind had gotten a bit more clarity and all that other fancy junk. She says that he's allowed to do things for himself. That it doesn't make him selfish to wish for stability, for happiness.

For peace...

And she recently started helping him look back and remember his past. And no matter how triggering or painful each memory was, he knew Puffy was there every step of the way. And little by little he made progress. Good progress too! He was getting less nightmares every night and the constant guilt of just being around people was starting to get manageable!

Tommy lets out a sigh as he keeps walking through the Prime Path. Looking around at the many structures that have been built since the conception of the server he felt a pang of bitter nostalgia in his hollow chest which he quickly pushed down.

You see, it was all about perspective. He had finally come to terms about the things that he had done in the past and the consequences it brought to those around him. He was so naive back then, so willing to push and push until something gave in because of course he knew better than everyone didn't he?!

What a load of garbage...

Having finally arrived at his base, he was quick to close down his gates and doors as he went about doing a perimeter search around the area. One can never be safe nowadays. Once he was sure he was truly and well alone, Tommy took a deep breath and went to open up the hidden passageway behind his bookcase. Hearing the all too familiar coos and purrs of his most precious treasure, he prepared for the impact. .

"Mimi!" He heard Shroud's giggly voice calling out to him and his arms were immediately full of squirming spiderling and without hesitation, Tommy spun the two of them around, sprouting a brand new wave of giggles and laughter from his darling son.

"Hello my little hatchling!" Tommy loudly exclaimed as he peppered Shroud with little kisses before setting him down. "How are you? I'm so sorry I was away for so long today." Shroud merely smiled brightly and hugged him in response.

"It okii Mimi!" Shroud exclaimed as he started pushing him further into his den. "You hear now! We play?"

“Hmmm...” Tommy circled around his hatchling and exaggerated his thinking pose for the theatrics. “Maybe after I feed that Void you call a tummy little one! My goodness I still don’t know where you put it all!”

“‘Ood! ‘Oood! ‘Ood!” Tommy simply smiled at the exuberant celebration of his child and went to carry the hatchling to his kitchen.

“Alright alright come on!” Tommy said as he settled Shroud on his high chair and went to grab a plate of mashed steaks and carrots he’d prepared before. “Make sure you eat everything you can alright? That way you’ll grow up to be as big and strong as your old da’!”

Hearing this, Tommy watched Shroud attack his meal with a new found gusto and it took all his strength to not laugh at the adorable sight. Leaving his son to his meal, he walked towards his bedroom and opened the door, not really paying attention to the increasing groan of the wood.

Tommy looked toward the few chests marked ‘Keep’ and ‘Useful’ but made his way to the few that were marked ‘Unknown’. With a long sigh and groaning as he sat next to it, his legs popping as old wounds made themselves known. Prime he was getting old...

But once sat down, He continued to rummage through the chests and began the tedious process of sorting out his items, choosing which to keep and which to throw out and burn as he let his mind wonder.

It had finally dawned on him that no matter what he did on this server, he would always be a painful reminder of every tragedy or disaster that happened in people’s lives. He had learned that no matter what, there was no one who he could truly depend on, not really.

He thought that he could rely on his so called family, yet they each showed their true colors when it truly mattered. His fath-Philza was never at home for most of his childhood so he really never took the time to get to know Tommy in a familial sort of sense. Wilbur lost his mind and abused him while in Pogtopia, Technoblade was too consumed by his beliefs and fury against L’Manberg after what it did to him to pay any real attention to him and what really happened during his last exile. But Tommy can’t really blame him. He was always too prideful to show weakness or to ask for help so he became even more of a nuisance to avoid talking about his new scars.

Never mind the fact that knowing Techno’s willingness to trade him to Dream to repay his favor kinda put a stop to any sort of trust he was building up again for his big brother.

Then came Tubbo. His best friend in the entirety of Primes creation. The same friend that exiled him with Dream and decided that trying to execute Technoblade was more important than coming by and checking in on him. Even if it was just to say hello...

Then Tubbo continued to hurt him by believing Dream over him, handing over his disk over his word... But Tommy knows he can’t blame him. Tubbo was a kid, just like him when he took over the role of president. He had to think of others and Tommy knew that getting rid of him was the best option at the time...

But it hurt. It still hurts all the same.

And then after his revival, which still was a blur of days and eons spent in eternal darkness of the Void, he realizes that Tubbo managed to move on not months after his death, but mere days...

So, he kinda got the message in the end.

No matter what he did or tried to do, in the end, nobody in this server would be willing to keep him near them. Tommy truly had no family to speak of. And he's finally come to the realization that it was ok in the end.

He can't really force anyone to be his friend, or even his family. He was still grateful to the Craft's for taking him in all those years ago. And he would always treasure the memories he had with Tubbo and Ranboo and everyone else in this Prime forsaken server.

But it was finally time to move on.

Tommy's eyes widened as he found an old but familiar cherry red oak chest hidden between piles of iron and wheat in his enderchest (he probably should make a note to not eat it but that's a problem for future Tommy.)

Pulling the small chest with the utmost care, Tommy wiped the small bits of dust around the corners. The box was a gift from Philza, back when he had first entered his home and he was told that it was a very special box for him to keep his most valued items safe from anyone.

With a shaky hand, he opened the delicate box, to find the few mementos he'd got while he was a member of the family. He saw the turtle helmet and cape that Techno gave him while he was staying in the arctic. The well preserved remains of the crown of flowers he made for Wilbur while he sang to him amongst the flower fields back home. A toy cow, Henry, that he remembered being given by Philza when he was afflicted with nightmares as a child...

And a bottle containing an emerald earring which he immediately pushed away.

Tommy sat quietly, letting the ambient noises of his base fill the silence. Time really didn't have meaning to him anymore. Not after his revival. But he knew that he sat still, looking at the chest for a long time. Long enough for Shroud to come bouncing in his room, laughing and roaring all the while displaying his empty plate like a trophy.

"Ook Mimi! 'Ook!" Shroud exclaimed, Still having pieces of carrots around his cheeks "I Ated all my plate!" Tommy felt his eyes melt at the adorableness of his hatchling and went to pick him up, being mindful not to jostle him too much. He did want a repeat of the "Chunky Incident".

"I see that! I see that!" Tommy declared and looked at Shroud in awe. "My hatchling's is gonna grow up so big! The biggest baby there ever was!"

"Mimi down! Mimi down!" His son giggles in between and Tommy had to push himself to stop carrying him.

“Ok ok. Whatever the big man says.”

“We play now?” Tommy would take this to his Limbo time and time again but he truly believed no one in the right mind could be capable of resisting his son’s puppy eyes...

“Sure darling,” Tommy sighed as he looked around him, the pile nowhere near finished. “Just let me finish up organizing the rest of this stuff alright?”

“I ‘elp?” He could feel his heart fucking melting, Dear Prime...

“Ohhh my darling hatchling wants to help his ol’ dad! Of course Shroud.” Tommy said as he went back to his little section of flooring. “You can put whatever I hand you over on that pile over there ok?”

“‘Tay!” Tommy gave a slight chuckle at his son as the two continued to organize the remaining chests. Before long, everything had been put in their place and Tommy immediately pounced on Shroud and tickled his son without mercy. Hearing the chimes and happy squeals from his hatchling filled his heart with unmeasured joy.

He let himself enjoy the moment. This chance of euphoria, shared with a member of his hoard. It had been so long since his heart was able to have such joy. And as the sun set and Shroud started to lose battle with sleep, Tommy simply smiled and carried his son over to his room.

When Shroud first appeared in his life, he was in awe at the amazing and wonderful spider that was before him. But it was only later in the day that he saw Shroud shift into his humanoid body when he was feeling safer in his presence that he fell completely in love with the hatchling.

His instincts immediately called out ‘OURS’ and the rest was history.

He still hadn’t divulged his new status to anyone, Tubbo only knew Shroud’s spider from one of the few times he came to visit him... But he didn’t want anyone to know that TommyInnit had another attachment...

He would not survive if Shroud was taken from him...

Tommy shook off those thoughts as he covered the spiderling with the fluffiest blue fleece blanket and gave him a small kiss of his inky hair before leaving the den quietly.

He let out another weary sigh as he looked to the sky outside. It was almost nighttime, the golden hues of the sunset gave way to the dark blues of the night sky and he found another lesson peak in his head.

“This is MY sunrise!” He found himself chuckling a bit at the irony of his brother’s statement. He imagined that he was taking life by the balls again, reveling in the whirlwind of sensations and emotions that revival came with. The blast of colors and sounds were almost overwhelming and he thought that Wilbur was simply declaring himself alive in the server once more.

But Tommy's head clearer than its been in years, he felt that he knew the true meaning of his declaration.

His sunrise, his moment, his one chance to really live life to the fullest. To make sure that his new life is spent with people and treasured to the extreme.

But all Tommy could see was the sun setting down, resting its head after a long but exhausting burn...

He just wanted to stop burning...

Tommy merely sighed and went to get ready for bed. But before he reached it, he saw the same red oak chest on top of the pile marked 'unwanted' and all he could feel was the sharp pang of yearning but he quickly let the Void push it down.

He had learned well. And so, he would leave. He would leave the server with his hatchling and the essentials and he was going to find peace. He would set over the horizon and leave any mention of his past failures and betrayals behind. No matter how many good memories he may have had, those have been left in the past. Dead. And seemingly forgotten.

Just like him...

He grabbed the chest and ran his fingers through every nook and cranny, ever mark and etched painting childish dreams and empty promises. But it was ok in the end. He had learned his lesson.

And it was time for people to know it.

Where All Your Yesteryears are Buried Deep...

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Sorry for the long delay, this chapter gave me one heck of a headache to write! Still trying to get used to my Techno's and Wilbur's mindset for this particular story. BUT I THINK I GOT IT?

Anyways ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The wind outside howled, the faint whispers of snow and hail trickling down but the strong oak walls and stone floors remained strong in its path. Techno had always appreciated the simple things in life. The calm and isolation that the tundra provided was the safe haven he wished for after dealing with his brother's betrayals and the creation of a government right under his nose.

But after so many years and so many disasters and chaos, he finally had a brief respite of peace. But that just left him with too much time on his hands. And there are only so many Wither Skulls that one man can keep, you know?

So all that was left was time. And that brought about a sense of nostalgia that's had him thinking back on his life.

There were too many things he'd done throughout the last few years of him staying in this server. But there was still one thing he regretted.

Tommy.

BABY RUNT!

BabyInnit!

Traitor!

Bastard Child... He's better off dead.

SHUT

Did we not laugh when he supposedly died? I thought we laughed? Did I miss something?

Shaking the sudden rise of his Chat, he kept with his thoughts. Tommy has always been the most infuriatingly and frustrating human he's ever had the displeasure to have known. Both Wilbur and he had found the runt in the middle of a ravine, covered in ash and mud, his clothes, (nothing more than rags) splatter with soot and bits of blood. But the one thing that got their attention was his golden hair that seemed to give off a shine even in such a dark and murky place.

The two siblings decided then and there to bring the boy home and after a bit of convincing their father about it, Theseus was officially their little brother and the rest was history.

But as the years went by and he went off on his quest to find a way to control his Voices, he started to come home less and less. At one point, Phil started to follow him. Keeping him company and making sure he was as safe as he could be. The way a father would. He saw snippets of his little brother. Pisces of a puzzle that no longer fit in his mind.

He still remembered the exuberant child his little gold was when they first found him. How he looked at Techno with stars in his eyes and followed him everywhere like the Runt he was. But he saw that morph and change over the years. He saw that adoration turn to their older brother. He saw the hesitation building between himself and his little brother. But he couldn't stop from searching for a solution. He had to keep them all safe from his bloodlust and if that meant they started to hate him then at least they'd be alive to do so.

But then he received a letter from the Runt. A letter asking for assistance in taking down the corrupt government of Manburg. And he of course, left the fighting ring he was on and set out to find his herd. He expected to meet his dramatic and over the top brother Wilbur and his loud and annoying little runt Tommy.

But what he saw when he came back in that ravine was something completely opposite. Wilbur lost in his own mind, and his little brother now carried himself rigid and filled with fear. But he just put it to them being exiled from the country they've created and went on to solve their food issues.

He kept ignoring the clear warning signs that Wilbur was giving about his mental health. He left Tommy to deal with the fall out as he felt that it wasn't up to him to solve their problems. But as time went on Wilbur's grip with reality frayed even worse, he saw Tommy withdraw more and more in himself.

But he ignored it because it was easier to try to include himself into their dynamic.

And the more time passed, the more chaos was introduced in this ridiculous server. The more destruction Tommy created all around him and the more enemies he made for himself. The Runt even dared to betray him, his brother. No! Business associate. And the idiot decided to trust those who betrayed him and threw him out of his own country to save their own hide.

Not like he cared. Of course he didn't...

But, time passed by. Years without seeing Tommy growing up and not knowing whether he was ok or not. Whether or not he found a place to belong. A... A herd of his own...

Flash forward to the present, after losing Ranboo to the Warden and having to face Tubbo after so long, he discovered that the two were married and had a child. He'd thought he knew everything about Ranboo's life, but apparently the kid had been going behind his back and colluded with the Government to play house.

But being there, telling Tubbo of Ranboo's death and seeing his face drop, he no longer saw him as the embodiment of corruption. But as a human, a widower and a father whose child had been taken. Guilt drove him to team up with him and Eret to rescue their son and they'd put the Warden into his own prison as punishment for his crimes.

After all of that, Techno offered Tubbo a place in the Arctic Commune to ensure the safety of Ranboo's loved ones and because of that he started to talk with Tubbo.

Tubbo. Not Government. Just Tubbo. A child.

He was so blinded by his rage that he forgot to see the bigger picture. That while he was a person, others were people too. Not the sole responsible for the birth of the corrupted Government structure, not a blood hungry cabinet hunting him down without cause or reason. But just people who were afraid of a being far more powerful than they, one who had a history of blood and vengeance for those who wronged him.

And all it took for him to see this was to talk things out.

It felt so utterly ridiculous out of context, his righteousness all but assured in his mind. The voice declared him superior over everyone who went against him. But all it took was to talk things out, to listen to the other side to realize the amount of damage He's caused to others. To the people he says he protects.

And now, amongst the rare silence given by his voices and the isolating bite of the Arctic chill, all he can do is think about his golden runt. It was annoyingly present in his mind. Chat wouldn't even let him go one day with creating a 'Tommy Debate' which honestly just gave him a headache. He shouldn't be worrying about an ungrateful child!

He wouldn't even know what he'd do if Tommy was right in front of him right now. A part of him hoped that they could reconcile and he'd have his Golden Runt back with the herd but a bigger part of him just knows how annoying it would be to hear his shrill of a voice. He's getting a headache just thinking of it...

Good Lord is this how Phil feels like every day?

"...Hello?" Techno's thoughts were broken over the sounds of somebody knocking on his door. The wind was so strong that the voice was distorted but who would be stupid enough to brave a storm in the middle of the arctic?

He had half a mind to leave the poor idiot to freeze to death and make himself another cup of tea but curiosity won in the end and he made his way over the door, grabbing one of his swords on the way. He grasped the handle of the door and opened it with a resounding bang against the oak walls of his home and saw the person crazy enough to visit the Blood God.

He stared down at his old business partner, dressed appropriately for the weather for once, his jacket a thick red leather with tufts of wool at the end would assure him protection against the snow. But now, finally seeing Tommy after so long, he did not know how to act.

“What are you doing here?” Techno saw Tommy wince at his gruff and slightly annoyed tone.

Good lord man

Didn't you JUST say you wanted to talk things out with the Runt?

This is why you don't do feelings

We are doomed

“Hey Technoblade. Sorry to interrupt your day.” Tommy stated as he rubbed his arms together. A weak attempt to stave off the cold. “I know that the last thing you'd want to do is see my face anywhere near you. Haha!”

Tommy?

Why is the runt talking like that?

I mean... He's kinda right?

Did you miss the whole character arch moment just now?

What's wrong with runt?

I mean. The last time he saw Tommy's face was when he was stealing from him. And he was still fuming from his betrayal still so needless to say the runt didn't have the best impression of him right now.

“What do you want?” Why can't he soften his voice? He really is trying talk with tommy civilly but the damned brat is probably gonna start screaming and whining and-

“Is-is possible for us to talk inside?” Techno can feel his eyes widened slightly at the meek tone. Was this a trick?

“What?”

“I-I promise I won't take too much of your time!” Techno doubts it. The little menace could take over your whole day if you let him. But he could see that Tommy was starting to shiver

and the snow storm was starting to get stronger. He guessed since the runt came all this way to say something he should hear him out.

“... Come on...” Techno sighed as if it pained him to do it. “I don’t want the heat to run out while I listen to your excuses.” He winces at this, he swears he is not trying to be so hostile out the gate but Tommy visiting him pretty much meant a headache for him.

Ok. Probably not the best thing to say.

The runt is trying!

No need to be so rude!

He doesn’t need back talk from the peanut gallery thank you very much.

“Well?” Techno growled. “I don’t have all day.” He just wants to go back to his brooding and his comfortable chair. He walked further in and sat down at one of the dining table chairs and simply stared Tommy down.

He looked skinnier than before... had he been eating? And his hair had grown longer, the runt even had some of it covering his right eye. Did the idiot want to die? That would definitely take away his field perception! His eyes kept glancing around the cabin, but not staying on Techno's frame for longer than a few seconds before looking away. Techno could see he was nervous about something. Was he gonna ask for more stuff? Did he start another war again? Or did he come just to annoy him for old times sake? I swear if that’s what he came here to do he was gonna throw out the twerp right o-

“...I’m sorry.”

FINALLY!

Did... Did we hear that right?

The hell?

Awww! The Runt came to apologize!

“... Heh?”

“I wanted to apologize, Techno. For all the pain I caused you.” Tommy looked at him directly then and he did not break eye contact this time. “You probably don’t want me here and you

probably think what I'm about to say are just excuses to appease some sort of ego but the truth is that you deserve an apology."

Techno straightened his back as soon as he heard him. Was Tommy serious? Did he come to apologize for what he's done? Finally? But before he could get ahead of himself. This could always be another ploy to scam things from him. To make him pity him. And he would not fall for that. Not again.

"I know you might not believe me. But me switching sides that day had nothing to do with you or any ill will that you think I had to you." Techno frowned, memories of his betrayal still stung, even after all the years gone by. "I switched and went back to Tubbo not because I forgave him for what he did to me. Not because of some sick sense of duty to L'Manburg, but because I could see where I was headed..."

Where was he headed? You mean incredible awesomeness?

Yeah! We saved everyone from the Government!

We saved them!

Weeeell, not really??

Blood! So much BLOOD

Blood for the Blood God!

Was he serious? Did he really come here to **blame** him for his betrayal? He did those people a **favor** ! All the government does is corrupt the people who are naïve enough to fall for its false promises.

"Whether you believe me or not, D-Dream is not a good man. And during my exile, he peeled off any sense of identity I had and tried to mold me to his own liking by whatever means he could." What? Dream had never been on his list of good people but he had always been a good business partner to have. Things did change after the prison escape and Dream's immediate dismissal of Ranboo's life but before he was sure that Dream wasn't that bad.

"Again with that?" Techno exclaimed as he rolled his eyes at having discovered his ploy. "Listen, if you came here to get some pity from me--"

"Every day he came, he destroyed anything I've gathered the day before and if I did not comply he... ha.. He took it by force." As he continued his spiel, Techno noticed that Tommy's hands started fidgeting around, almost holding himself together. He had to admit, the runt was selling his story.

"But he was so very sweet afterwards..." Techno noticed that as he said this, Tommy's eyes started to get glazed over. Were his eyes always so gray before? "Sometimes I come back to

thinking that he was the only person on this server who's never lied to me..."

That definitely made him pause. Everyone in the SMP knew that TommyInnit absolutely abhors Dream, for reasons only known to few. But to hear Tommy say this with such wistful memories sort of turned on alarms in his brain.

"What do you mean by that?" Hearing Techno's words, Tommy broke out of whatever hazy state he put himself in and looked at him with clear eyes. There was a brief pause and Tommy simply smiled at him while waving him off. How long has it been since he's seen a proper smile from Tommy?

"Oh don't worry! I know better now!" Here, Tommy's smile drops a bit and continues.

"...But back then, when he had me at my lowest, when he destroyed the small trinkets I managed to hide from him in flames and thunder... I just wanted things to stop."

Techno felt his heart skip a beat. He can't possibly mean that he...

... I don't like where this is going...

Uh oh

"When I came to you Technoblade, it was after I threw myself off a tower of my own making... but I guess Prime must've still had a plan for me when I landed in a pool of water instead of... well, you know." Techno's eyes widened.

Wait what?!

No!

Poor Runt!

Did he do a flip tho?

SHUT! Not the time!

No. No. This is going too far. Tommy would never try to... to end his life. Right? The kid had no reason to end it all! He always ends up winning in every single disaster he makes! He made his choices so there should be nothing to regret! He had Tubbo for God's sake! The one person he would betray anyone to keep safe and by his side!

But he just kept staring. Trying to figure out if Tommy was telling the truth or not. But he's never been around Tommy enough to truly figure him out. Tommy then pulled out his

inventory and Techno's had tightened around the sword he had picked up before. Did he have the thing this entire time?

"When you found me, stealing potions and Gapple's it was just me trying to save my body from finishing the job I started back at that beach." Tommy continued "So my first apology is for that." He then started to place items on the dining room table. Stacks of Gapple's and Potions (healing and regeneration) now filled the table, surprising Techno with the overall amount. Did Tommy make all of these or did he steal them?

"I can't remember everything I took one hundred percent but I added a few more ingredients you might find useful just in case." Techno could only look at his runt and blink.

"I- Tommy wai-"

"I never even said thank you did I?" His mind short circuited at this. 'Thank you'? From his bro- from Tommy? "Boy was I a greedy child back then..." He could see Tommy's eyes dull once again.

You are still a child!

Runt!

Sadge

Guys this doesn't feel right...

"My second apology deals with your plans for L'Manburg." Another apology? Right after the other? "I'm sorry I couldn't fulfill the plan you had. But I honestly thought that we were only doing the things you listed!"

At that, Techno could admit that he lied to the runt. He knew he added 'Destroy L'Manburg' after Tommy had agreed to do the other list items. And overall, Tommy did fulfill his part of the deal...

"And I admit, I let myself be taken with the fact that you wanted to do something with me." Ok. That hurt a bit. He knew that he'd left both his brothers behind for years but he thought that Tommy would only care for Wilbur. He'd show it every time he came to visit their old home. He saw Tommy's attention and affection for him get less and less intense and just showered Wilbur with love.

"It's not my fault." Techno hears himself answer him. "I was very clear about wanting to get rid of that wretched country! You should've figured it out." He didn't expect Tommy to have been excited to do things with him again. Not after Pogtopia...

Ok. You are NOT good at this are ya?

And you lot can just keep quiet. He didn't need his Chat to start questioning him right now. He simply stared at Tommy, and he could see what little life he had drained out of his body. Tommy simply nodded and gave him a solemn smile, barely lifting the edges of his lips but it was there.

“... I’m so sorry I couldn’t be the man you thought I could be. I’m sorry I couldn’t be a proper soldier for you.” Tommy murmured, his smile still in place. “I honestly think I cannot be a soldier for anyone other than my General...” At this, Tommy’s smile turned bittersweet and he turned to look outside through the window.

... His General?

Does he mean Wilbur??

That’s a lil bit sus isn’t it?

Isn’t Wilbur his brother?

“My final apology however, I can only apologize that you were the one to end up hurt.” And there it was. Avoiding his responsibilities as usual. And Techno was almost starting to feel bad for the runt...

“Like I said, while we were standing in the rubble of the community house surrounded by everyone’s accusations and screams I knew right there that I could not keep going on your path.” Techno glared at this.

“Why?” Tommy looked surprised at his question. He turned to look at him and his face remained smiling.

“If I stayed with you, it would mean I’d be safe for a good while. I’d want for nothing, sure...” Here Tommy drifted off, his gaze slightly hazy again but was able to shake it off.

“But I knew that you owed Dream a debt.” Tommy continued. “And I would never know peace or safety while he had that over your head.” Techno could feel his hand clench the handle of his sword.

“I saw where I was headed if I stayed with you, Technoblade. And I knew that your safety came with a time limit.” Techno’s eyes widened. He protected Tommy until he betrayed him. He would’ve given him the world! “I chose to stand with the people who’ve betrayed me once because I did not want to face another betrayal from you in the future.”

“How dar-!”

“Dream manipulates everything and everyone in this Prime forsaken server.” Tommy continued, ignoring the growing temper that techno was feeling at the moment. “He had everyone thinking that it was me who destroyed the Community House. That it was me who was instigating the wars. That it was me who betrayed them because *‘Why else would Tommy Innit be following the Mighty Technoblade?’*”

Uhh... Because we're awesome??

Shhh. Not the time!

“It’s funny, you know?” Tommy admitted. “It was only when everyone was screaming at me that my mind cleared up and I realized what was happening.” That smile. That stupid smile. Why was he still smiling at him while blaming Dream for his betrayal!

Because deep down you know he has a point...

“So I knew if I wanted to try and stop Dream’s plan for everyone, I would need to stand against him.” He concluded, a pained sigh leaving him. “Which meant I had to be against you...”

Tommy’s voice was filled with regret and repentance. He clearly came here to make amends and apologize. But Techno had lost himself in a rising wave of anger and indignation. He had taken Tommy’s words and only heard his accusations. How dare he accuse him of being someone who would give up people from his safety? How dare he blame others for his betrayal!

“I was your brother!” Techno shouted in defense. Indignation and guilt threatening to choke him. “How could you think that I could ever harm you!” Tommy simply stared at him, not really reacting to his outburst and raised an eyebrow.

“Just like you did back in the Pit?” Tommy reminded him, and that just shot his anger up another notch. “Just how you did back at Doomsday when you sided with my abuser and destroyed the last thing I had of Wilbur?”

“You betrayed me first!”

Ouch!

Well he did!

He was our brother! Our Runt! And he left us alone to fight!

He deserved it!

Wait guys, stop. Did he say abuser?

“Of course I did...” Tommy sighed and that put Techno more balanced than anything else. “Whatever. If that’s what you believe, I hope that you at least know that I am sorry.”

A silence fell inside the cabin, Techno trying to control his breathing while Tommy simply looked at him, revealing nothing of what he might be feeling. Just that smile. That same stupid simple smile!

“Listen,” techno retaliated. “You...” Why wasn’t he fighting back? Why wasn’t he screaming at him in return? Why was Tommy not acting like he would? He wanted a fight!

How dare he accuse us!

He was a stupid child!

Guys wait-

“You cannot expect me to take your honeyed words and forgive you right away!” Techno finally got off the chair and started to approach the runt, making sure to tower over the child. “It doesn’t work like that!”

“I know.”

“Huh?” Why was he so calm. Why wasn’t he screaming! His Chat was starting to rise in volume...

“I didn’t come here for your forgiveness, Techno. I know I don’t deserve it.” His head was pounding. He wasn’t in a fight. He needs Tommy to scream at him! “I came here to apologize for what I did knowing damn well what the end result would be.” At this, Tommy opened his arms in a mocking show of presentation.

“You have all been clear in your lessons.” He heard Tommy declare. “And I’m finally ready to listen.” While Tommy said this, his smile was brighter than all the others he’s given since he’s arrived. Which only served to infuriate him more.

“What? What lessons?” Techno has had enough. “Tommy, you are not making any sense!”

The Runt never listens to his betters!

He needs to learn to never go against us!

Guys Stop it!

The Blood God makes no mistakes how DARE you!

“Oh come on Techno, I’m not an idiot.” Tommy exclaimed, the first show of the old Tommy peeking through. “Yeah it took too long for me to get it but I finally did. I thought you, of all people, would be happy!”

Of COURSE we would be!

You are NOTHING but trouble!

Guys wait-!

It was a good day when he went crawling BACK to those pests!

This is not good-

Good Riddance!

“Happy about what?!” Techno roared, getting closer and closer to the runt. “You still came to my home! You still tried to excuse your pathetic attempt at manipulating me to get what you wanted!” Techno finally had him within reach and clutched both shoulders, making sure to squeeze, reveling in the feeling of blood dripping from his claws.

So annoying!

Can we kill him yet?

Ohh YES!

Guys STOP!

I wanna see blood!

BLOOD

Wait-

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

“You are still the same parasite trying to leech off of anyone you think can protect you against Dream!” Techno shook Tommy’s entire body. Finally getting the runt to show fear. “You know, sometimes I wish you never left exile, you selfish, SELFISH child!” Here, he let him go, making Tommy fall to the ground and scrounge backwards towards the door.

BLOO- I uhh... Wait.

No no NO!

Poor Runt...

You freaking IDIOT

Seeing the terrified form of his Golden Runt laid out on the floor, blood dripping from his shoulders and trying desperately to control his panicked breathing, took Techno out of his frenzied state. He stood there, stunned at the fact that he hurt his little runt like that. The fact that he frightened a member of his pack.

Was Tommy still a part of his pack? Could he even save this mess of a meeting? Tommy was trying to apologize for his mistakes and all he could do was argue and get defensive against things that he knew deep down were true...

“I-...” Techno tried to talk, tried to approach Tommy as he started to stand back up. But he couldn't get his brain straight. “Theseus I didn’t-”

“Techno! Where are you?” Wilbur shouted from the kitchen, breaking the deadly silence around them. “Dadza is about to burn down the kitchen!” Having heard their older brother, he saw Tommy’s body start to head towards the door.

Don’t let him go!

Keep the Runt safe!

Something’s not right here...

“... uhhh.” Techno started talking again, his tone far lighter and softer than it had been a few minutes before. “Listen, would you like to... Stay for di-?”

“Oh! No thank you!” Tommy answered, a very clearly fake smile plastered on his face. “After all, I wouldn't want to interrupt family dinner!” Techno couldn't help it but that hurt. Does he not think of himself as family anymore?

“Anyways! Thank you for hearing me out, Technoblade! I really appreciate it!” Techno needed to stop him. Chat was right. Something is wrong. “Oh! Before I forget! Here.” And here, Tommy reached back into his inventory and took out something he was never expecting him to show Techno again.

No...

Is that?

Why is he giving it to us?

Mom, pick me up. I'm scared...

Something is WRONG

“Theseus... Isn't this your-?” It was a familiar box. Red to symbolize its owner and decorated with both ancient runes and childish drawings. It was a box given to each of them by their father. A family gift to make them feel like they would always have a safe place for their most personal things.

“Well, I've been cleaning out my base for the past couple of days and I noticed I still had a few of the stuff you gave me. So I wanted to return them to you.” Tommy explained, as if that answered all the questions he had right now. “And I know it won't compare to the Ax of Peace but Dream stole it after you helped him escape so I don't think I'll be able to return that any time soon...” Techno winced at the reminder that he is the reason why Dream now roamed free.

...Ouch

We DID do that huh...

Poor Runt...

“Tomm-”

“Goodbye Technoblade...” There wasn’t anything he could do. Techno was frozen seeing the steely determination behind Tommy’s fake smile as he calmly walked back out into the storm.

There was the faint click of the door closing, leaving Techno standing in the middle of his living room, staring at the blood droplets he can still see soaking into the dark oak. The weight of the red box now in his hands felt like obsidian chains, and he went to sit back down.

Techno just kept looking down at the box in his lap. Why would Tommy hand this box to him? Why couldn’t he just give him the things he found separately like he did with the Gapple's and potions? These boxes marked their entry to Philza’s flock, one of the few family gifts the man had given them to show his love for them. But Tommy gave away his box to him.

Why?

“Hey! Do you have potatoes in your ears? Dad’s about to burn down your cabin man!” Came the voice of his brother, finally walking from inside the kitchen. “Who was at the door?” He asked as he went towards the window to try to look for their most recent visitor, his eyes flickering to the blood droplets momentarily but chose to ignore it.

“...It was Theseus.” Techno grunts out as he puts the red box on the table, as gentle as he’s ever handled something.

“Oh! And he didn’t even say hello! Always so rude that gremlin!” Wilbur continued his theatrics and spun around towards him, stopping as soon as he saw his somber face. “What? What’s wrong? What’s with the face?”

“He came here to apologize...” Techno grumbled, his eyes never leaving the box. “And to return this...”

“Apologize? Are you sure you didn’t just hallucinate?” Wilbur chuckled at the image of their brother begging for mercy. He didn’t need to beg for anything... “Our Tommy doesn't apologize even if his life depended on it! I mean come o-...”

Silence fell once again, each time just as devastating as the last. The two were now looking at the box, a feeling of dread filled Techno's inside but he tried to push it back. His Chat was thankfully quiet ever since he threw his runt to the floor...

“... Is that Tommy’s Shulker box?” He heard Wilbur exclaim, a hint of a whimper at the end of his voice. A beat passed before Techno made the decision of opening the box. “Hey hey hey! What are you doing! We swore we’d never look through each other's shulkers!”

“Well, if he didn't want me to look then he shouldn't have given it to me now should he?” He grumbled and with one big push, Tommy's shulker box opened up. Techno then began to take out the items, his heart clenched a bit as he took out the old Antarctic cloak and the Turtle Helmet he had given Tommy while he was staying here after his second exile. Old trinkets and drawings from when they were much younger, a gold nugget that Techno had lovingly given Tommy for one of his birthday celebrations. And an empty bottle?

No. it wasn't empty. There were pieces of crystals inside of it. Why would Tommy keep broken glass inside of a bottle? But when Techno took a closer look at the fragments, his heart stopped.

The fragments were emeralds. Hundreds upon thousands of broken emerald shards laid inside the bottle, but that in itself would not make him question everything. That would not make him shiver with a level of fear he's never felt before in his life.

Inside the bottle, amongst the shards of emerald was a delicate cage of woven metal and enchantments. But what was once a gilded and shimmering gem holder is now rusted and black. The enchantments had done its job. But Tommy was not wearing it. He was not wearing his emerald earring. How long had he not worn his earring? How was techno meant to know when his runt was hurt? He tried to remember but he couldn't. He can't remember seeing his runt wear his earring ever since he arrived in this cursed server. Why? Why? Why? Why? Something's wrong. Something's wrong. Runt's in danger. Runt's been hurt. Where is his Gold? Where is his Runt? What had he done?

The voices screamed.

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehe.... What ever does that mean? :3

So, alright folks. I wanted to let you know the sort of dynamics I had for Techno and Tommy.

This Story's Tommy has had enough. He's given up on having anyone help him or want him to be around so right now Tommy has decided that he will listen to what he's been 'taught' and he accepts the way people are treating him. He sees no point in trying to scream or shout and try to get their attention when he knows is all but futile in the end.

Techno however, is slowly getting out of his blood and power motif and is now trying to protect the people he cares about and their loved ones from Dream's hands. However, its still Techno. So even if he thinks he'd like to give Tommy a chance to talk things through, he doesn't really know him any more. My DSMP timeline spans for years and not months. So it's been a good long while since he truly interacted with Tommy when it wasn't a life or death situation. He still cares for Tommy, but he still doesn't know how to get pass the mindset and memory of a selfish and annoying child.

Plus, any guilt he feels over Tommy gets pushed back (Since he knows that guilt could drown him.) And he gets immediately defensive which basically just goes into an aggressive mode. Because everyone is wrong and he is right~

I am a proud Tommy Apologist but my Tommy understands that he has done shitty things too. Throughout the story, Tommy will start to see things in a new light and things will get revealed too but that's a story for the rest of the chapters!

In any case! Off to write the next chapter! Hope you enjoyed! (Ps. No betta to speak off so apologies for any weird formatting or errors!)

Leave it Any Way Except a Slow Way...

Chapter Notes

I swear I used to write so much faster before. I guess I'm just rusty haha!

But let's not delay! Enjoy a Wilbur chapter! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“PHIL!” Wilbur heard Techno screaming for their father, his eyes wide and he could tell that the stone façade was crumbling now as he held the bottle holding Tommy’s emerald. Wilbur then let his eyes fall onto the bottle once again. The emerald was broken beyond anything he’s ever seen. And he had checked on his own few days before he was revived. His own Emerald was split in half, of course due to his final death, but nothing beyond a few other cracks. Why was Tommy’s so utterly destroyed then?

He shook off whatever sense of dissonance he was starting to feel when Phil burst into the room. Seeing the sword in his hand, a sense of panic engulfed his entire body before he pushed those notes away. He did not need to dwell in the past.

“What the hell?” Phil shouted as he started to look around for the source of danger. “What happened? Is everyone ok? Are we being attacked?”

“No...” Hearing Techno reply in such a mournful and weak tone of voice surprised him. “Something worse...” Techno then showed Phil the bottle containing the emerald, his hands gripping said glass with a care and gentleness he’s never seen from his dear brother. And as Phil got closer, Wilbur could see his face go pale at the site of the jar.

“Is that... Tommy’s Emerald? He was here?” Phil asked, his voice nothing but a whisper of a forgotten yearning for his youngest. “Why is his emerald destroyed like this... Why have we never known!”

At this, the two turned to Wilbur in tandem, their eyes demanding an answer out of him. Wilbur huffed.

“We...” He started. “Back when we started the revolution, I told him to put his earring away to avoid having you come saave us. We did just fine without you!” And they *were* fine! They’ve had to be fine without them for many years so why were they trying to get all high and mighty with him now?

“Are you blind?!” Wilbur jumps lightly hearing Techno’s aggressive response. “Do you not see how utterly destroyed it is?!” At this, Techno simply shows the bottle once again. And all he could do was stare at the bottle. At the pieces of what once was a symbol of unity amongst their family that now lay broken. Just like the real thing he guessed.

Another sharp burst of pain and guilt did their best to come on up but he’s already too accustomed to push those silly little rotten melodies away from his mind. He crossed his arms and scoffed at them.

“Oh please. The little gremlin probably dropped it and picked up the pieces!” Wilbur argued, already annoyed at the accusations they were throwing at him. “Tommy’s always fine!”

“I made these emeralds, Will. They are enchanted to never break unless one of you is hurt!” Philza exclaimed, his hand gesturing to his and Techno’s gems. “So tell me again! Why is Tommy’s cracked and shattered beyond anything I’ve seen before!” Wilbur rolled his eyes at his father’s theatrics.

“How am I supposed to know how he got hurt?” Wilbur jeered at the two. “I’m the one who’s been dead for the past thirteen years, remember?” He gained a sense of satisfaction at seeing them wince.

Of course the two would immediately blame others for their faults. Did they really think he was still that naïve young child that they could so easily fool? Wilbur had already seen through their façade of a family unit. With their broken promises and long forgotten lies, Wilbur learned not to trust his family with anything he deems important.

Where were they when he raised Tommy while they galivant around in their childhood?
Where were they when he consoled his little brother when he asked if they still loved them?

Where were they when he patched up every slice and stab wounds Tommy got during their wars for independence?

“Boy, you guys are really blind huh?”

“.. What?” Wilbur blinked as the husband duo stepped down the stairs. Ghostboo was the one to say it but blind to what? The ghostly frame of Ranboo simply continued to smile at them, floating about the room while Tubbo took the final step and stared at them with the same blank expression he’s seen him in since his resurrection.

Huh. Since when did Tubbo learn how to mute his own melody?

“You asked how Tommy would get hurt right?” Tubbo commented, sarcasm clear in his voice even with him raising an eyebrow at them.

“And the answer is that each and every one of us has hurt him in some way!” Ghostboo continued, slithering around Tubbo’s body. “Ohh I shouldn’t sound happy when I say that huh.”

“What are you on about?” Wilbur stated, his arms down and defensive. “I would never hurt Tommy! He’s my little brother!”

And ohhh he did not like the look on Tubbo’s eyes. He knew that look. Tubbo's eyes burn with poison and spite for the people in front of him.

“Ohh I wonder...” Tubbo noted, gesturing to Wilbur. “Could it be the fact that you decided to abuse him during your Pogtopia days or was it when Technoblade decided to destroy his home twice and declare him a doomed hero?” Tubbo’s eerie smile just turned into a sarcastic grin before turning towards Phil. “Or maybe it was when his so-called ‘father’ chose favourites and decided to side with his abuser in said destruction?”

“Tubbo... What are you-?”

“It wasn’t only you of course.” Tubbo continued, this time a glimpse of regret filled his tone. “This entire server is guilty of hurting Tommy in one way or another. Me included...” Hurting Tommy? When had Tommy been hurt? Tommy always pulls through at the end of the day. So what the hell was Tubbo talking about?

“I was gonna go check on Snowchester but I better go check and see if Tommy’s alright.” Tubbo stated as he slowly put on his coat before turning to glare at Techno. “Don’t think I can’t see the blood in your claws, Blood God.”

“That... That wasn’t intentional!” Techno spluttered as he tried to clean the already dried blood from his claws. “You weren’t here! Shouldn’t you give me the benefit of the doubt?”

“Deductive reasoning, dumbass.” Tubbo deadpanned, looking at Techno as if he were a moron. “You would never touch a hair on your precious Philza and you wouldn’t touch Wilbur because of Philza, in spite of the fact that Wilbur deserves more of your anger since he’s used you so many times in the past. I was with Michael and Ghostboo is still intangible sooo...”

“So you tell me? Who else was here that you would be willing to take a chunk of their flesh just because?” Tubbo continued, his sarcastic smile poisoned with something Wilbur could not understand. He could see that there was vindication, as if he was merely confirming a fact he’d know for too long. “Techno, while I am grateful for your help in getting my son back, make no mistake...”

Here Tubbo simply walked towards the door and opened it, letting in the arctic cold in sending shivers through their bodies. And of course it was the cold, why else would he be getting goosebumps all over his arms? Before leaving, Tubbo turned around and gave Techno one last look.

“What you have done to me and Tommy will never be forgotten.” Tubbo noted, his eyes staring Techno down. “But everyone pays for their actions in the end Technoblade. And I think your time has finally come...” And with those ominous words, Tubbo finally closed the door, leaving the three confused and upset men staring blankly at the door.

Wilbur was the first to shake himself away from the door. He looked around and realized that Ghostboo had gone back upstairs with his little runt. Rolling his eyes, he looked at what remained of his family and was a bit surprised. Philza's face was wrapped in a veil of confusion and uncertainty. Today was probably the first time that he truly remembered he had other children aside from his dear Technoblade. Could that be guilt blossoming in his eyes?

And Techno's posture was positively pathetic. His once imposing and unbending frame is now hunched over the bottle containing the fragmented remains of Tommy's emerald, his face pale and droopy eyes. Whatever lie Tommy told him must've really gotten him good! Kinda impressive to be honest.

But enough was enough.

"Bah! What does he know!" Wilbur blurted out, breaking the tension in the room. Both Phil and Techno only stared at him as he put on a thicker coat and gathered a few essentials in his inventory. "We're his family! We can just go after him and make him tell us the truth!"

Dinner was surely a lost cause by now and he was gonna make the little gremlin apologize for whatever stupid prank this was. Because everything was fine. Tommy was always fine!

"Tommy!" Tubbo shouted as he banged at Tommy's door. "Tommy, answer the door!"

They made good time reaching Tommy's sorry excuse of a house, barely thirty minutes had passed since they set out from the Arctic Commune, having found Tubbo on the way. The group was now standing, letting Tubbo loose his voice trying to get his little brother outside to take some responsibility for his dumb joke.

"Maybe he's not here yet?" Philza commented, his wings taut and puffed up, obviously not too comfortable standing

"How could he not be here? He ran out the door as soon as he left his shulker!" Techno growled as he pushed Tubbo aside and started slamming his fist at the door. "Tommy! Come

on out now! We need to talk!” It took Techno almost breaking the door down for the door handle to start twisting around.

“Finally!” Tubbo cried out, pushing Techno back. “Tommy, are you ok? What hap-” Here Wilbur blinked as the door fully opened to reveal someone who was not his little brother. Tubbo fell silent as the familiar sight of a blue hedgehog wearing onesie appeared where there should have been his little brother.

“Connor?” Tubbo asked, confused by seeing him open Tommy’s home. “What are you doing here? Where’s Tommy?”

“I... live here?” Connor answered, his eyes flickering between each of them, staying the longest of Techno’s frame. “Tommy came to me a few days ago telling me he wanted to move out, change of scenery and all that. He wanted to know if I still wanted to live here and of course I said yes!”

He couldn’t help but blink at this before scoffing out loud. Tommy would never give up the one of the few things that have been with him throughout his life on this server. Sure people usually loot and grief the place but that’s practically a rite of passage in this place!

“So what, you just took his house?” Techno snarked, already annoyed not having found Tommy already. “Where the hell did he go? It’s not like there’s not a lot of free real estate around the server!”

Here Connor’s face fell a bit, looking at us with confusion until something seemed to click together in his head.

“... Oh. He didn’t tell you?” He wasn’t a man of violence, truly he wasn’t! But the utter look of pity on Connors face was making him want to punch it of his stupid face.

“Tell us what?”

“...He’s leaving the server.”

Discord.

Chords slamming into each other. Dissonance in the melody all around him. His heart was now beating off-beat, the thumping of it echoing against his eardrums...

“You’re lying!” Tubbo screamed, his usual stoic façade starting to crumble. “Tommy would never leave the server! Not without telling me first!”

“I swear! He told me himself!” Connor stated, stepping back when both Tubbo and Techno started to loom over him. “But I don’t blame him to be honest. The kid’s gone through a lot these past years.”

Silence. Uncomfortable, cold and unrepentant. Wilbur saw his family’s face contort with confusion and worry, Philza and Techno in that order. Tubbo simply pucker his lips in a grimace, his eyes glazing with past memories but shaking himself away from them just a few seconds after.

Tubbo had truly grown hadn’t he.

“How did he look the last time you saw him?” Tubbo asked, rubbing his fingers together. “Did he look ok?”

“He looked as good as he can look I guess? Tired, a bit skinnier than I would like...” Connor answered, “But honestly, he was looking happier than I’ve seen him in the last few years.”

Wilbur’s eye narrowed hearing him. Tommy didn’t look any different than what he remembered. He had been spending less and less time with the twerp but he didn’t think he wouldn’t see a drastic change in his Tommy.

This was probably Tommy's plan. Make a scene at home because the poor baby hadn't been getting any attention from his dear ol' big brother. Ha! As if Tommy could ever get one over his head. It was simply ridiculous! To think that he could be anything but alr-

"His kid was really cute too!"

Silence.

Then *decay* .

It was everywhere, his precious melody was in shambles when he heard the word kid. Did Tommy have a child while he was gone? Was he an Uncle? He could feel his soul fall into syncopation. Echoes of thousands of magnificent melodies were now playing all at the same time.

How could this happen? He had been revived. Reborn! He was better than who he was! How could Tommy not tell him about his niece! Or did he have a nephew? How could Tommy be so stupid and idiotic to think that he could be capable of taking care of a child? The poor dear must be eating nothing but mud and sticks! Ohhh once he found Tommy he was gonna give him a stern talking to. Maybe even take the poor kid away from him until Wilbur was sure that Tommy would not get the child killed.

Yes. He could feel his precious melody calm at this thought. He would just simply need to take care of the poor dear and make sure the little shit he had for a brother was actually capable of taking care of them. It might take a few years but it'll be alright! He had nothing but time now! And he was a father. A great father at that! It should be easy to teach Tommy all he knew and everything would go back to normal.

"... Kid?" Philza asked, his voice just a mere whisper as he stared at Connor. "What do you mean kid?" His poor father must be going into shock. Of course, being a grandfather twice over would not help with his age issues.

"Uhh...?" Connor drifted off, his eyes darting back and forth to try and find an escape before Techno started to walk slowly towards him, his hand on his sword.

“Connor,” Techno growled as he continued to make a show of his sword. “You either tell us by your own volition or we start to get into some ‘Advanced Interrogation’ techniques?” Suddenly, Connors face fell and his eyes became alight with anger.

“Oh fuck off man! I’m not going through that again!” He shouted, putting some distance between them. “Don’t know why you’re getting mad at me... Tommy obviously didn’t want to tell you lot...”

“Great!” Tubbo exclaimed from behind, dragging Techno away from the hedgehog cosplayer. “Then you don't mind answering a few questions for us!” This was said with such gentleness, with such cheerfulness that you could almost miss the clear threats sewn together with his saccharine words.

“Fine! He had a spider hybrid with him! Told me it was his kid. Can’t be more than four years old but...” And here, Connor’s eyes lost its fire and became almost *soft* recalling the child. “...He was such a sweet kid... And attached to Tommy's hip.”

He. He had a nephew. A tiny little bundle of joy. Oh, how dare Tommy deny him of seeing what was sure to be a precious child? He had no excuse truly, Wilbur was a changed man! He should be allowed to hold his nephew in his arms. To spoil that kid rotten and protect him with everything he had.

“It was nice to see Tommy like that.” He heard Connor continue. “Anyone can see he’s taking the responsibility of a parent like a duck to water.” And here, here was the last drop he could stand.

He let out a laugh.

“Tommy? Responsible? Don’t make me laugh!” Wilbur exclaimed in between giggles before shifting his face into a concerned frown and raised eyebrow. “Are you sure you’re not high under that hood?”

“I’m happy for him.” Connor concluded, his eyes not breaking Wilbur’s gaze. “I’m glad he’s taking care of himself for once in his life, you know? At least for his little one’s sake.” And Wilbur could feel the beginning of his symphony start to revolt at the very thought that **he** was not someone who could take care of his Tommy. Of course he could read between the lines. But he was smarter than most people in this stupid server and he would not fall prey to Connors weak attempt at putting Wilbur down.

“Do you know where he went?” Techno asked. His voice is low and gravelly but heady with feelings that most people taught him are incapable of. “Has he left- Has he left the server already?” Oh my. Was his brother so stupid to believe the hogwash this idiot was spewing? Tommy will not, would not leave the server.

Leave **him** .

Connor shook his head in reply. “All he said was that he was gonna stay here for a few more days before leaving for good. Said he wanted to make peace with a few people before he left.”

“Is that enough? Can you guys leave my property now?” Connor deadpanned. “No offense but I don’t want to be seen with you lot.” Connor then stepped back into Tommy’s home and slammed the door shut.

“Offense taken...” Tubbo muttered as their group now stepped back onto the Prime Path. Everyone was quiet, not quite sure what to say after what they’ve found about their youngest.

Wilbur took the time to see them and he was surprised at what he saw. Techno’s once proud and sanctimonious attitude of his was all but gone. The Techno standing before him was defeated and lost to some strange form of grief. Why was he mourning? There wasn’t anything to be sad about.

Tubbo was angry. But he was trying very hard to keep that under his well formed façade of calm he usually wears. Perhaps the little traitor did not grow up as much as Wilbur thought?

“... A kid...” Phil whispered, not willing to fully break the silence between them. “He’s had a kid? Did anyone know about this?”

“I knew he had a pet spider...” Tubbo began, but drifted off as the weight of what he’s saying fully settled in his mind. “But... he never said anything about it being a hybrid.”

Hearing this, Wilbur couldn't help but smirk. “Guess you aren’t as different as we are huh?”

“We gotta find Tommy.” Techno growled out, unconsciously stepping closer to Tubbo. “We- We can’t let him leave the server!”

“Oh come on now seriously?” Wilbur drawled. “I thought you of all people wouldn't fall for this!” The melody was increasing again, seeing his brother’s broken eyes but he stubbornly pushed those notes back down. But Techno started to pounce on him, desperation and anger spilling out from his frame. His hold on his Chat must be slipping.

“Our Runt is out there. Having been hurt, beaten and betrayed by his own family!” Techno roared, being held back by Philza. “How are you not freaking out right now!” Wilbur rolled his eyes at the dramatics.

“Easy.” Wilbur answered. “Because it's not happening!”

At their silence, he continued. “Tommy’s just doing this to get our attention.” Wilbur explained what was so obvious to him. “Right now I bet he’s spying on us and laughing at our reactions!” Here, Wilbur made a show to turn around, looking at the various structures around Tommy’s home, knowing that the little shit was hiding.

“The show’s over you absolute menace!” Wilbur shouted, hoping to end this ridiculous charade once and for all. “Come out, come out wherever you are and take your punishment for making us worry so much!” Again, he searched, so sure that he would easily find his little brother and bring him home again.

“Wilbur... I don’t think this is a prank.” He heard Philza mumble from behind and immediately his annoyance shot up again.

“Oh come on, don’t tell me he got you too!” Wilbur snarked at his so-called father, ignoring the cautious and worried look on everyone's faces. “The Tommy I know is just a prankster who would never be mature enough to take on raising a child! The Tommy I know would never just up and leave his family behind!”

“Come out you coward!” He continued, his anger making the melody start to rise up again. “What? Afraid of your family now? Aren’t we brothers? What happened to that ey? This is just another disappointment to add to your never ending list you know!”

His voice echoed throughout the valley, the buildings providing the surface for his voice to bounce around them. Wilbur’s breath was achy and deep, revival never really healing everything quite right but he let himself wheeze and puff at the exertion of his shouting. The others were quiet behind him, which was fine by him. He would revel in his victory when Tommy comes crawling back to him meekly and tamed. He has taught his brother that much at least!

“Wow...” He heard Tubbo utter from behind. “I expected your delusions to be so big but... Wow.”

He flipped back around, his coat billowing in the wind. “Excuse you?”

“Do you really think that Tommy hasn’t changed after all he’s gone through?” Tubbo continued, looking at him like he was nothing but a crazy fool. “Do you think that he’s still the same careless innocence that he had when we first got to this server? That he still has the same open affection and love for others he’d had before?”

Wilbur rolled his eyes.

“Oh come on now. Did he put you up to this?” He stated as he gestures all around them with all the drama he could muster. “Tommy’s just throwing a tantrum because he’s not getting enough attention, he’s fiiiine!” It was truly hilarious to see how naïve and stupid the people in front of him could be when it comes to Tommy.

“You’ll see!” Wilbur declared with a grin. “He’ll crawl back begging to hang out again after he gets over himself.” He looks at them, glee and a sense of superiority at having figured out Tommy’s plan. And of course that’s all it could be?

But when he expects to see their looks of realization at the conclusion he’s given them, now he only sees trepidation... Why? It’s not like he said something that was wrong! He knew this was all just a big, fat, silly little -

“... What color are his eyes?” Wilbur blinked.

“... What?” Tubbo rolled his eyes and began to walk towards him, hands crossed behind him.

“What color are his eyes? Come on, it's not a hard question.” Tubbo insisted, leaning closer and closer, daring him to make a mistake. “What color are his eyes?” Wilbur could feel his symphony beginning to rise and rise but he was stronger than it. He would not let some insignificant words pull his melodies into disarray.

But he could not remember Tommy’s eyes...

It’s not his fault, of course. It’s been over 13 years since he’s been in the hell that was his limbo. Memories tend to fade and merge together. But how different could Tommy’s eyes be?

“They’re blue! Of course they’re fucking blue!” Wilbur blurts out. Confident in his choice. “Tubbo, man, are you feeling alright?” Tommy would never change. His little brother was as steady as the sun. The same smile. The same annoyance. The same glowing eyes each and every d-

“... They’re gray.”

“Huh?” Wilbur blinked, his mind beginning to hear the music rising up. Stop that. Stop it.

“Tommy’s eyes are gray.” Tubbo continued, a poisonous grin etched on his scarred face. “Ever since his second exile his eyes have slowly shifted. And everything afterwards just made things worse.”

Everything afterwards? What happened while he was gone? Was Tubbo really trying to keep this stupid charade going?

“You don’t seem to realize how much you’ve fucked up.” Tubbo declared as he grabbed a fistful of his shirt to pull him down. “We’ve all fucked up when it comes to Tommy and now it looks like he’s had enough of all of us!” Wilbur winced slightly at the pull of his death injury but thankfully Tubbo released him after a few seconds of searching something on his face. Did he have something stuck in his teeth?

“Stay in your stupid deluded fantasies where you are always right and Tommy is always wrong...” Tubbo jeered at him as he turned to walk away. “I’m gonna try to find my best friend and hope to Prime that he’s willing to talk to me before he leaves...” And with that, Tubbo started to walk towards the Community House. Was that where Tommy was? Are they gonna meet and have Tubbo tell him their reactions to his little joke?

“Of course! Fucking run away like you’re used too you traitor!” “Say hi to that gremlin when you meet up! Did you really think that I wouldn’t see through your stupid plan!? I practically raised you two ungrateful little inf-”

“Alright enough.” Philza scolded and Wilbur immediately froze at the tone his father used.

“What? But he-” As he turned around to scream at the ridiculousness of the situation, Wilbur froze seeing his father’s eyes. They were cold. Colder than the cement walls at his train station...

He hasn’t seen the Angel of Death in a long, long time...

“We are wasting time!” Techno roared as he took out his sword. “I don’t care if you want to keep lying to yourself and try to blame everyone else for what is about to happen but unlike you, I want to make sure my brother knows he *still* has a family!”

Before Techno’s bloodlust could reach its point of no return, Phil pulled him out of it by placing a single hand on his shoulder. He truly did train his sons well huh...?

“Split up.” His father’s tone never changed from the frigid tempered steel. “We can split up and cover more ground.” Techno simply nodded at him and started to run towards the hotel. With only the two of them left, Philza gave him a disappointed glare and took an unsteady flight to the east.

Wilbur, now alone on the path, simply stared at the fleeting figure of his father until he could not see any more and gave out an annoyed sigh.

His melody was now a constant buzz behind his eyes. The damned thing refused to go back into proper order. But no matter, things would go back to normal once he put Tommy back in his place.

“... What a bunch of suckers.” “There’s no way Tommy would ever leave this server. Leave them? Ha! What a joke!” His beloved symphony would go back to order once everything is back into place. And of course Tommy would never leave him. He promised him back in that dark and cold ravine... He promised he would never abandon his beloved brother. No matter what he said or did, he would stick by his side without care of anything or anyone. He would take his word as the ultimate order which would be obeyed even if he grumbled and whined about it. Tommy was his little general. His most loyal soldier...

“... Tommy would never leave him. Not him...”

The music swelled once more...

Chapter End Notes

So! Wilbur thinks he knows best huh? I wonder what Tommy will do when he finds out what Wilbur wants to do with poor little Shroud, hmm?

But honestly? My Wilbur post revival still has a bit of insanity left in him. And of course, how could he ever doubt himself when everything is soooo much better after his destruction of his own country? Wilbur knows he has to atone to people but he also thinks that they are just exaggerating their hurt.

But don’t you worry! I’m sure Tommy will take Wilbur’s parenting notes with the poise and the maturity that a responsible father has...

Pfff

Leave It The Fastest Way You Can

Chapter Notes

Of course the chapter with Jackmanifold would be the easiest to write...

But yeah! Honestly, this was a fun one! Not for Tommy but I honestly love his and Jack's interactions!

Once again! No Beta for this story so apologies if there's any mistakes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy let out a big yawn as he stepped out of their temporary den. He had thankfully thought of building this little panic room just in case he needed to avoid people trying to find him. After that disaster of a visit to his brothe- well, he supposes Techno and the others were not his family any more... Tommy winced as the newly formed scar on his shoulder started to tug during his stretch.

Back during war time, they only had access to Regeneration potions. Good enough for you to not bleed out but not enough to take care of the scar tissue left behind. So he was well acquainted with the feeling of hastily healed scars. But he wasn't about to let Shroud get worried about him for a stupid little thing.

It was fine anyways. The scar would be a reminder that he was doing the right thing. And he was kinda glad he finally had concrete proof that his family was no longer his family. Proof that he truly did not have anyone in this cursed SMP that had any sort of connection to him. Familial or otherwise.

So he truly would not be leaving anything behind! Which was great! That meant that he would have no regrets. No other tether clinging onto him when he left this land with his son.

"Mornin Mimmi!" Speaking of the little devil. Tommy's face broke into a smile as he turned around and was ready when his little hatchling pounced onto his open arms.

“Good morning my lovely little hatchling!” Tommy exclaimed as he quickly nuzzled Shroud’s cheek. “How are you enjoying our temporary den?”

“It dark! So cozy and warm and dark!” Shroud chanted back and forth as he swung all his arms as far as he could, making Tommy struggle a bit to keep him safe in his arms.

The current den they were on was in the Holy Land, right underneath Church Prime. He dug low enough for people above them not to be able to hear them but not enough for them to take too long to evacuate if need be. Not that anyone really ever came by the church anymore.

“I bet you’re enjoying sharing a bed huh you little snuggle bug?”

“Hmhmhm!” Tommy let him down slowly as he kneeled down to his level.

“But remember.” He continued while he booped Shroud’s nose. “This is only for a few more days ok? We’ll be leaving this place soon and getting you a new bed in your new bedroom.” Away from all the pain, all the sorry, all the loss...

“Mimmi sad?” Tommy blinked away the glazed look in his eyes and looked back at his son. His little hatchling. And was flooded with the now familiar warmth that his hatchling brought to his withered and achy heart.

“Naaaah little bug...” Tommy affirmed Shroud. “I think for the first time in a long long time, I’m finally accepting things as they are...” Shroud blinked.

“Wha things?”

Tommy chuckled. “Nothing you need to worry your pretty little eyes about!” He continued as he picked “Now, let’s start up with breakfast. Mimmi needs to go out and run a few more errands before we head out.”

And with that, the two went off. And the dark halls were filled with the laughter of a father and his son.

“Ok darling, you remember the rules right?” Shroud nodded his head emphatically and gave Tommy a hug around his leg.

“Stay and wait for Mimmi!” Shroud declared emphatically, looking up at Tommy with as much seriousness as a little spider hybrid could. “Hide an Seek!” Tommy laughed as he bent down to hug Shroud’s little body.

“Oh how did I ever get such a smart little hatchling huh?” Tommy probed as he peppered little kisses all around his face.

“Mimmi!” Shroud beamed while struggling to get away from Tommy’s onslaught of affection. “ShtoooooopP!”

“Alright alright alright.” Tommy let go of Shroud with all the flare and theatrics he was capable of. “I guess you’re just too grown up for hugs and kisses then?” He then took a step back, eyes closed and giving off his most prized performance pout. Three, two, ooone-

“Nooo!” Shroud whined as he ran towards Tommy, hugging his leg even harder. “Mimmi’s kisis! Mimmi’s hugs! Mine!”

Tommy tried to stay strong but he was powerless against his son’s pouty face. “Aww Shroud don’t worry!” Tommy remarked as hugged and twirled his son all around. “I’ll give ya all the hugs and kisses you want!” A few more spins before he set him down and knelt to his level.

“You be good lovebug, alright?” Tommy reminded Shroud. “Stay safe.”

“Buh bye Mimmi!” Shroud simply nodded and gave him a final hug before running back inside the den. Tommy sighed while he shook his head and smiled before he turned around and opened the hidden door to the Church. Tommy winced at the sunlight shining through the stained glass windows, the multitude of colors almost giving him a headache but he quickly took out a potion vial from his inventory and chugged it without hesitation. Shaking off the haziness around his vision, he started to head out of the holy land and towards the main SMP.

Tommy let his mind wonder as he walked through the Prime Path. The weight in his heart already started to diminish at the most recent encounters and sometimes he wondered if he was giving up too easily. Was he making the right decision? Could he have made up with those he loved? Could he have earned their forgiveness?

No. He would not go down that route again. What happened happened. Tommy will just stick to the rules and everything will be fine, for him and his son. His little hatchling is the only thing that matters in the end. Above anything or anyone, Tommy will protect his only treasure. No matter what...

“WELCOME BACK TOMMYINNIT!” Tommy yelped as the all too familiar metallic frame of Sam Nook. Tommy admits that he'll miss the old bucket of bolts, the familiarity in which he falls into with him takes him back to better times...

“Hello Sam Nook.” Tommy waved at the bot. “How’s everything?”

“EVERYTHING HAS BEEN GOING TO PLAN!” Sam Nook answered in the familiar chitters. “WILL YOU BE TAKING OVER THE REIGNS OF THE HOTEL ONCE MORE?”

“Not really Nook...” He mutters as he takes a look up at the Hotel. A look of nostalgia filling up his eyes. “I... I won’t be coming back for a very long time. Probably forever.”

“I WAS NOT AWARE WE WOULD BE TAKING AN EXTENDED TRIP TOMMYINNIT!” Nook replied. “I WILL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AT ONCE.”

“That won’t be necessary Sam! This trip is kinda a solo type of situation. Besides,” Here, Tommy put a hand over Nook’s metallic shoulder and gestured to the Hotel. “I’ll need you to stay here and help the new owner of the hotel to keep it in tip top shape.”

“OH?” Nook questioned. “HAVE THE MY MISSION PARAMETERS CHANGED?”

“Not yet. I came here to talk to the new owner first.” Tommy explained as he straightened up, putting both hands inside his cardigans pockets. “Is Jack here by any chance?”

“JACKMANIFOLD IS CURRENTLY ON THE TOP FLOOR IN YOUR OFFICE!” Nook declared with gusto as he opened the front doors with flare. “I SHALL TAKE YOU TO HIM NOW!” And with this, the little robot began to wheel itself over to the elevators, leaving a bemused Tommy behind.

Tommy simply shook his head and stepped inside the elevator, letting the little robot control the machine. “Thanks, Sam Nook...”

With each floor they passed, Tommy could feel his anxiety beginning to climb. He hadn’t spoken to Jack in a few months, just after he had been revived and tried to get the hotel back. But he still remembers the amount of hate that Jack had for him.

Tommy wanted to atone, apologize for whatever evil he had done upon the older man, but part of him didn’t think Jack would let him talk. But he had to try, he wanted to close any opened chapters he may have in the server before he left. He didn’t want to have any regrets...

Sooner than he was ready, the doors opened up to the penthouse level and Sam Nook was already opening the main office door.

“JACKMANIFOLD!” Nook chittered. “YOU HAVE A MEETING!” Tommy then heard the all too familiar annoyed grunt of Jack behind the doors.

“What?” Jack grumbled confused and a bit annoyed at the interruption. “What do you mean meeting? Have you finally fried your circuits you ridiculous bucket of bolts?” Tommy took a deep breath and stepped inside.

“If that’s how you’ve been talking to Sam Nook this whole time, I can see why he never listens to you...” Jack’s frame was washed up by the sunlight behind him, but even then Tommy could see how his face morphed from confusion to anger as soon as he realized who he was.

“You?” Jack growled as he put down the paperwork he was dealing with, his hand opening up his inventory, ready for anything. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“Can’t I come visit the Hotel I built?” Tommy responded, a small nervous giggle escaping him. Which of course, only served to make Jack even more angry.

“No! Of course not! You died you stupid infant! This Hotel is mine by default!” Jack shouted as he stepped around his desk, diamond sword already out and ready to be used. “But if you want to fight to own in again, I’d be more than happy to end your stupid life!” Tommy did his best to stand his ground but not take out any of his weapons just yet. He wanted this to work...

“... I’m not here to fight Jack.” Jack scoffed at this and gestured wildly.

“Right. Like I’m gonna fall for such an obvious lie!” Jack’s eyes narrowed as he got into fighting position. Tommy could see the gleaming enchantments carved alongside the blade. “Come on then! Or are you scared? Did dying finally put you in your place or-”

“YOU WILL NOT HURT TOMMYINNIT!” Sam Nook declared as he got in between the two, the old security protocols still in place and he took out his trident. “CEASE NOW OR YOU WILL BE THROWN OFF THE PREMISES!” Jack immediately backed off, putting his sword back into his inventory but never losing sight of the trident until Sam Nook put it back as well.

The trio then let silence fall inside the office. Tommy could see that Jack's body was taut, ready for anything and prepared to fight to the end. Seeing this, Tommy's optimism started to fall more and more. Not being able to stand the silence any longer, Tommy took a small step forward.

"I don't like talking about that. My uh.. Death I mean..." Tommy stuttered, his hands unable to stop themselves from picking at his fingers. "I'd... I'd appreciate it if you could not mention that..." Jack simply scoffed.

"Of course. Had to bring your own robot babysitter to stop people from teaching you a lesson, don't cha?" Jack sneered as he gestured accusingly at Sam Nook. "It's just like you, you stupid, annoying, ridiculous-!"

"I'm sorry..." This made Jack stop in his tracks. It was almost funny to see the man almost look like he was short circuiting. But Tommy was too scared and anxious to even attempt to make a joke.

"w-what?"

"I'm sorry Jack. I-" Tommy cleared his throat, "I'm not quite sure what exactly it is that I did but I'm sure it'd have to be something pretty bad for you to hate me so much." Tommy could only look at Jack, hoping to get a reaction but the man was still staring at him. Quietly...

"A-a-and I just wanted to come by and apologize!" Tommy continued, taking the silence as a good sign. "I know I've never really been, you know. Any good. But I have tried really hard to be!"

Tommy chuckled quietly. "I guess I really failed huh...?"

Silence...

“So I- uhh... I wanted to come by and make the transfer of the hotel official!” Tommy persisted. “I can give Sam Nook all the transfer authorization stuff so the Hotel is officially yours forever ipso facto yadda yadda yadda!” He sent Jack a smile, hoping that this small act he could atone for whatever he may have done to the man before him.

“... You’ve **got** to be joking...” Tommy’s eyes widened, hearing the clear disdain on Jack’s voice.

“I-I’m not? I swear Jack I-”

“Do you think I’m just some-! What? Some charity case?!” Jack’s eyes were alight with fury as he approached him.

“What? No!” Tommy defended himself. “Jack I’m honestly trying to-”

“No, you know what?” “Everyone else may treat you with lil widdle kids gloves but I won’t!”

No. No no no no no this was NOT how this was supposed to go... He fucked things up again. Like he always did.

“You wanna know what you did to me? You wanna know how much of a shitty and awful human you are?” Jack seethed in place. “Well let me enlighten you!” Tommy’s eyes widened.

“Jack I-”

“You are the single factor in all of the SMP’s history that is solely responsible for causing all of the destruction and wars we’ve faced!” Tommy let his head down, knowing this was true. He’s always been told by everyone that he was the one responsible so he couldn’t blame Jack for his accusations.

“You’re probably the reason why Wilbur lost his mind in the end!” Jack continued. “Hell! There’s only so much time people can be around you before they get poisoned!” Here Tommy couldn’t help but wince. Another truth...

“Every single person who meets you and tries to help you faces ruin and damnation!” Jack yelled at the top of his lungs. “Their soul rots from the inside out until they pay with their lives!”

“You just take and take and take and take until they cannot give you anything and then you move on to your next victim!” Tubbo, Wilbur, Technoblade, Niki, Sam, Eret, Fundy... and so many more...

“No... No, that's not true!” It was getting harder to breathe, he felt the weight on his chest getting heavier and heavier with every second. But he had to remain strong. He could take the accusations. He already knew them to be the truth but he was doing better now! He knew the rules now!

“What about me huh?” Jack growled, his voice quite but no less threatening. “What about the fact that I gave you nothing but friendship but got nothing but insults and scorn in return? What about the hundreds of times I tried to hang out with you and you scoffed and pushed me aside like I was nothing?”

Another, longer silence fell in the office. Only this time it was Jack who broke it.

“What about exile?” Tommy felt confusion push down the anxiety he was feeling, unable to connect the words Jack was telling him.

“W-what? What do you mean?” Tommy asked, his voice gravely and broken but still strong. “You never came to visit me when I was exiled?!” A beat, and then Jack burst out laughing. Tommy was trapped, unable to leave or approach the laughing man in front of him. What was going on?

“Of course! Of course! You even deny it when I’m right in front of you!” Jack simply stared at Tommy’s confused look and started laughing again, only this time it was more broken,

more hollow. Angrier..

“I *did* visit you! I found you in the Nether, mining your life away and I tried to call out to you!” Jack yelled, gesturing wildly. “But you ignored me! Acted like I didn’t even exist!” Tommy knew his face showed his confusion at this statement because it was just not true. Jack never visited him in exile! He would’ve remembered! Having just one friend visit him was the only bright highlight in the hell that was exile. Even if it had been only one time like with all the others!

“I had about enough people ignoring my existence so I came up to you and tried to get your attention but the next thing I knew, you were pushing off the damn edge and into the pool of lava below us!”

Tommy felt the ground give under him as he almost fell to his knees. That was impossible. No no no no no. He was NOT responsible for one of his friend's canon deaths, it was just a ridiculous notion! Jack must’ve come up with this lie to hurt him! Yes! That must be the reason! Because Tommy would’ve remembered seeing him there. Tommy would not have pushed him to his death. He would never.

“Do you know how painful it is to die by lava?” Jack continued, his words like poison to his fragile mind. “Because it's not like water. You don’t sink down and get consumed by the fire...” Here Jack leaned closer to him, eyes glaring daggers...

“You land on what is almost solid ground, your skin melting off your bones as you slowly, oh so *very* slowly start to sink down.” Jack taunted, his voice wavering a bit almost as if he was lost in his own memories. “You are suffocating on ash and sulfur as every nerve in your body slowly melts away.”

“I-”

“I came to you because I figured you were lonely and I wanted to let you know you still had people thinking of you.” Jack scolded as he grasped his shoulders harshly. A hiss of pain escaping him as Jack pushed back on the scar Techno gave him. “But all I got from that was just a ruthless death at the hands of a stupid and careless little speck of poison like you.”

“You, TommyInnit, are a selfish, self conceited, obnoxious, horrid child!” He bellowed. “And I truly wished Dream let your body rot inside the prison!” All the air seems to have left his body when he heard those words.

“I... Jack... I’m so s-” Tommy tried pleading with Jack but got cut off.

“Save it!” Tommy couldn’t help but flinch at the tone. “I don’t need to hear your pathetic excuses. You can just fuck off and leave me the fuck alone for all I care!” And with that, Tommy broke. Tommy was barely aware that he had fallen to his knees, his eyes flooded with tears that ran down his cheeks. He tried his best to control his breathing but it was to no avail.

He had taken a life. A Canon life. How could Tommy think he could ever reconcile with the people in this Server? He was obviously a blight, a monster, an irreconcilable menace that had no hope in having any sort of peaceful relation with anybody...

Maybe Dream was right? Maybe he needed someone to keep an eye on him. Maybe he needed to be punished for what he does...

He knew he was starting to hyperventilate. His vision was getting fuzzy along the edges. No. No. Not again. Not the Void. Please please please he’ll be good. Light. Please light. LightLightLightLIGHTLIGHTLIGHTPLEASEPLEASEPLEASEPLEASE-

“What? What’s happening?” He heard Jack's voice in the distance but he remembered that the Void liked to play tricks on him. He won’t fall for it. Not again. Not again. Notagainnotagainnotagain- “Are you seriously trying to make me pity you with a few crocodile tears?”

Tommy put his hands over his ears. He would not fall. He would not stay here. Light. Where is his light? Light. Fire. His fire. Where is it? LIGHTLIGHTLIGHT-

“Tommy! Stop it!” Tommy could feel smoke filling in his lungs. Almost there. Fire. Light. Light light lightLIGHTLIGHT-

“PLEASE STAND BACK JACKMANIFOLD!” Nook declared as Tommy heard a mechanical whirl faintly in the back. “TOMMYINNIT IS CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING A PANIC ATTACK.”

“What?!” Jack stammered. “Since when does he-”

“STAND BACK JACKMANIFOLD.”

Cold.

Tommy’s eyes burst open and his vision was brought back to the familiar penthouse office at his Hotel. He was not in the Void anymore... There was light.. He’ll be ok...

“What the fuck?” Tommy shook his head as he felt the cold remnants of a block of ice sliding down his back. He blinked as the familiar wheels of Sam Nook appeared in front of him and made him hope. He looked up at the familiar robot, his heart bursting with relief at the knowledge that he probably had another stupid panic attack...

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT TOMMYINNIT?” Tommy smiled softly at the automaton and took the offered claw to help himself up.

“I... I’m alright Nook... Thank you...” He could see from his peripheral that Jack was carefully approaching him. Of course. He knew what was coming.

“Tomm-”

“You’re right...” He could see it. The pity. The fake concern...

“What?”

“You are right Jack.” Tommy let his voice fall flat and calm. “If what you said happened... If I was responsible for taking one of your canon lives. Then you had every right to hate me enough to try to take my last life...” He could see he hit the right spot. Jack’s eyes widened and his whole body was now in a defensive position.

“W-what are you talking about!” Jack stuttered. “I’ve never-” Tommy simply smiled at Jack as he took off his cardigan and began to wring it out.

“Oh come on now! I might be a bit dense sometimes but I’m not that gullible.” He chuckled at the older man’s demeanor. “Niki hadn’t really been the closest to me after L’Manburg’s fall so it was suspicious to have her help me find wood for the Hotel...”

“Then... then why would you follow her?” The man asked, confusion clear in his voice. “Why follow if you knew it was a trap?”

It had been so obvious back then. People tend to think him so oblivious, so obsessed with himself that he would ignore any and all hostile intentions coming from others. *‘Oh, it’s just childish, stupid Tommy! He won’t tell the difference if you fake being friendly with him for an hour or so before you stab him in the back?’*

But if there’s anything Dream managed to teach him, was to differentiate between the people who truly cared for him and those who wished him nothing but death.

Rule number eleven is all too clear to him.

“Because I missed her... I missed you too for that matter.” Tommy just kept smiling but he knew his eyes dulled to steel. “And besides! What’s a little murder between friends eh?” His smile fell after that, his attempt at a joke falling flat as he realized the amount of truth he put into it.

He took a deep breath while he put his cardigan back on. He shivered at the still damped wool but he’d had worse before.

“The only thing I can say is that I truly didn't know you visited me back in exile...”

“What do you mean?” Jack questioned, the anger flooding back into his voice. “How could you possibly try to excuse what you’ve done?!”

“I’m not making excuses. It was by my hand that you lost a life and that is something I cannot take back.”

Here, Tommy could not help but look away. “But back then, I was dealing with... a lot.” When he got no screams of indignation or put downs on his character, he continued,

“At that point I was dealing with both auditory and visual hallucinations...” Tommy’s eyes closed as he tried to push back the memories of exile back down. “I was so desperate to have someone with me that I just started to imagine they were there.” Tommy couldn’t help but let out a chuckle. He truly was so pathetic back then...

“Reality wasn’t something that I could rely on back then. So I just let myself get lost in the fantasies my brain managed to build up.” Tommy turned around and looked at Jack, his face slowly morphing into careful realization.

“... Getting rid of Dream was one of the most popular ones...” Jack’s eyes widened.

“So... Back then...?” Tommy smiled.

“If you saw me and tried to get my attention, it was probably me thinking that it was Dream...” He kept explaining, closing his eyes. “And I was so tired of being punished by him...”

“... punished?” Jack faltered in his steps and he stopped right in front of him. “Tommy. What really happened in exile?”

Tommy blinked.

This, he was not expecting. He was not expecting the kindness he saw in Jack's eyes. The knowledge that something else has happened to him and that something needs to be known.

"... are you sure you want to know?" Jack simply walked towards the sofa, sat down and looked back at Tommy, his eyes shining with something Tommy hasn't seen in what feels like years.

Willingness to listen...

"Think of it as the first step to make things up for me." Tommy couldn't help his smirk when he heard this and followed Jack to the sofa, sitting down and leaving plenty of space between them.

"You drive a hard bargain Mr. Manifold..." Tommy smiled, took a deep breath...

And talked.

Tommy never really talked about exile. Neither of them. And it wasn't because he was afraid. Of course he wasn't! He was TommyInnit so of course he had to be exaggerating what he went through, right? But no. He knew that was only a part of his reasoning.

His entire existence has always been about following others. Following and supporting, be the good little soldier they needed you to be. So he could not be weak. He could not be a failure. He could be nothing but obedient and efficient to those he served.

In exchange, he received the facsimile of familial love. The affection of family, brothers, best friends...

But all of those are to be taken when his usefulness runs out.

When a creature made of poison and barbs, the nightmare made real, comes to you and your loved ones the poison starts to seep. The snake slithers down into your psyche and begins to destroy any little thing that made you, *you* .

So he was unable to talk about what Dream had done. A few words here and there, something that Tubbo and Puffy managed to drag out of him but not the whole truth that could give them or anyone a clear picture of what he's gone through. He instead played his role. The fool. The soldier. The boy playing man that had too big of an ego and an obsession with music disks. All to make sure nobody dared to ask him what truly happened. But Jack had asked. No pity or hidden agenda. Just honest to Prime asking what truly happened to him.

So he did.

He finally opened up. He told Jack everything he was able to remember. Every single scar that has been left behind by Dream. Every bruise, every venomous word, every instance of deceit. Tommy laid himself bare and awaited judgment from the man he took a life from.

He felt like he talked for hours. He probably did, his sense of time had gone all wonky after he left his Void but his throat was dry and his voice was scratchy as all hell. But his chest felt lighter than it's felt in years and the usual fuzziness around his brain seemed to be lifting as well. Maybe Puffy was onto something with her whole '*Talking things through*' schtick?

"I had no idea..." Tommy's eyes blinked as he realized where he was and whom he was with. Jack's face was pale and clammy which took him by surprise. He never expected Jack of all people to be affected by what he's gone through.

"Nobody does. And I've never really been able to tell people about it before.."

"Why?" More blinks. Tommy was not used to being asked questions about his well being for a while.

It felt... Nice?

“Every time I try, my throat closes up and I choke...” Tommy explained. “Dream’s made it impossible for me to really and truly open up to people about what he’s done to me.” he then pointed at his head, doing his best to still hide the scar on the left side of his face.

“He gets into your head man.” he trembled. “Burrows and digs and desecrates and slices through your memories and stays there. Making you doubt every single thing that you do. Every single word that other people tell you...”

“All I hear is how useless and unwanted I am to those whom I love...” Tommy gave out a wet chuckle as he tried to get his breath back into control. “And the worst thing about that is that he was right.”

“Tommy, that’s just Dream telling you lies. I-” Jack protested loudly which startled Tommy a bit. “I’m sure that-”

“Forgive me if I don’t take the word of someone who’s hated me and tried to actively kill me for the past few years.” Tommy raised an eyebrow and Jack at least had the decency to look sheepish. “While I appreciate it, I don’t think my brain’s gonna listen to you bossman.”

“Besides, all you see now is a pathetic little kid who’d let himself be pushed around...” Tommy then grinned and stood up, keeping his back to Jack. “I hate people giving me pity for something I should’ve been able to deal with! So thanks but no thanks.” He hears Jack standing up from the couch and approaching him.

“Tommy, I-” Jack began but stopped himself and gave out a long sigh. “You’re right. I don’t know what I could say that would help you...”

“It’s fine tho. I got over wanting to be loved...” He continued. “Rules are rules for a reason and I’ve finally learned to listen like the good little soldier I am.” Tommy was glad to have someone who truly understood what he’s gone through. But he was not gonna fall into that trap again.

A few more steps and Jack was now in front of him, looking a bit troubled. "... What do you mean by rules Toms?"

Tommy then put on the biggest grin he could and turned around with a bit of flare. "Bah! Nothing you need to worry about!" "Dumb feelings and nasty memories aside, we are wasting daylight! Sam Nooooook!" The bot immediately perked up from the corner he was in and zoomed to Tommy's side.

"YES TOMMYINNIT?"

"Let's get started on the transfer of power!" Tommy watched as Jack's face went through the motions of worry, disbelief, surprise and more disbelief. Oh this was great!

"... You were serious about that?" Tommy's grin could not get any bigger.

"As serious as a heart attack!" He beamed as he went around the desk and started to rummage through the drawers. "Now, do you have a quill in here or what?"

And with that, Tommy started the official transfer of power to Jack. The two of them spent the next thirty minutes discussing protocols, screaming at each other for a bit, and filling out an incredible amount of paperwork that Sam Nook started printing out. But once everything was done and done, Sam Nook provided Jack with the palm scanner and Jack was now officially the owner of the Innit Hotel.

As Tommy looked at a smiling Jack looking at his signature and started to head on out before he remembered something.

"Hey Jack!" Tommy asked. "Do you know where I can find Niki by any chance?" He watched as Jack simply blinked back into the present.

“Uhh, I think she’s down by the lake with Puffy. Why?” Great! Two birds with one trip.

“Oh! She’s just next on my list is all!” Tommy replied as he went into his inventory to take out one of the many vials he carries with him. Once he confirmed it was the right one, he chucked it back and “Also! Catch!”

“Oi!” Jack yelped as his hands flopped around before finally catching the potion. “You little menace what if I didn’t catch that eh?” Tommy rolled his eyes at the dramatics.

“Stop whining, you’re fiiine!”

“What is this anyways?” Jack asked, turning the potion bottle around and putting it against the light. “You know I can make my own potions right? And this one is a weird color... were you trying to make Regeneration?” Tommy smiled as he saw the familiar swirl of dark purple and golden flecks, the flecks glowing like the stars he oh so loved.

“It’s an Innit original I’m afraid!” And he was incredibly proud of his creation, thank you very much! But Jack didn’t seem to think so, he was eying the potion like it was about to bite him.

“... Is it gonna explode on me?”

“W-what! What do you take me for!” Tommy exclaimed, outraged at the very notion. The potion only exploded three times during his trials! “No you asshole! Didn’t you say you went through revival?”

“Well... yeah but what the hell does that have to do with anything?” Tommy’s eyes softened.

“I stayed in Limbo for over a month. All of my senses were taken away except my hearing. But even then my Limbo was an endless Void...” he let his eyes wander over to the window, getting lost in the memories. “When I came back, all my senses dialed up to a thousand, every breath I took felt like a million swords running through my chest...”

A brief pause before he pointed at the potion. “Neither Regeneration nor Healing helps to alleviate the symptoms. They push them away for a few minutes until they come back even worse...” Tommy continued. “Strength kinda doubles the pain for some stupid ass reason and Golden Apples sorta help but not by much.”

“So, I decided to experiment a bit! After all, I am the best guinea pig I could ask for!”

“You didn’t...” Tommy deflated a bit hearing the concern and disbelief in Jack’s voice. He simply gave the man a smile in return as thanks.

“I call it Oblivion...” Tommy explained, gesturing to the potion and then putting his hands inside his cardigans pockets. “A mix between Withering, Restoration, Golden apples and a bunch of other things. It’s strong enough to completely overpower the side effects of revival and leave you feeling numb throughout your day.”

“Well, that doesn’t sound any better.” Tommy rolled his eyes.

“Like I said,” He began as he made his way back to the doors. “You were revived, spite or not. But I have no idea if you’re suffering any side effects like I am. So keep it! My treat just in case.”

“I-” Tommy could tell when Jack’s face softened. “Thank you Toms... I appreciate it.”

“Don’t mention it! Let me know if you need more and I’ll teach you how to make it.” As Tommy opened the door, he hesitated for a second before turning around and sending his a smile. Not a grin. Not a fake smile that he uses to put people at ease. But a real, soft smile.

“Goodbye Jack...”

“Tommy...” He heard Jack’s confused tone. “Are you ok?”

Tommy took a deep breath and turned around, smiling brightly as the sun's rays shone on his now golden and quartz hair. "Rule number one Jack,"

"TommyInnit is always ok!"

Chapter End Notes

The first of the rules have been revealed! Does it seem like it's true? Welp! Everyone else seems to think so! So Tommy will take that as truth!

Also, you will take PapaInnit from my cold dead hands. WE DESERVE FLUFF GOSH DANG IT! And I will provide!

The Oblivion potion is of my own creation! I always figured those who have been revived would suffer from chronic pain since their very soul was stuffed back in their newly reconstructed bodies. Specially since I figure whomever is the God (I still don't think it's XD) in control of the revivals has no fucking clue of how regular bodies truly work!

Essentially it works by numbing every nerve ending so that Tommy can function somewhat normally!

Anyways! Hope you guys enjoyed it!

Never Turn Back...

Chapter Notes

Here we go! Let's go Papa Phil! (This has so incredibly hard to write dear LORD)

But yes! At long last the obligatory "get Phil up to speed" chapter is finally done! But with a little spicy lambchop added in for flavor. >:3

Also make sure to read the bottom notes!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Being the Angel of Death had its downside.

Or upsides, depending on how you looked at things. While he only had one life to live, that one life has been long and eventful. Eons to wander around battlefields and discover the many wonders in all of creation. He's lived his life to the fullest, doing as much and building and creating and fighting and everything in between the mortals realm.

All in the name of his heavenly lady...

While he was unable to interact with his wife in the Overworld, she had asked that he live for them and he had obliged. And lived he did. He erected entire cities and built monuments in her name, beautiful cities of light as near to the Void as he could. He had gotten involved with humanity and their wars. And he gladly shed blood for the few causes he believed in. With every soul he took down, he got brief glimpses of his beloved before she dragged them back to the Void.

And he was happy with that. The transitory nature of his marriage and his immortality. But he learned to appreciate the little moments. But he could tell as the years went by that his beloved was not happy with how things were going for him. She wanted stability for him, something tangible that he could love other than her.

And that's when she proposed the idea of raising children.

He was surprised to hear her talk about raising an offspring. The chances of them being born as a regular human, with a regular lifespan was incredibly high. So why spend the time in creating something that would die in what for them was only but a moment?

Thankfully, he had given in and the two started the proper ritual to create a blood offspring. And while the process was brutal and time consuming, it all came to be worth it in the end. One moment he was all by himself in the Overworld and the next he had Wilbur, his first born.

And fatherhood has been the most incredible adventure Phil has ever undergone in all his millennia of existence.

He had never expected the whirlwind that was gonna be fatherhood but he wouldn't change a thing. The next following years were spent with Wilbur before they found Techno in the Nether. And then Wilburn was the one to find Tommy...and it was like the last piece of a puzzle had finally joined together.

The years he spent raising his boys will always be the best of the best. The only thing he could say was tangible and real aside from his marriage. He felt a sense of fulfillment whenever he first taught them how to fight. How to survive in the wild. How he regaled them with fantastical stories of his many adventures over the years as they fell asleep...

But something happened when he left for one of his adventures. When he was out constructing another monument for his paramour, he received many letters from his eldest. He had gone out and started his own country! And while he was worried, Wilbur had told him how everything had been progressing so well for him and Tommy!

But then he got a message that Wilbur needed him and it took all but a few flaps of his wings to go directly to the new server his son told him he was in. He was not expecting his son, drowning in his own madness. He did not expect to hear his son beg for him to kill him. He did not expect his son to blow up the country he was so proud of...

... He did not expect to kill his first born that day.

But over the years following the incident, he had spoken with Fundy and he had corrected him in certain details that Wilbur gave him in his letters. Wilbur had lied to him, nothing was truly how he had said, but Fundy could only tell him so much.

And now? Now his youngest had appeared out of the blue, after betraying Techno's trust and siding with the corrupt government. But he had left his things. The thing he had given to his children to represent their mutual connection. The trinkets and mementos accumulated by time. His Emerald...

Now they were trying desperately to find the young boy. They all need to talk. To discuss what had happened to fracture their family as much as it had. To ask Tommy about his son. The fact that he had a brand new grandson that he's never known... Tommy had to realize that he was still a part of the family right? The fact that he had betrayed them didn't sever that connection...

But Phil knew that if they had any chance to find and convince his youngest to come back to them, he was gonna need to know everything.

And there was only one person that could answer all his questions right now.

"Hey Tubbo," Phil hesitated as the younger man merely stared at him but he pushed forward. "Do you have a second?"

"What for?"

"I uhh..." he continued. "I wanted to ask you about a few things. About the server and... about Tommy?" And even heavier silence fell upon the two. Phil knew that Techno and Wilbur were at the map room, trying to figure out the most likely place Tommy could be hiding at, so they would have some time to talk before they would ever be interrupted.

"... Are you sure you want to ask?" Tubbo began, one eyebrow raised and full of contempt. "You're not gonna like the answer." Phil gulped, knowing full well that this

would not be an easy discussion.

“If I-” Phil speculated. “If I’m gonna be of any help finding and talking things through with Tommy, I think I need to understand things a bit more.” Another brief but heavy pause.

Phil had never taken the time to truly look at Tubbo. He had a bare recollection of a tiny goat hybrid that stuck to his youngest all day, running about and playing together. That young child was a far cry away from the man he saw before him. Withdrawn and aloof, Tubbo had grown to be a man that was not willing to follow any longer. He looked mighty lonely tho...

“... Why not?” Tubbo shrugged as he took the seat opposite to him. “Alright then. What exactly do you need to know?” Phil had to blink for a few seconds, he didn’t think it was going to be so easy to get him to talk but with a grateful smile, Phil sat down.

“... What happened?” He asked. “I-I mean, from the beginning...” Seeing Tubbo’s eyebrow raised again, he continued.

“I... A few weeks back, I was speaking with Fundy and he told me some things that put what Wilbur told me in his letters into question.” He felt his hands clutching the fabric of his cloak, it had not been an easy thing to hear that his son was a liar, but this was something he had to confront.

“Wilbur said that everything was fine. That you’ve won L’Manburg’s independence with a treaty he drafted out and that he’d won the elections...” Phil continued. “He said he gave you the position of president because he wanted to set off and create a new nation...”

“But Fundy said that was not true...” Phil just looked at Tubbo and his heart fell when all he could see was frost in his eyes. That confirmed what Fundy had told him was the truth then...

“I can’t say that my son is a saint, Tubbo. I fully admit that I fell for his lies.” Phil continued. “But that means I know nothing of what went on in my absence. I know nothing of what happened to my youngest in those early days.” He needed to know. There was a pit in his

stomach ever since he saw the shattered remains of Tommy's emerald encased inside that bottle. And just when he was about to ask again, Tubbo finally started speaking.

"When you took off with Techno to who knows where," Tubbo began "They waited for you. They waited for you each and every day you were away but every day was just another disappointment." Phil was stunned at what he was hearing. Why would Tubbo start with his travels? He was asking about this server.

"The time Wilbur decided to bring Tommy and I here after we got the invitations, Tommy was so excited." Tubbo continued. " *'Finally we'll be like Dadza and Techie! We'll go out exploring and fighting the good fight!'* I remember him saying. And we set off..."

"Mind you, we all did not come in at the same time." Tubbo explained, which made it even more confusing to him. Why didn't Wilbur come together with his brother? "Tommy was the first of us to set foot here and from what he tells me, that's when Dream's obsession with him began."

"Dream figured that his Disks were the best way he could control Tommy. So the wars started..."

"See, that's another thing I don't understand." Philza interrupted. "You two, Tommy says that Dream is obsessed with him. But to what end? What would Dream gain from controlling my youngest in the long run?" He had certainly seen the animosity Tommy had against Dream, but he couldn't understand the reasoning behind it.

"... of course that's what you'd ask." Phil blinked at Tubbo, having heard the words said under his breath.

"Listen." Tubbo growled, immediately making his feather stand in defense. "Dream is not just a good fighter. He is not a good ally to have when the chips are down."

"Throughout our lives in this Server, Dream had made it his sole mission to attain full control of the entire Realm." Tubbo explained. "But your sons have been a clear pain in his arse and managed to oppose his total control."

“However, Dream was clever. Ohh so clever... so he took his time and manipulated each and every one of us against each other...” Tubbo closed his eyes as the memories started to fly by at the front of his head, but Phil could see that Tubbo took control back over his emotions.

“When Wilbur first started L’Manburg, it was all about freedom. But that freedom got damaged when Dream got Eret to betray our little band of fighters.” Tubbo continued, his voice dead and steady. “We all lost our first life in the depths of a false hope for victory coming from someone who was once our friend.” And here, Tubbo looked directly at him.

“Tommy was 14 when he lost his first life.” Tubbo stated with the finality of a grizzled veteran. “Stabbed through the gut by Dream.”

“But that’s...” Phil stuttered as he tried to calm his heart. “That’s so young...” his poor baby...

“Yeah well,” Tubbo continued. “A few minutes after our respawn, Tommy watched how Wilbur’s whole demeanor shattered completely and was about to give up on L’Manburg as a whole.” Phil’s eyes merely widened at this fact.

“Then how-?”

“Tommy happened.” Phil blinked at the statement. What could his youngest ever do that could turn the tides of war?

“He wasn’t gonna allow Dream to get away with having taken away one of his friends. So, Tommy marched on and challenged Dream to a duel.” Tubbo explained. “He wins, we got our independence. Dream wins, he got one of Tommy’s Disk...”

“So, Tommy won?” Tubbo shook his head.

“Tommy didn’t want to kill Dream, they were becoming good friends before the war began so he aimed his arrow away from him.” Tubbo continued, his voice steady but dead. “Giving Dream ample time to aim for Tommy’s throat...” Phil could feel his heart skip a beat...

“No...”

“It wasn’t fast mind you.” Tubbo declared, looking down at his hands as if trying to clean them from the ghost of blood past. “It was slow and painful and Tommy tried to stay until the very end... Until he died again.”

“In the end, after Tommy woke up again, he marched on towards Dream and offered both his Disks in exchange for our independence...” Tubbo concluded, opening his arms as if to welcome the birth of a country long gone. “And so, L’manburg was officially born...”

“He- Tommy, he,” Phil started but he couldn’t help the choking as he tried to take even breaths. “He gave two of his lives? For a country?” He couldn’t understand that. Why would he give something so precious for something as ridiculous as land? Had he taught him nothing?

“No.” Tubbo stated, breaking Phil from his spiraling thoughts. “Tommy gave two of his lives and his disks in exchange for making Wilbur’s dream a reality...”

Phil blinked at this notion. He never thought that Tommy would be selfless enough to sacrifice so much just to keep Wilbur happy. To him, Tommy had never truly grown from that little hellion that demanded constant attention. And nothing that he heard about since he arrived here told him that he had changed for the better. Only for the worse. And downright murderous with certain people.

“Then came the cursed elections...” Tubbo continued, his posture changing as the memories began to pull him back to a time he did not want to remember. “I honestly think that’s where Wilbur started going wrong...” Phil’s eyes narrow at this.

“Watch it...”

“Oh shut up.” Tubbo rolled his eyes as he stared down Phil. “Don’t come for me with airs of moral superiority or the illusion of being a proper father when you’re the one who killed the bastard...” Well, he couldn't deny him there. But he still felt it his duty to defend his boy’s honor. No matter the reason.

“The election started with Wilbur being unopposed.” Tubbo started explaining. “Tommy told me that Wilbur planned to rig the election in his favor so that was just a formality.” Phil was surprised at this. How could Wilbur think that rigging an election would be the best foundation to a country without corruption?

“But they didn’t expect others wanting to join in and run for themselves.” Tubbo continued on with the story. “So, in came Schlatt. And out went any semblance of peace...”

“Schlatt and Quackity partnered up and combined both of their votes at the very end, just barely passing Wilbur and Tommy.” Tubbo explained. “And when Schlatt took the stage, he immediately exiled Wilbur and Tommy from what he now called as Manburg.”

“What?! On what grounds?!”

“He said that letting them stay would incite rebellion and chaos in the country...” Tubbo continued, but Phil could tell that this part hurt the young man to say. “But he just wanted to rub his power in Wilbur’s face. And he sent his security to chase them out.” Tubbo quickly crossed his arms in a failed attempt at comfort and it almost made Phil stand and offer some comfort of his own, but something told him any attempt at reassurance would be met with a fist.

“Wilbur got shot down...” Tubbo revealed with no emotion showing on his face. “Tommy managed to drag him away and keep him lucid enough to set a new spawn point away from everything before he lost his second life but-” And here Phil could tell that Tubbo’s stoic façade started to crumble slightly.

“Because of his loss, Wilbur started to lose his grip in reality.” He explained. “They set up a base inside a ravine. Started gathering materials and Wilbur called for Technoblade to come and help him take down a tyrannical ruler.”

“Pogtopia was where Wilbur threw what little sense of reality he had. He became paranoid of everyone, he was unstable and possessive when it came to Tommy-”

“No. No no no you are wrong there.” Phil stammered out. “If there is one thing I know about my boys is that they wouldn’t let anything happen to Tommy!” That was the only absolute. No matter what happened, no matter how annoying or how offensive Tommy might be, the other siblings knew that Tommy didn’t mean to do such things. His eldest adored Tommy, he was their sunshine, the veritable light of chaos that their family so desperately needed. There was no way that his eldest would hurt Tommy for any reason!

“... While I was being a spy for him, Wilbur let Techno kill me, taking my second life and giving me these scars...” Tubbo stated, his voice lacking any emotion. “The only one who defended me and was angry at that loss was Tommy.” Phil could believe that. Tommy, for all that he does, is extremely loyal to those he deems as family and he knows that his youngest would fight entire battalions to defend them.

But why would Wilbur let that happen? Why would Techno kill when he knows very well that he could fight off armies of corrupt officials if necessary? Why would they kill someone who was their ally? No matter the fact that Tubbo had an extra life to spare, no life is worthless and certainly not for any plan!

“Wilbur decided that the best way to resolve the issue was to pit Tommy and Techno against each other inside a fight pit.” He heard Tubbo continue. “I could barely watch Tommy get pummeled to half a heart before I ran away from that room...”

“No. No, you’re wrong. You must be!” His children would not do this! Not to his youngest!

“Oh, am I?” Tubbo growled at him. “The only reason I let things go is that I know what would happen if I argue with Technoblade’s choices.” His baby bird... He couldn’t imagine what kind of state he was in after his warrior was done with him. He knew Tommy wouldn’t have backed off, not even if the fight was against Techno....

“Now, at the end Schlatt was getting more and more totalitarian. So we managed to get more people to our side.” Tubbo continued, having taken some control over his emotions. “And

then we won! Or at least we should've..." At this, he fell silent, leaving Phil to picture the most horrific acts that could happen to them.

"But now one knew that Dream had continued to make Wilbur's madness blossom into the mess that you saw that day..." Phil blinked at the new information before his eyes narrowed.

"Dream?" Tubbo nodded.

"Tommy was doing everything in his power to ensure Wilbur didn't go over the deep end." He stated. "Hell, he and Quackity even stopped him from pushing that damned button a few weeks before everything exploded in our faces..."

"... Tommy stopped him?" Phil didn't care that his voice trembled, his littlest one, his baby bird took on the task to keep his eldest safe and sound of mind? How old was he at this point? He is still a child, a child that had no place trying to keep his brother together. How did he miss this?

"Yeah. He talked him down." Tubbo nodded before giving him a poisoned grin and a raised eyebrow. "Funny how that works." He wasn't proud that he flinched at this.

Tubbo then settled back into the cushioned chair, taking on an air of nonchalance. "But eventually Dream won out. Wilbur's mind gave in and when we won over Schlatt," He continued. "L'Manburg fell to the hand of one of its founding fathers and the fury of his brother."

More silence...

"Why did Techno attack you all?" Phil couldn't help but ask. Knowing full well of the obvious answer. "Weren't you working together?"

"Ah well," Tubbo smirked, showing off his slightly fanged teeth. "Apparently Wilbur never told him that we would take the country back once we've won... So because of that?" Tubbo

sighed and leaned back.

“We all must drown in a sea of destruction and blood.” Tubbo exclaimed with exuberance as he rubbed his eyes together. “Because of course! All of us used him, right? All of us lied to him, right?”

“All we were guilty of was believing the words of our General...” Phil heard him whisper, broken and hollow. “And we paid them dearly.”

Another moment of silence befell the two men in the snowy cabin. Phil knew his warrior fell victim to his voices, he knows the utter disdain he has for people in power, knowing first hand how people could take advantage of those without it...

But to attack those who were once your ally? Without listening to their pleas? Anarchy without reason fell into chaos. That is not what true anarchy is about.

How far had his children fallen? How much had he missed.

“Moving on.” Tubbo declared. “And we bring the reign of New L’Manburg to call.”

“I’ll spare you the basic details since you were a part of it at the beginning.” He stated “But Dream started to mess with my head next.” Tubbo mentioned as he looked at nothing but his hands.

“Knowing that I would be vulnerable and stressed out, Dream pushed the right buttons and forced me into betraying my best friend...” Phil saw his hands forming a fist. Shaking with anger at the reminder of his failures.

“I pushed Tommy into exile trying to avoid an all out war with Dream so soon after we had rebuilt L’Manburg...” Tubbo explained, desperate to give some form of rhyme or reason to justify his choices. “I was scared... And that pushed me to hand my best friend over to our worst enemy to suffer for over a year...” Phil’s eyes widened hearing this.

“Tubbo...” Phil whispered, almost not wanting to know the truth but knowing that he had ignored far too much to keep going blind. “W-what happened to Tommy during exile? What did Dream do to my son?”

Another beat of silence, but this one felt like it was longer than all the others.

“That is the one thing Tommy has refused to share with me. A futile attempt to protect me from more guilt...” Tubbo answered. “No one truly knows the extent of what Tommy went through during exile...” Phil didn’t know if what he was feeling was relief or dread at the fact that his son had trusted no one with the truth.

“But all I know is that there’s a pillar built to maximum height in Logstedshire...” His heart stuttered. “And my best friend refuses to tell me what happened during exile to spare my feelings.”

It felt like every ounce of breath just left his body. The sheer image of his youngest, his baby bird be so desperate as to think- As to find a way to join his-

“No...” Phil stuttered out. “No, Tommy wouldn’t... He wouldn’t-” He would never. He was alive. He was safe. How could he ever think that Tommy could’ve been pushed so far as to wish for death? And then the guilt started to creep into every crevice he had in his body.

He never visited him in exile. He thought that it was a proper punishment. He thought that it would teach his youngest some twisted form of humility and patience so he didn’t think anything of it. But now all he could see was his baby bird. All alone. With Dream as company. The same man who pushed his first born to the brink...

“Then came more manipulations from Dream.” He heard Tubbo continue, snapping him from his downward spiral. “He destroyed the Community Center in order to place blame on Tommy. He wanted him to be completely isolated and without a thought we all fell for it when Tommy appeared with Techno.”

Tubbo leaned back once again, covering his eyes in shame. “I was so stupid back then. So naive to believe Dream’s lies...” He stated, his voice cracking at the very end. “But still, Tommy stayed by my side...” Phil could tell that Tubbo was confused at the notion. And who could blame him.

Anyone else that has been treated like Tommy apparently had would have looked twice at the people who betrayed him and had walked the other way. But Tommy didn’t. He came back to the one person he called his best friend but the same one who pushed him out of the country he founded. It made absolutely no sense as to why his son would forgive Tubbo for his indiscretions. Why would he stand with a group that not even a few minutes back was throwing insults and vitriol at his character.

But soon Tubbo's face morphed into something deadly, and turned his glare to him.

“Just in time for him to see his so-called father, brother and abuser destroy the country he sacrificed so much for to keep intact.” Tubbo shouted. “The country he gave two of his lives to keep free from Dream. The country which was Wilbur’s last lucid thought and aspiration.” Phil couldn't help but defend himself.

“We had to destroy it because it was corrupt!” Phil fumed and stood up to point at Tubbo, his wings flexing to make himself bigger. “You took my son and dragged him to a chopping block like a goddamned animal to be slaughtered!”

“And I just told you why that was.” Tubbo growled, not having been intimidated in the least by his display. “Technoblade didn’t like the fact that we wanted our country back and he blamed us thinking we tricked him into being our muscle.” Tubbo then began to stand up, taking one finger and pushing it against his chest.

“Your son rained down blood and destruction when he didn’t get his way. And it left us afraid and terrified of him. Just waiting for the moment that he would wake up and decide *‘Oh? I think today is a great day to blow everyone up’*”

His wings fell back. His eyes narrowed.

“That’s not fair.”

“Isn’t it?” Tubbo teased. “Or is it because you know I’m right?”

A beat passed with the two still standing before Phil gave in and fell back to his seat.

“... After everything settled. Dream decided to do his final strike.” Tubbo continued as he sat back down. “He called Tommy and I out for one final fight for the Disks.” Phil couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

“The disks again?” Phil snarked, having heard enough about those disks. “What is up with those stupid disks and Dream and Tommy?” Tubbo merely stared at him, as if he was an idiot for even asking that question before he continued.

“...Dream knew that Tommy would take up the fight for his Disk’s and he knew I would never let him go at it alone. Not again.” He declared, appearing proud of the fact that he followed his friend to fight the admin of this server. “So we met him at the location and we fought him...”

Silence.

“Did you win?” Tubbo simply shook his head.

“We didn’t. But the Disk’s he had were fake anyways.” He explained. “So he forced us down inside the mountain to a portal that would take us to his... museum...” Phil couldn’t help the confusion show on his face at this statement.

“Museum?” Tubbo simply gave him a pained grimace that did nothing to calm his nerves.

“A place to keep everything and in some cases every *one* that creates an attachment to people in this server.” Tubbo uttered, his tone dead of any emotions but Phil could clearly see that

Tubbo started to draw blood from how hard he was clenching his hands. “His way of manipulating people into obeying his every whim.”

Phil’s eyes widened and he felt his wings puff out in indignation. “What? That’s- That’s diabolical! That’s.. That’s...”

“That’s Dream.” Tubbo stated, as if the notion of Dream’s true self was an undeniable fact. “The Dream you know, the man who likes to spar with Technoblade on occasion and paints the picture of a worried friend is nothing more than a megalomaniac that is hell bent on controlling everyone.”

“We tried to fight him again, but he was just playing with us before.” He heard Tubbo continue to talk, his voice getting smaller and weaker. “He completely destroyed any attack or defense we had against him and just laughed when we started to become desperate in our fight.”

“He split us up and grabbed me by the neck...He laughed at Tommy’s desperation... at his look of utter defeat...” Phil saw Tubbo chuckle bitterly as he gave him an old and tired look. “He laughed as he proclaimed his victory over the server.”

“Tubbo-” Phil did not know what to say. What do you say to a young man who went through so much? And most of the fault lay with his children...

With himself...

“So Dream gave him the ultimatum.” He heard Tubbo continue, his stoic mask back on. “It was either the disks or my life...” Phil could only nod, knowing the answer.

“And then he chose you right?” But here Tubbo was silently looking at him. Showing no signs of having heard him. But not long after, Tubbo simply smiled.

“... I told him that it was ok to let me go.” Phil’s eyes widened as he stood up once again.

“What?” He screamed, not caring if his children heard him any longer. “How could you say that?”

Tubbo just kept smiling...

“I’ve been a soldier, a spy, a president of a doomed nation...” Tubbo explained, his tone calm and his eyes showing nothing but peace. “And I was so very tired at that point...”

No. That can’t be true. Another child led to that impossible choice. However forced this choice was, Phil could not understand Tubbo’s willingness to give in to Dream’s demands so easily.

“So, I gave Tommy permission to take those Disks as my apology for what I’ve done to him.”

“But that wasn’t right!” Phil bellowed. “You were a child!” But as soon as he mentioned this, he knew he made a mistake. Tubbo immediately became withdrawn, his face no longer a smile but a scowl.

“I was a child when your eldest dragged me and Tommy into a war.” Tubbo reminded him, and his wings immediately went down. “I was a child when you and your favourite son decided to drench our country in fire and ash for something you believe to be righteous retribution.”

“B-but things are just things! You can easily replace items! It’s certainly easy enough to replace those blasted disks of his!” Phil tried to explain, to defend his children from the accusations the man before him rightfully bestowed. “How could Tommy be so selfish as to value a piece of plastic over someone’s last life?!”

He could not understand this. He always chose to teach his children the intangibility of material things. How there wasn’t a scenario where valuing things over people could ever be righteous!

“Oh? And that’s what you think? That things are just things, without meaning or attachments?”

“Of course I do!” Phil scolded. “Things can always be replaced with just a little bit of hard work and enough time!”

Silence.

And then uncontrollable laughter.

It was all Phil could do but stand still as Tubbo refused to acknowledge his existence so he took this chance to see if the younger man was alright if he finally lost it. But it only took a few more seconds before Tubbo managed to get some semblance of control.

“Oh pray tell, what would happen if someone were to just out of nowhere come to your home and destroy everything?” Phil just blinked at the question.

“What? Tubbo, what are you-”

“Humor me for a second.” Tubbo retorted as he straightened his rumpled clothes. “If everything that you’ve built during your stay here were to be destroyed by the whim of any person. If every ounce of ore, if every scrap of armor and weapons, if every iota of cups, pictures, trinkets were to go up in flames. How would you feel?”

“... They are just things.” Phil shrugs, not really knowing where this was going. “Easy to replace.”

“Keep in mind. That also means everything Techno owns as well.” Tubbo explained, a knowing glint in his eyes as Phil lost any ounce of breath in his lungs. “Every single one of his beloved pets just gone with the wind...”

Silence. Silence was the only response he could give because he *knew* his warrior like he knew the back of his palm...

“You tell me Philza Minecraft...” Tubbo smirk now turned feral, full of anger and righteous anger. “How would Techno react if anyone were to kill his pets? If anyone were to loot his items he so carefully worked for?”

“Would he react with anything but vengeance?” Phil knew the answer to this. But he was not able to say it out loud. He knew Techno would look at that as a personal attack. He knew his warrior would enact acts of violence and create as much chaos in retaliation for losing his hoard...

“...And would you stop him from killing people because of it?”

He would not...

Phil trusted his children to take care of themselves and each other. He didn't care what happened to others so long as the three remained together and safe. Other people were inconsequential to him. And he knew that his warrior would stop at nothing before taking the same thing those who attacked him took from him.

“To some people, things are not just things.” Tubbo stated, his voice showing no hesitation. “Certain things may represent something greater than themselves. Something that can connect them to a better time.”

“Tommy's Disks represent more than some stupid silly little bit of plastic.” Tubbo's smile turned bittersweet. “To him, those Disks represent a time where things were simpler. Where Wilbur had not gone insane and your abandonment could be excused by mere speculations.”

Tubbo sighed and looked at him once more. “Those Disks represented his friendship with the people of our country. Of all the friends he'd made during the war. Every campfire we sat

around with to talk and mess about while we pretended that we were not children waiting to die.”

“Those disks represent everything that Tommy was from before the wars, from before the betrayals, from before all the abuse he’d gone through!”

“So no Phil.” Tubbo hissed. “Tommy’s disks are not just something that he can just part with.”

“B-but, why can’t he just come back to his family?” Phil was struggling to understand. “Why does he rely on them for comfort when we are just a few hours away? We are real, we are here and we can give him the safety he wants!” He couldn’t understand. Surely Tommy knew they would come to his aid whenever he needed them right? Truly things hadn’t gone to shit so far that they- that *he* would lose his baby bird!

Right?

“Because those Disks never betrayed him, never hit him, never pushed him back.” He hated the truth that was in that statement. “Because whatever is left of you and your other two children are but a shadow of what a true family should be.” Tubbo simply stared at him, trying to find something in his gaze, but Phil knew he had lacked what Tubbo was looking for as the younger man simply sighed in defeat.

“... Whatever. Do what you want. Think what you will.” Tubbo taunted as he started to walk towards the front door. “Just stop bothering me with questions if you insist on refusing to see the truth.” And with that, Tubbo had left Phil to his thoughts.

Fatherhood has been the most incredible adventure Phil has ever undergone...

But any adventure can become stale over time. Repetitive. *Boring...*

Wilbur had been his first. His blood son. His first ever plunge into fatherhood. And it had been a blast at the beginning. It was a cluster-fuck of first tries and messy accidents. He taught Wilbur how to ride his first horse, how to hold his first sword and how to survive in the wild. The first twelve years he raised Wilbur were some of the most frustrating but most rewarding of his life and he wouldn't change them for the world.

That was about the same time he found Technoblade in one of his excursions in the Nether. He was starting to take Wilbur with him to teach him about the dangers of the hell dimension. But it was then that Wilbur pulled him towards a tiny little runt who was following them and having set his eyes on a young piglin hybrid with the same gaze as his, not to mention having Wilbur beg to bring him home with them, made his decision all the easiest.

Having two children was sort of the same but also more chaotic. Through the next few years, Philza would comfort and train Techno to control his voices. He taught him to become the warrior he was always meant to be to make sure he had the tools to keep himself and Wilbur safe. He made sure to get Wilbur instruments of all kinds, so that his first born would be able to control and maintain his melody stable and in tune.

But then one night, Wilbur would bring a small but rambunctious child... His hair like gold and an inner flame that Phil could see from a mile away and declared him their new brother. And just like that, things just clicked and fell into place. Tommy brought with him an exuberance and life that just made their lives all the brighter. And louder...

But he knew that with each child, the adrenalin and care began to be less and less. As the years progressed, he could tell he needed to go back out there, to explore, to build. His hands were itching for a new adventure...

So he started to set off with Techno, fighting through hordes and battling corrupt governments while he left Wilbur with Tommy. Every time he came back, he never saw any reluctance or panic on his eldest, he ensured that he and Tommy would be ok...

So he decided a new build was in order. And so he left them.

And before he knew it, it had been years since he'd been to the family home. Years of his two sons not living in the safety of their cabin. Years before his eldest called to him to end his life...

And then the mess that had been the following years. The countless betrayals... He couldn't fathom why Tommy would leave Techno's care and go back to those who threw him aside. It had been so long... So long without seeing his sons grow to be the men they had become. Years of not connecting with them. Of not taking care of them. Years of forgetting them...

What did he do?

Chapter End Notes

AHAHAHA! Philza is so hard to write but I think I managed to get the right tone for him! My Phil genuinely thinks that he's been a model father and he genuinely thinks that his sons know to come to him for help. But he doesn't realize that being the Angel of Death and having lived through eons would definitely lose interest in things eventually.

IMAGINE THAT! :D?

Also, I hope you guys caught the fact that both Phil and Tubbo say the disks in a different way. :D

BUT ANYWAYS! Here's a gift from me to you all! I made a playlist for this story and every song corresponds to a chapter! I'll be updating it as I update the story and a new song will pop up a day before I release a new chapter! Kinda like a little sneak peek before you read the chapter!

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/01hjkLxkCExknXNNhUZUFu?si=e22322bdd24445c9>

Hope you enjoy!

Peace in your Eternal and Easy Rest Technoblade

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter but... you know

I write this knowing that multiple of my fellow writers have done the same.

I found out about the passing of Technoblade yesterday and took the time to truly process this incredible loss before writing this.

Alex 'Technoblade' was one of the genuine creators that I've followed for a while. He was one of the reasons why I found the story of the DSMP so fascinating and made me stay to watch more. He took on every obstacle with the same poise and stoic enthusiasm (I know it's an oxymoron but those who've known his work know this is true of him.) and even in the end he made sure his family and siblings were taken care of.

Throughout my life and between both my family, I know what it means to lose family members to cancer and my thoughts and prayers are with his family at this moment.

I will be going on a brief hiatus in respect for this loss. I know many writers have done the same. But I've also decided to continue this story and the many more I have in my drive right now. Technoblade never dies, and I will continue to keep his character alive through my stories.

Technoblade will live on in all our memories. Please take the time to process this loss and keep your loved ones close.

-Sugar

... And Never Believe

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! My apologies for the long wait for this chapter! Niki's character was one of the most complex cases I've ever had to write. Even more so when I understand her reasonings but I don't think I did a good job in reflecting that here. But I damned well tried!

I was also in the hospital and in recovery for most of this past month so I wasn't able to write too much xD

Anyways!! I hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fuck you, you bright, stingy prick...”

Tommy glared at the sun as he walked down by the Prime Path. Ever since he had... gone on his unscheduled trip to the Void and gotten back, he's been unable to feel the warmth of anything. It had already been months since and he's tried everything to get warm. Tommy missed the feeling of a good and cozy nap, the sensation of sunlight on his skin, the feel of a roaring fire almost burning the hairs of his arms... And he would rather not try swimming in lava. Thank you very much!

But no matter how many layers he wore or how many campfires he lit back at the embassy, at the end of the day the frost of the Void would never leave him.

What little sleep he did manage to get, was filled with nothing but a silent den and a hopeless wish for things to go back to what it once was. When the only thing he had to worry were simple pranks on his den. When he still had a family and friends he could truly rely on. But thankfully he managed to come to terms with everything that's happened. And now he had his rules to follow! Which was great since he could just cross check them to make sure he was doing the right thing! And Rule Four was pretty clear with those thoughts.

Never force yourself into someone's life.

It had been pretty clear that he'd been replaced. And sure it might've taken him a long time to figure that out but he did in the end. Sue him! He finally realized that trying so hard to get people's attention and want for company from people that outright and out loud have said that he was a nuisance was futile. No matter what he did, no matter how many wars he fought in the name of, no matter the amount of 'advance interrogation' he committed in order to gain people's favor, it just will not happen.

And he finally accepts that!

He cannot wait to leave this server with his precious hatchling and start a new life for the both of them! Now that he knows the rules to follow, Tommy can restart fresh and make sure to make a life worthy of Shroud! One of peace and calm and all the other good feelings shit the Captain talks about all the time!

But that brought him back to his mission.

After talking with Jack, he knew that he was right to do one last walk to apologize to the people he'd hurt the most. They deserve some form of closure for whatever he may have done to them. And of course he needed to know what other things he may have done to people without even knowing it. I guess there was that brief period of hallucinations back during exile but that still didn't excuse his behavior!

So now here he was, walking under a sun he could not feel, dealing with the aftermath of a panic attack and starting to miss his little hatching back in his arm. But he wanted to find a few more people before going back to their temporary den. And the next on his list was someone whom he's missed for a long time.

"Tommy?" Tommy's eyes widened as he turned around to find the familiar face of Puffy. "Hey Tommy! Long time no see!" Tommy couldn't help but smile and sprinted down towards her.

"Hello Capt'!" Tommy's excited greeting tapered off when he noticed that the good captain wasn't alone. "... H-hey Niki.."

Tommy felt silly waving at her like a little kid but he couldn't help it. This was the first time in a while that he was in front of Niki for a good while. She looked... tired. Tommy could see she was wearing a knitted black sweater, a bit more of a muted palette than he remembered her being but it suited her. However, Tommy could recognize the pattern and color codes on her cloak. It was thick, hardy, but Tommy could tell that there was an inlay of chainmail in between the fabric by the faint chiming of the metal when Niki moved slightly.

Tommy's face relaxed and filed that in his memory. It was nice to know Niki had the backing of Technoblade. It put him at ease that another precious person would stay safe after he was gone.

"Hello Tommy..." Niki uttered under her breath, breaking the heavy silence that fell between the trio. Her eyes shifted between Puffy and himself but her gaze never stayed on him long enough to matter. "... I'll leave you two to talk."

"A-actually! I was looking to talk with you Niki..." Tommy exclaimed, louder than he wanted to be. But he took a deep breath before continuing on, trying to be on his best behavior. "That is, if you have the time. I-I-II don't wanna keep you if you have something more important to do of course!" His smile fell when Niki's face fell at his request.

"... I don't think that's a good idea." Tommy gulped past the rock in his throat and was about to dismiss his request when Puffy put a hand on both their shoulders.

"Why not?" Puffy asked, looking at the two with what Tommy knew to be her Therapy look. The two simply shifted in place when Puffy patted both their shoulders in response. "I think it's high time that the two of you talked, don't you think? I'll give you guys some privacy so you-"

"Actually! I uh-" Tommy stuttered out and clung to her coat as she started to turn around. "I would really appreciate it if you could be here too?" The two women simply stared at him, Tommy wasn't sure if it was because of how polite he was or if it was because they could tell how nervous he was being. But he hoped that they would allow him a bit of time out of their day.

“Are you sure?” He heard Puffy ask, her tone soft and kind and just the right amount of motherly to let him know that any deviation Mande would be met with nothing but support from her. And for that he was so very thankful for her at that moment...

“I just want to make sure I don’t fuck up too much!” Tommy explained. “You know my words get worbbly when I get nervous...” And here, Tommy couldn’t help but force a laugh to try and make it seem like he was in control. But by their looks, he doesn’t think he nailed it... Fuck it. He’s gonna honest the fuck out of this conversation. And NOT have a panic attack!

Maybe...

Puffy simply smiled and nodded at him. “Sure Ducky.” She assured him as she turned to look back at Niki. “As long as it’s ok with Niki?” Another bout of silence, Niki’s eyes never settling on him for too long but she gave a brief nod in response.

With that, the three of them walked a bit towards a more secluded area. Once there, Puffy took out a large blanket and laid it out on the grass before sitting down and patting the empty space for the two of them. With a small sigh, Niki sat down a bit away from Puffy, leaving him the remaining space for him. Once he sat down, he started to play with a bit of the frayed bits of wool that were on his sleeves, trying to calm down enough to get through this properly.

“I uh... I guess I just wanted to ask- well...” Tommy took a deep breath and raised his gaze towards Niki’s.

“I wanted to ask what exactly it was that I did for you to want to kill me?” Tommy’s eyes were nothing but curious but he could tell that his question made the two women before him react in completely different ways. Niki’s eyes widened in surprise, and what he could guess was some amount of guilt?

“You what?” Puffy’s exclamation didn’t surprise him. He knew that the Captain cared about his well being but his eyes widened when he saw her reaching for her sword.

“Oh! No no hold on Puffy!” Tommy exclaimed as he put his body between the two. “I didn’t mean it like that! Niki hasn’t tried to kill me for a few months now!” But no matter what he said, Tommy could see that Puffy was not paying much attention to him.

“Why would you want to kill Tommy?” Puffy exclaimed, her eyes alight with indignation. “He’s a child Niki!”

“Puffy, it’s honestly ok! So stop it!” Tommy scolded the Captain in his old Commander voice from the start of L’Manburg and thankfully that seemed to work in getting her attention.

“You shouldn’t have to stand people who tried to kill you Tommy!” Puffy argued. “Why are you being so nice?”

“Because if I got mad with everyone who wanted or has tried to kill me on this server I wouldn’t need one hand to count them!” Tommy remarked in a monotone voice. “So chill out alright?” Tommy raised an eyebrow at her remark and Puffy had the decency to look sheepish.

“Tommy...” Niki mumbled and the two turned to look at her. He could tell that her face showed her guilt but he could also see the need to talk. “Why would you ask that?”

Tommy could tell that Niki was nervous. Nervous about what, he didn’t know. But he had come here to ensure he apologizes to the right people so he knew he needed to push the conversation. However, Niki was different. She was like, one of the top women on the server! So of course he was nervous trying to figure out the reason why one of the women he once thought of as a sister tried to kill him.

“Well,” Tommy started, trying very hard to speak without cursing. “If I’m gonna apologize to people then I need to know what exactly I did to them, right Puffy?” He turned towards his therapist, trying desperately to see if he said the right thing but she was simply looking at him with a look of disbelief.

“And. Well, I’ve been hurt. Like, a lot in the past few years...” Tommy stuttered. “But I know just because I was a kid back then, it doesn’t absolve me of the damage I’ve done to

other people when I lashed out.” He started to rub his arms, trying in vain to get back some of that warmth for some comfort.

“I’ve hurt you in some way, Niki…” he continued as he looked at Niki directly. “A-and I would like to know in what way, so I can properly apologize to you.” Here he looked down at his hands. He felt his face blushing, not sure if it was because he was so nervous or because he’s just waiting for her to start shouting at him. As the two remained silent, his anxiety started to rise.

“I-if you’d let me of course!” Tommy stuttered out, louder than he wanted to be but at this point there was no going back. “I’m not some wrongun that pushes you to do something you don’t wanna do and like of course I would neve-”

Niki was hugging him...

Niki was hugging him??

“O-oh! We’re hugging?” Tommy nervously asked as he kept his hands in the air. “This is- this is nice, innit?!” He then decided to lower his arms and return the hug. Enjoying the rare affection while he could.

“Oh Tommy...” He heard Niki whisper in his ears. “I’m so very sorry...”

Tommy blinked.

“Ehh? Sorry about what?” Tommy asked out loud. First he gets a hug and now Niki’s apologizing to him? Was he hallucinating again? He didn’t think so. But before he could even ask anything more, Niki pulled away slightly and held his head in her arms.

“I guess there are some things we should talk about...”

“Ehh?!” Tommy blinked as he stared at Niki’s face. She looked sorrowful and dejected. Why was she so sad? And why was she apologizing to him? Where was the anger? The ire? The obligatory blaming of him?

“I’m sorry, I think I heard you wrong-” Tommy tried to push the apology away but Niki was quick to interrupt him.

“No Tommy, you are not the one who should be apologizing today.” Niki explained, which did nothing for his brain. “The fault lies with me and I am so sorry. I should've come and apologized to you a long time ago.”

Whaaat the fuck was happening?

“But! That doesn't make sense!” Tommy exclaimed as he stood up and started to pace back and forth. “I’m literally the poster child for all the wars we’ve had on the server! I’ve been accused and vilified by almost everyone so of course they have to be right!” He was counting each and every thing he’s been blamed for with his fingers but Puffy caught his hands with hers, essentially stopping him in his steps.

“Tommy, we’ve talked about this.” Puffy mentioned as she looked at him with nothing but kindness. “What you’ve been through all these years does not fall on your shoulders.” Then she gave him a hug, which while super nice and amazing, broke his hug per day record with two hugs, (Two fucking hugs! Who knew?!) but this just confused him even more.

Niki however, could see that he did not understand what she was saying so she approached him and got him to sit back down before continuing. “Listen to me.” She began. “The reason why I tried to kill you was because I needed somebody to blame for all I went through over the years.”

“You just happened to be the perfect scapegoat for me...” Here she gave a sad smile to him.

“Back when L’Manburg first fell... when Wilbur was still with us.” She continued. “Back when things were simple. I have to admit, I was somewhat jealous of you.”

Tommy blinked at this.

“Me? Why?”

“Because Wilbur chose you to be his Vice. His right hand man...” Niki explained, her voice trembling slightly. “And you were just a child back then, but Wilbur trusted you to handle such a responsibility while he left me to handle the food supply... Leaving me behind...”

Tommy never saw him following Wilbur to him leaving other people behind... Wilbur was the only brother he ever had a deep connection to, so when the time came to enlist, to become his commander, to become his soldier... Tommy always thought of it as supporting his brother in whatever he may need.

But Tommy wasn’t a fool anymore. He realizes that he gave all of himself to a cause that he didn’t really believe in in the end. He almost lost himself in the thrill of the battle and after that he lost his identity in protecting L’Manburg till the bitter end...

But it didn’t matter in the end. L’Manburg didn’t matter in the end. All his sacrifices and all the wars he fought for his brother’s dream was for nothing in the bitter end. Wilbur still left him behind. Hell,

All his family left him. One by one..

“I wanted to be the person Wilbur could depend on. The person whom he could confide in and I wanted to be someone who mattered back then...” Niki’s gaze became moist but no tears were shed.

“But when Wilbur... gave in. When L’Manburg was gone.” Niki continued, and Tommy could tell that she was glaring at the ground but he knew she must be glaring at someone else.

“And when I couldn't face the fact that Wilbur would hurt me, I needed to blame someone else and everything pointed to you being the catalyst for everything...”

“The Disk Wars, The Fall of L'Manburg, Doomsday...” Niki concluded, raising her gaze to look at him with a shaky smile. “It was easier to blame things on you than blame it on those who deserved the blame.”

After a moment of silence, Tommy saw Niki reaching out for his hand and he had to fight the flinch when she thought his hands so suddenly. Her fingers then started to trace over the scars left over by exile, sending chills to his back. He didn't realize that he forgot to re-wrap them after he got drenched back at Jack's hotel...

“We should've never let you bear the burden of Wilbur's mental health... I should've never let you carry the guilt of others for all these years...” Niki pleaded with him before sighing and dropping his hands gently back on his lap. “But we did... And I can't ever forgive myself for leaving you to deal with everything when you were so young...”

And with that, they all fell into a heavy silence. Tommy tried to understand, to absorb the new information Niki had given him and fit it to his new way of thinking. What she was saying made sense, but if it was truly true, then why did everyone in his life decide to blame him for everything that went wrong in this miserable server? Why did he have to pay for the weakness of others? Why did he have to be the one to be given harsh lessons? But if Tommy was anything, it is that he loved without limitation or time limit...

“Niki...” He saw her head snap back up at him. “Did it work? Did it help you?” Niki's eyes widened at his question, for it wasn't asked in a condescending or angry tone. It was simple curiosity. Nothing more.

A beat passes.

“For a short time... It did...” Nike muttered before looking at him and struggled to explain herself. “B-but when you lost your last life, I started to understand that my anger and hatred for you was only masking my own self hatred at my inability to do what you took on...”

“Your d-” He couldn’t help but wince and he could tell she noticed as she changed the word. “Not being here did erase everything that happened on the server. It didn’t automatically make me feel better. It didn’t fill the hole that was left by the results of the wars and the death’s we’ve had.”

“I’m ashamed to admit it but using you as my escape goat was the only way I saw to keep moving most days.” Niki let her head fall and here he could see small droplets of what he assumed were tears fall on the blankets they were sitting on.

Well, he couldn't leave her like that now can he?

“I’m glad...” He couldn't help but grin at both their looks of surprise. But for Niki that quickly turned to dismay.

“W-what?” Niki stuttered out as she began to stand up. “Tommy no. How could you say that?!” He let his smile relax into one of his real ones and began to stand on his own.

“You said that you used me as your scapegoat. So you were able to keep moving on. To keep yourself afloat...” Tommy explained, as if the answer was obvious. But seeing both their faces, he knew he had to explain himself. “I’m glad I could be that for you.”

Tommy then began to approach Niki ever so slowly. “I understand what it feels to have something that keeps you going...” He continued. “Be it anger, hatred, spite...” His eyes then soften.

“...love...”

“So, if I was able to provide that escape for you then I’m more than happy I was able to be that for you.” Tommy shrugged as if that was the most obvious answer to Niki’s dilemma before giving her a little nudge with his elbow. “And hey! What’s a little killing plot amongst friends ey?”

Here he stepped back around, back to his previous place and looked upon the greatest pair of women he had the luck of meeting. Puffy's face was split, I guess she didn't like the self-deprivation he had going on for himself but he could see that she was proud of how he handled Niki's words.

Niki however, was weepy. Very weepy. Ohhhh shit did he fuck something up? Did he say something wrong? But before he could fuck things up trying to babble an poor excuse of an apology, he felt Niki rush him and give him another hug.

Three for Three. He was on fire today!

"You are utterly ridiculous Tommy!" She declared, but Tommy could tell that she was joking with him, and that made his heart soar.

"We were in and out of wars constantly. We've lost so much..." He stated as he returned her hug. Hugs were really nice! "Sometimes we do what we can to keep our heads afloat. So there's nothing to forgive from what I understand." Here he leaned down closer to her ear.

"But I also know that sometimes, you need to hear it for your brain to get rid of all the icky junk it started to hoard so," He leaned even closer, content knowing Puffy couldn't hear him.

"Niki Nihachu," Tommy whispered. "I forgive you..." And here, he went back to hugging her, ignoring the jump in her breathing and the trembling he could feel.

"Thank you Tommy, I-" He heard her choice out pass her tears as she hugged him even tighter. "Thank you so so much!" Hearing her tone so light and free, as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders, Tommy couldn't help but give a big and booming laugh. As they separated, Tommy couldn't help but let her know the truth.

"I missed my big sister..." Niki's eyes flooded with tears once again but this time he knew they were happy tears as she went back for another hug. Beside him, he could feel Puffy approaching them and he swears he could feel her smug and proud smile. Ohhh he wasn't gonna hear the end of this eh?

“I’m very proud of you Tommy!” Puffy exclaimed as the two separated. “It takes a lot to confront someone who was trying to kill you before.” With that, Puffy gave Niki a glare but this time it lacked true hatred, which Tommy was grateful for. The two would obviously have to talk after he was gone but he hoped that the two would remain friends.

“It’s nothing!” He declared as he rubbed the back of his head. “I just wanted to apologize and give ya both something to remember me by before we went on our way!” And here he began to rummage his inventory to take out two bundles of red cloth. Tommy then handed each bundle to both Puffy and Niki and then stood back as the two began to unwrap their gifts.

“Oh Tommy, these are beautiful!” Niki exclaimed as she held a pair of gleaming blue armguards. “What did you make it from?” Here Tommy grinned.

“I remembered an old crafting recipe I made when I was a hatchling!” Tommy started rambling, feeling very proud of his creation. “I call it Chalcedony! Made from Lapis, Quartz and overly processed Obsidian! It’s not quite as strong as diamond but it’s definitely tougher than iron!”

The armguards were a bit of a hail mary last night. But he knew that if he was gonna give something for two of the biggest Women in the server then it needed to be something big. And what’s bigger than a brand new ore made into an inconspicuous armor to protect them at any point.

“Chalcedony is created when the three separate ores achieve great balance.” Tommy explained, a bit of a stutter filtering through. “S-so I thought that this would be great for you guys! Since you two are like, some of the only people who seem to have their shit together, well! Tadaah...”

“Thank you Tommy.” Niki stated as she finished putting on the armguards. “I’ll be wearing this every day!” Tommy was happy to see how well the guards fit in with her entire ensemble. And seeing her enjoy something he made made his heart soar even more.

“So, you’re taking a vacation?” He heard Puffy ask. “Who else is going with you?” Tommy blinked for a few seconds at the question. For one moment, he was wondering who else Puffy

could be referring to, but then he understood.

“Oh, just me!” Tommy exclaimed. “Me and my son!” Here he saw the two women freeze in place and look at him in disbelief.

“Your son?!” Tommy flinched at them shouting but he was confused as to why they would be shouting in disbelief.

“Tommy, since when did you have a s-son?” Talking about his pride and joy made him ignore whatever weirdness was going on with the two women. After all, talking about Shroud was his favorite pastime!

“H-he actually came to me back when I was redoing the L’Manburg embassy!” Tommy began to gush as he approached the two, his hands flailing about as he exaggerated Shroud’s spider movements. “He simply crawled over to me and one look at his eyes just fucking melted my stupid heart!” The two simply looked at him for a few seconds in stunned surprise before he saw their eyes melt at his enthusiasm for his son.

“D-do- I mean-” Tommy stuttered out, nervous of what they could say to him. “Would you like to see some pictures of him?”

“YES!” He heard Niki shout out her answer before realizing what she did and nervously continued. “I-I mean-” Puffy put a hand on Niki’s shoulder, letting her face grow as pink as her hair while she looked at Tommy with love in her eyes.

“We would love to, Ducky...” Tommy’s eyes widened and he felt his smile grow even more at the prospect of sharing his little hatchling with people he knew wouldn’t use him against him.

“Pog!” Tommy shouted and took the two back to the blanket, this time sitting right in between the two and taking out his communicator to show him all the pictures of his darling boy. “Here! His name is Shroud and he is my pride and fucking joy! Ohhh, let me start you back when we celebrated his fourth day of coding! He managed to get most of the cake I made all over himself! Your old recipe of course, Niki! And then here-”

Tommy didn't know how long he spent sitting down and showing the two women pictures but it was a good while. He let himself indulge in the contentment of the moment. He was showing off his little hatchling before leaving and that was ok. Niki seems to have forgiven him and of course there was never anything to forgive her for on his end.

But he knew not to let himself waiver or dangle over the slightest possibilities of any form of family in this server. His own family had abandoned him in the end. The few friendships he made either died or were traded for someone better. Niki had apologized but the cloak she wore told him that she would side with his old family before himself. And he couldn't risk Shroud. Not for even a remote chance. And Puffy? Well, the good Captain has yet to betray or hurt him but he'd rather keep her image and memories of her clear in his mind when he leaves.

So with a faint smile, he bid the two women goodbye as he set off to hopefully find the last few people he wanted to talk with before leaving for good. Besides, Rule Three was very clear in its lesson...

So he will stop trying to rebuild the bonds he didn't choose to break...

Chapter End Notes

And that is it! Niki's character has always fascinated me in regards to how fragile but strong she is!

Niki, having been listening to her reasons and Tommy apologizing when he didn't even need to make her heart soar with the hopes of reconciling her relationship with whom she thinks of as her little brother but unfortunately, Tommy's heart will only open so far anymore.

That An Hour You Remember...

Chapter Notes

Not much to say so ON WITH THE CHAPTER!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was leaving him...

And he wished he could be more surprised. Or hell! Even angry at the fact that his best friend was leaving him behind! Something! Anything!

But all he felt was an overwhelming sense of grief...

After all the years of wars, the years of betrayals and dismay, he thought he was finally happy. Or at the very least, the closest thing to happiness he could be. He had retreated to the coldest area of the arctic, made a village full of houses for empty ghosts. He had surrounded himself with frost and weapons that could compete with that of the self-proclaimed Gods. He then married his beloved. And those had been some of the most blessed months of his remaining life. He was happy!

Or at least he thought he was...

He knew he was hiding. He was pushing his problems away in the hopes that they would simply be forgotten at one point. He hoped that the good would one day outweigh the bad, drown it in every sense of the word. But all it did was create a false sense of hope.

His marriage had started to fail when Ranboo figured he wasn't really happy. It wasn't truly his fault but just his stupid attempt to make himself believe when he wasn't ready. And now, all he had left was his adorable son and a facsimile of his husband. Everything else was just empty and hollow...

He hoped Tommy was able to find a safe place to be at. Even though he was going out of these ridiculous search parties, he hoped to never find his friend. Or else, that meant that Tommy would have to face the fake apologies and meager attempts at reconciliation that came oh so late.

He hoped that Tommy would be able to leave without having to face a family that only had a selfish need to appease their guilt...

“Do you think he’s warm?” Tubbo could feel his eyes twitching as the annoyingly familiar gruff voice of his “*teammate*” asked from his left. Technoblade has been annoyingly talkative during their search for Tommy. On and off, the warrior has been asking about the welfare of his once little brother, of course, making sure he let Tubbo know that he wasn’t really worried about Tommy’s welfare.

By which he means he failed, atrociously.

“Oh, I don’t know Techno,” Tubbo rolled his eyes as he continued on with the heaviest sarcasm he could muster. “I think Tommy’s smart enough to grab a couple of blankets before going wherever the hell he’s at.”

“Theseus could have rushed out of his dirt hole.” Techno speculated. “You never know with him! Plus, he has a son! How sure are we that he has everything he needs for the littlest runt?”

“Techno,” Tubbo replied, making sure to show his annoyance in the hopes that the man stops. “I am sure that above anything else, Tommy would make sure he had everything he needed to keep his son safe and comfortable.” Technoblade simply looked at him before chuffing and rolling his shoulders.

“... Not like I care or... whatever...” With Technoblade still being annoyingly obtuse, Tubbo simply rolled his eyes and continued forward, letting his mind wonder. He would never understand the absolute hypocrisy that the Craft Family seems to live by. The past two days Tubbo was witness to the utter denial, disbelief and blame shifting that all members of the family had against the revelation that Tommy was leaving them behind.

It was as if their favourite toy was being taken away. They refuse to understand the reason why Tommy was leaving and they double down on their usual behavior. Wilbur's utter need for control over his 'little brother', shaking his head in disappointment for something he thought of as another prank. Philza's delusions and utter apathy in the face of his youngest leaving his so-called family behind, unable to come to terms with the fact that his favourite and his eldest were not whom he thought they were. And Technoblade...

Technoblade however, was confusing the hell out of him.

Techno still tried to maintain his façade of an aloof and uncaring warrior. Someone who cares little for the one whom he once called little brother. But something happened when Tommy left after he said goodbye. Tubbo couldn't make heads or tails about what exactly changed but it was clear to him and everyone else that Techno is filled with desperation. Now, whether that is because he realized that something was truly wrong or because he didn't like feeling like *he* was wrong about Tommy in any sort of way remains to be seen.

But Tubbo didn't know what to make of it. Technoblade was someone whom he would like to never interact with for the rest of his life, but the death of his beloved triggered some sort of protective, honor bullshit that now granted him the brute's protection. Which he didn't mind for Michaels sake but still made him flinch at the unconscious reminder of the loss of his second life.

So now here they were. Walking aimlessly inside the freaky forest that surrounded Techno's base in the hopes that Tommy chose to be somewhere familiar before leaving. Which Tubbo knew that it would be a waste of time. Why would Tommy be anywhere near the people he was leaving behind?

"... But what if he forgets to feed himself and his little one?" Techno continued making Tubbo groan in annoyance once again. "Back in exile, I remember I had to force feed him most of the time or else all he ate would be Golden Apples."

"Ok, that's it!" Tubbo snapped, turning around to get a good look at the now surprised warrior. "What's this all about? Because not even a day ago I would've heard you insult and belittle Tommy for the smallest thing." Technoblade didn't even have the decency to look ashamed but Tubbo knew that the man would rarely if ever show how he was truly feeling.

When the other man remained silent and simply staring at him like he was the one to lose his head, Tubbo ruffled his hair as a form of emotional reset and gazed at the warrior before him with a neutral look.

“Why are you finally worrying about Tommy?” Tubbo could see the minute Technoblade starts to go on the defensive. His eyes could see when his body tensed up, his hand itching to grab the sword at his side, eyes narrowing and nostrils flaring.

“I don’t need to explain myself to you.” Tubbo couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow in disbelief.

“Try again.”

The silence filled the forest around them.

“... it came to my-” Technoblade cleared his throat. ”-our attention that Tommy may have gone through a lot more than we were aware of...”

“Philza, he made all of us an emerald. Enchanted specifically to let the others know when any one of us is hurt or even worse...” Technoblade continued, and Tubbo was surprised when he saw the brief glimpse of worry behind his eyes. “And yesterday, I saw his emerald destroyed beyond anything... So we are gonna find him to make things right...”

“You’re kidding me...” Tubbo uttered in disbelief as he could only stare at the man before him. Technoblade has always been a man of contradictions to Tubbo but he never expected him to be so blinded by his own flawed mentality.

“You needed to see this emerald destroyed to realize the kinds of things Tommy has gone through?” Tubbo bellowed, his usual stoic mask falling against the insanity before him. “A broken emerald was what it took for you to finally be worried about your little brother?!”

“Well!” Technoblade defended. “Theseus’s always been known to over exaggerate things!” Tubbo’s eyes widened in disbelief. Sure, Tommy might whine and moan from time to time but that is all in jest! Over the years, Tommy has developed his whole annoying mask to ensure nobody would ever dare to look deeper than surface level.

Because of that, Tubbo knows that people often shrugged or looked the other way whenever they’ve gone through something terrible because they just think that Tommy would be just as annoying if not more when he is truly hurt. Tubbo couldn't even count the times he had to pull the stubborn arsehole aside and patch his body full of sword slices and broken bones. But with every year and with every war, torture, or abuse that Tommy had gone through, Tubbo and everyone else has slowly started to see Tommy crumbling.

So how in the hell is Technoblade saying that Tommy exaggerates everything!? The sheer audacity this man has to lord over everyone that even tries anything remotely similar to a government but of course he is the ultimate judge right? He sees everything right? Nothing escapes him right??

Tubbo let his eyes narrow.

“It’s a little late for that, don't you think?” At this, Techno simply shook his head and started walking again, forcing Tubbo to catch up to him.

“I refuse to let Theseus keep thinking that I- That we don’t love him.” Techno stated, as if saying it out loud would make it any different that what it's been. “He is still a part of my sounder and I will not let him go that easily.”

“This is just a big misunderstanding. You’ll see!” Technoblade continued, but Tubbo could hear the hints of delusion in his words. As if he was trying to convince himself of what he was saying. “He’ll be home before you know it and I’ll be able to keep him safe!”

Tubbo couldn’t help but feel pity for the warrior. Having known the damage his family did to his friend, it's a wonder that the man still believes himself to be Tommy’s brother.

“Techno...” Tubbo started, knowing he got the other man’s attention by the flickering of his ears. “Tommy's not just someone who decides something on a whim. Not when it comes to people.”

“What do you mean? Theseus has always been impulsive!” Technoblade rebutted. “This is just another decision made on a whim.”

“Tommy has been telling people about leaving the server. After years filled with wars and abuse, he’s always been willing to give others just one more chance. Just one after the others in the hopes that they would accept him...”

“Hell!” Tubbo continued. “At one point back in the Pogtopia days I asked, no, I begged him to leave the server with me!” Here Tubbo could see the man's eyes widened ever so slightly, and knew he got his attention.

“I wanted to leave everything behind so that we could start fresh, away from wars and hunger and betrayals and the fucking duplicity that came with following Wilbur!” At this, Tubbo let his eyes soften with melancholic memories of the war.

“But Tommy convinced me to stay. To fight for Wilbur’s dream. To fight for our freedom...” Tubbo scoffed at this. “And what a joke that turned out to be eh?” He gave Technoblade a rotten smirk and kept walking, ignoring the gaze the warrior threw his way.

“I... I never knew...” Here Tubbo raised an eyebrow at him.

“Wouldn’t have been much of an escape if you and Wilbur knew what we were doing...” Tubbo naggd in sarcasm before turning to look at him fully. “But that doesn’t matter now.”

“Technoblade, if he’s made the decision to leave this place, then that means he’s had enough.” Tubbo declared. “Enough of wars, enough of Dream, enough of betrayals and waiting for a family that does nothing but leave him behind.”

“Hey wait a minute-”

“Tommy doesn't just give up on people, Technoblade." Tubbo kept going, not giving Technoblade the chance to make excuses for him and his family. "But he's leaving now. And if I know anything about Tommy, it is that the one thing you all have in common with him is your stubbornness.”

Tubbo hoped the man could see reason. Could see that forcing his way into Tommy's life and expecting him to simply forget years of abuse and abandonment that they gave him would not work in his favor. If Tommy had decided to leave them, then that meant that he had finally given up waiting on people who would never come and Tubbo had to respect that. But if the rest of the Craft family decided to push Tommy into taking them back then it would just result in more pain and more misunderstandings.

But all he heard was Technoblade letting out a disgruntled chuff “... I don't accept that.”

“Techno-” Before he could continue, Technoblade turned around and glared at him.

“No!” He growled. “You don't get it. Thes- no Tommy is my Runt! My Gold! And I- And we-” He took a deep breath before continuing.

“Look,” Technoblade hissed. “all you need to know is that we need to find Tommy so I can make him understand that he is wrong about us. About me.”

A beat of silence fell among them...

“You are just as delusional as Wilbur...” As he whispered this, he saw Technoblade turn around and truly glare at him.

“Tubbo, what is your problem!” Technoblade shouted, all sense of composure gone. “If I didn't know any better, I'd think you want Tommy to leave us!” Tubbo's eyes narrowed.

“Of course I don’t want him to leave!” Tubbo shouted in response. “My husband is a ghost, I just got my son back from being kidnapped and Dream is out there lurking and waiting for the best chance to attack!” At this the two fall into silence, their anger going out as quick as a flint spark.

“Tommy is my best friend, Techno...” Tubbo continued, not caring how tired or defeated he sounded. “The one person in this bitch of a world that I know I can truly rely on. I am gonna hate to see him go away from this server but no matter what happens, I am damned sure gonna do my best to wish him the best in his travels! And you wanna know why?” Tubbo then felt a surge of indignation come forward.

“Because he’s decided to finally think of himself for once in his annoyingly selfless life!” Tubbo exclaimed. “So you tell me Technoblade! Should I force Tommy to stay because I love him and I’ll miss him like I’d miss an arm?” Here he started to deflate, the knowledge that he probably won’t see his best friend for a long time or maybe even forever finally hit him.

“Or should I let him go, knowing that I’ll miss him with all my heart but with the understanding of his reasoning for doing so...”

As he finished his question, he could see that the man was now thinking deeper than the surface level of Tommy leaving them. Aside from everything that the man made him go through, he hoped that he could be persuaded to not force his wants and needs above that of Tommy’s. He hoped he could at least give his best friend that peace.

But he knew that it was foolish thinking. He knew that Technoblade would refuse to see the error of his ways until it literally blew up on his face.

“I’m tired, Techno... So very tired...” Tubbo continued, already walking away to continue the search. “And right now, all I want is the chance to say goodbye to my best friend and maybe even meet his child if he’d let me...”

He hoped Tommy was alright. He trusted his friend to be able to hide himself long enough to avoid most people but with Dream out you never know. He hoped Tommy would be able to leave in peace and have him raise his son somewhere safer than here.

Maybe he should consider doing the same for Michael...?

“If you never truly realize the pain Tommy was in all these years...” Tubbo sighed and continued. “If it took a broken piece of jewelry to show you the truth that’s been in front of you this whole time...”

“Then ask yourself this.” Tubbo concluded. “Were you truly his family?”

Chapter End Notes

Another one done! A bit shorter than my typical chapter but I hope you still enjoyed! But MAN is Tubbo a complicated character to write a POV for! But I hope I kept the right balance of aloofness and anger for him!

Now I work on the next chapter! Lots of angsty fluff hopefully!

... Is a Better Hour Because It Is Dead

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait but I wanted to make sure this chapter was the best it could be for the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Trust and Hope are concepts that confuse the hell out of Tommy.

Trust in the server is something that has been hacked out of him. Every person he's given his trust; his family, his friends, all they've done with it was simply scoff and throw his trust to the ground. Stopping on it for good measure. Maybe even giving it a bit of a stab here and there...

But Trust was always easy to give out. It was the nature of that given Trust that can change with enough given time. And he was the perfect example! Take his family for instance, after escaping the hellhole of a lab that was his birthplace, he was found by Wilbur and he had immediately trusted the man enough to follow him.

He trusted his new found family to protect him, to care for him, to never let him go... But now, that warmth and fuzzy sense of familiar affection twisted and bled, morphing into something different. Now? Now he trusts his former family to turn sneer at him if he ever showed his presence near their base. He trusted them to laugh at his death. He trusted them to manipulate them for their own goals and ambitions...

His Trust in Tubbo has twisted from an unbreakable bond, one built on years of stupid pranks and innocent days spent in their youth, to something that left him hollow and empty. When he once trusted Tubbo with anything, after he gave in to Dream and exiled him from L'Manburg that trust crumbled down. Afterwards, they never spoke about things, hoping against anything that just ignoring the hurt they've both committed would simply put them back where they were but they were fools to think so. All that remains of the Trust between their friendship is something broken that was clumsily taped back together in a rush. But tape can't hold Trust together for long...

And what is friendship without Trust...?

Tommy let out a sigh as he approached an opulent castle belonging to a familiar stranger before he let himself indulge in self reflection

Hope gets a little bit weird along the way. Tommy's sense of hope has never really diminished. Changed, yes of course. What was once a bright and innocent filled sense of childish hope was now a broken sense of cautious hope. But hope he still had nonetheless...

But hope can sometimes poison your view. When you hope against all odds that your brother would snap out of it back in Pogtopia and come back to you... When you hope your kickass brother would fight and protect you from the smile that now haunts his every thought... When you hope that the next day, your father would come home and talk with you, even if for a few minutes...

Hope can blind you to the truth...

It was disheartening to realize that you were so naïve as to fall for the allure of Hope throughout his life. He still had hope. He had to, in order to survive the torture and abuse he underwent with Dream at the helm. But now all he hoped for was to live the rest of his extra life in peace, able to raise his son somewhere where there are no wars or trauma for the children.

He just hopes for peace...

Tommy started to look around and took his time to admire the cobblestone architecture of Eret's Castle. While the raw Cobble was converted and smooth in most of the structure, he was still giddy to see remnants of its raw form spread around.

Eret had been someone who was a plethora of conflicting thoughts.

She was the one who betrayed them during the revolutionary wars for L'Manburg. But they were also the one who came to him and to others asking and pleading for forgiveness to the fact. Tommy placed his trust in the man as soon as he met her but that trust broke the minute he declared L'Manburg existence futile. But they help Pogtopia without asking, eager to absolve herself of past misdeeds.

Tommy didn't know what to think of him. He hoped Eret was good. He hoped that Eret regretted his choices during the revolution. He hoped that she was able to find peace...

But Tommy knew more than anyone that peace could never come without a clear resolution. So that's why he was here.

"Tommy?" He heard Eret's voice from behind, surprise and apprehension clear in her voice. "Well, this is a surprise!"

"Ello Eret." Tommy retorted with a small smile as he turned around to look at the monarch. "Sorry to barge in but I wanted to see if you had the time to talk. I swear it'll be quick." Tommy could see that Eret was confused but nonetheless nervous about his request.

"I-Uh..." Eret hesitated slightly, but shook their head and smiled at Tommy. "Of course Toms. You're always welcome here..."

As Eret said this, she turned around to gesture to one of the chairs nearby while he went out for a few minutes, only to bring out a tea set. The set was beautiful, white quartz with golden details surrounding the edges. And Tommy could only stare in approval as Eret served them both a proper cup of tea. Prime, he hasn't had a proper cup of tea since before the revolution!

"Thank you." Tommy beamed as he held the delicate cup with both hands, pretending to enjoy the warmth it was giving. Seeing his smile, Tommy could see that Eret finally started to relax a bit and took her time to drink the delicious herb juice and revel in the comfortable silence that had fallen in their own bubble. Tommy let himself enjoy the quiet moment, before he saw Eret beginning to tense up again.

“So?” He heard Eret start asking, and he had to stop himself from face palming at the amount of fake cheerfulness she was trying to add to their tone. “What can I help you with?” Tommy simply finished his last gulp of tea, letting the cup gently clink against its partnered plate and looked at the monarch directly in his eyes for a few minutes.

Tommy couldn't see anything behind his usual pair of sunglasses but could tell by the rest of her body how she was feeling in that moment. Tommy could tell Eret had small flinches running up and down their arms and legs, she was cracking her fingers ever so slightly and their leg was bouncing up and down.

Tommy could understand why he was nervous, but nevertheless he was still surprised as her betrayal had happened so many years ago. He felt his eyes grow softer as the final piece of his decision settled in his heart. And seeing as Eret was about to start talking, Tommy quickly stood up, startling the monarch.

“I forgive you!” Even the shades could do little to hide the widened eyes on his face at his exclamation.

“W-what?”

“Oh! Sorry!” Tommy exclaimed as he patted Eret's back. “These things usually start with people shouting at me so I wanted to get that out in the open from the get-go.” He gave her a crooked grin as he took his seat once again. He couldn't help but chuckle at the look of disbelief that now graced Eret's face but Tommy could forgive that since he knew that the ways he was acting was out of norm for him.

“I just think that it's about time that we talk about things don't you think?” Tommy continued. “If you have the time of course!” He didn't know how, but he could tell that Eret was blinking frantically as her brain finally caught up to what Tommy was offering.

“I'll always have time for you Toms...” Eret smiled at him slightly and took back their seat. “I'll serve us another cuppa.”

And with that, they chatted. A couple of hours went by, the two reminiscing on the early days of L'Manburg, enjoying the days gone by and the affection the two shared during the wars. It was therapeutic in a way, to talk about the beginning, when things weren't so dark and the only thing he had to worry about was how he was gonna pull off his next prank on the server.

"I never asked you. Did I?" Tommy asked, but after seeing Eret's confused look he continued. "Your reason for doing it?" And then, realization. He could see the moment when Eret's face fell and the nervousness came back.

"Honestly, I've always felt that I was meant to rule over something... So when D-" Tommy wished he could stop flinching at the very mention of *his* name but he knew he failed when Eret stopped herself in his tracks. "- So when *he* came to me and promised me it, I sorta went along with it..."

"I swear to you Tommy," Eret continued, his hands twitching as he started to reach towards Tommy before stopping himself. "On what little character I have, I swear that I thought *he* would kill you all without a thought!"

"I- I thought he would just capture you, let you see that him winning was the best outcome for all of us..."

"But he didn't..." Eret couldn't help but stumble over her words as they continued. "Instead he... he-" Tommy's eyes softened as he took in the start of a panic attack and quickly took a hold of the monarch's hand in his.

"You can say it, you know?" Tommy squeezed her hand gently, trying to give him something to ground themselves with. "Dream decided to slaughter us. Laughing as we all saw how our friends and family bled out by your swords..." Tommy chuckled before taking his other hand and taping Eret's with it, the familiar rhythm of Cat flowing through.

"I was so angry back then..." Tommy continued, his voice soft and scratchy. "Heh. I guess my anger and stubbornness was the reason why L'Manburg finally gained its independence so I guess I have you to thank for that?" Tommy then gave Eret a wiry grin but faltered when he saw her body start to lock up on him again.

“Oh stop that! I didn’t come here to make you feel even guiltier than you already do!” Tommy let himself glare at the monarch when he saw that he wasn’t listening to a word he was saying.

“Shut!” Tommy raised one finger over Eret’s mouth to stop her from spewing any more apologies. “Listen just-” Tommy huffed out before letting go of their hands and ruffling his hair.

“You are the only person who’s betrayed my trust and has done everything they could to regain it.”

Silence...

And then a blink.

“Huh?”

“You did not turn around and stab me in the back a second time.” Tommy explained. “You did not exile me when the pressure got too intense. You did not abandon me when I made a decision for myself.” Tommy’s eyes softened as he took Eret’s hands again.

“But what you have done is ask for forgiveness. You have helped when we were despairing in our own misery...”

“So I forgive you, ok?” Tommy grinned at him, ignoring the tear rolling on his cheek. Eret simply stared at him, for an uncomfortable amount of time actually. But before he could ruin the mood, Eret squeezed his hand back.

“... I-” Eret stuttered, trying very hard not to let herself cry. “I don’t think I deserve it...”

“Well tough!” Eret gave a jump at his exclamation.

“The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them...” Tommy explained. “And you, Eret, I think deserves to be forgiven.” As he stated this, Tommy let himself indulge in another sip of tea. Prime he needed to get his blend before he left...

He then felt Eret let his hand go and stood up, looking at him with a weird look. What was up with people today?

“.. N-now, I know I’m just a small part of the founding members but I thi-” Eret stopped themselves mid-sentence before taking a deep breath and looking at him with determination.

“Can I give you a hug?”

“Heh?”

“Please. Can I hug you Tommy?” First the Captain, then Nikki and now an Eret hug? Maybe he should’ve gone on an apology tour years ago!

“... S-sure!” He took a second before he realized he needed to stand up to take said hug, he whipped his hand on his sweater and awkwardly opened his arms. It only took a second before he was encased in the arms of the monarch, Eret’s hug seeming almost like a warm blanket if he still felt warmth.

“Thank you...” Eret whispered, tightening his hug even more. “Thank you so very much...” Tommy just let himself enjoy the sensation. It was just like when Puffy tried putting a shit ton of heavy crap on him while he was laying down on her couch. The pressure felt really nice...

It felt like the two held the hug longer than the few minutes Eret encased him with warmth before they broke apart. Tommy tried to break the slightly tense atmosphere by joking around but Eret simply smiled indulgently at him. Before he left, he remembered the other reason he came here for and began to rummage in his inventory for his gift.

“Here...” Tommy took out a book, gleaming with the preservation enchantment before handing it over to Eret. “For the museum.”

“What is it?” Eret asked, running his fingers over the cover. “*How to Sex 7*?” Tommy smiled at the tone of incredulity before he continued.

“All through these past years, I’ve made *How to Sex 1-6*’ and filled it with joke stories. Things that everyone would expect me to write.” He explained as he eyed the book switch nostalgia. “But this one is special...”

“This is my entire journey depicted through a memoir of sorts...” Tommy continued. “I figured that if anyone wanted to read what really happened to me from my point of view, all they need to do is read.” He could tell that Eret’s eyes widened and he then held the book as if it was something precious and delicate.

“Tommy... I-” He could tell she was about to say something dumb but then stop themselves and smiled at Tommy. “Thank you...” Tommy nodded and smiled before stepping back a few and giving the monarch a proper bow.

“I’ll see you around, your majesty.” With one final grin, Tommy then turned around and left the main hall. He decided to take the garden exit. Wanting to enjoy the scent of gardenias and blue bells that was so connected to the castle's identity.

He still remembered the times when he used to sneak around at night to roll around in Eret’s garden, letting himself let loose and enjoy a very personal part of the brief childhood he had. He still remembered the summer times that he spent toiling in their old home’s garden to make the most beautiful and colorful blanket over their property. But, as he looked at the waves of color and took in the smells, something set weirdly in his head.

The flowers no longer brought the same amount of comfort they used to bring...

Tommy took a long sigh before looking up at the sun, it was starting to set down so it was almost time to head back to Shroud...

Hearing the familiar sound of rustling grass behind him, brought a smile to his face.

"... You can come out now, you know." Tommy chatted to the bundle of fur hiding right beside him. "I missed you, Funds..."

And with that, the shrubbery began to rustle and spread apart, revealing Fundy to the open air. Tommy took a peek at the furry and his eyes let himself roam his form. It's been a while since he last saw his nephew but from what he could see he was doing good. However, he didn't like the amount of frost he could see beneath his eyes.

"What's going on?" Fundy demanded as soon as he stood in front of him, hands crossed on his chest.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't act all innocent Tommy." Fundy continued, starting to lose his composure. "I've seen you go around talking with people. Talking about forgiveness and apologizing for past mistakes." Tommy, blinked.

"I mean... Yeah I have?" Tommy answered, confused at the question. "Is that a crime?"

"You're TommyInnit!" Fundy exclaimed, paws going every which way all around. "You would rather scream insults until your throat is raw than admit fault to something!" Fundy then approached him and placed a paw on each of his shoulders.

"Are you in danger?" Fundy continued. "Is Dream coming for you?" Tommy couldn't help but let out a harsh chuckle.

“Dream will always chase after me you dumb furry! That’s nothing new!”

“Then what is going on with you?” Tommy simply looked at him, and found himself smiling slightly at him.

“... Can we at least sit down while we talk?”

Fundy looked a bit flustered, quickly letting him go and the two then started to walk towards a nearby bench overlooking the server. The two simply sat down together, neither speaking but simply staring out into the darkening sky. Tommy just let himself enjoy the moment before feeling the nudge that Fundy gave him. He then turned around to look at the furry in annoyance but Fundy just raise a none existent eyebrow to him.

“Well?” Tommy blinked before giving him a soft smile.

“How have you been?”

“Eh?”

“It's been a long time since we’ve seen each other so I wanted to ask how you were doing.” Tommy continued, nudging the other man in jest. “Last I heard you were working with Big Q! Has he been treating you right?” When Tommy expected to see his nephew light up and start to ramble about his new job, all he got was him glaring at the distance.

“I’ve left Quackity’s place...” Fundy growled. “He was just forcing us to stay with him anyways. And I'm not about to follow someone blindly. Not again.”

Silence. Oh how he hated this type of silence. A silence that is charged with so much anger and a whole medley of nasty emotions and the fact that it was his nephew that it was coming from. Tommy knew more than anybody how letting those feelings fester inside of you start to eat at you until it starts to spill onto others.

And he hated being right.

“And why do you care anyways!” Fundy barked at him, standing up from the bench in a huff. “It’s not like you were ever there for me in any way!” Tommy’s eyes widened hearing this. He stayed seated, staring up at Fundy’s frame.

“Fundy... I-” Tommy stuttered out. “You have to understand. I wasn’t in the best headspace during Pogtopia and all the bullshit that came after. I didn’t want to-”

“Again with that!” Tommy jumped at Fundy’s tone. “*Oh poor me! You guys don’t even know what I went through with Dream!*’ Just save it!” Hearing this, Tommy could feel his heart shattered once again. He knew that people truly don't care about what he went through with Dream, wanting to lay the blame of everything on his shoulders. But he never expected his own nephew to be so belligerent about it.

“Wasn’t the fact that you took my dad’s love and attention away from me enough for you?”

“W-what?”

“Oh don't be shy now!” Fundy’s face now carried a vulpine grin, as he slowly began to approach him, towering over his vulnerable frame. “We all know that you were Wilbur’s favourite! His perfect obedient soldier!”

“Fundy! It wasn't like that! Wilbur just needed my support and I-”

“*Yes Wilbah! Whatevah you say Wilbah!*” Fundy’s mockery of his voice shut him right down. “Meanwhile, what happened when I did my best to be a spy for him during Schlat’s reign? He vilified and berated all of my efforts! Not to mention abandoned me completely, denouncing me as his son!”

Tommy was trying very hard to keep himself together. Now was not the time to either have another panic attack or let his anger take over. Neither would do any good for his nephew. And he needed to help Fundy deal with the pain he was going through.

“So why in the hell are you making excuses when we all had to deal with our own shit!” Fundy glared at him briefly before he huffed and stepped back slightly.

“Newsflash Tommy! We’ve all dealt with shit! And we still continue to go on without crying to every single person about our problems!”

“... Never once did I say my suffering was worse than yours Fundy.” As he finished, Tommy tried taking in a few deep breaths before taking a deeper look at the man before him. He could tell that Fundy was startled by his calm response. He probably expected to scream back at him and defend himself like he used to do. But he knew that Fundy needed someone who could stay calm and could take this wave of anger.

So he gave Fundy a gentle look, patted the empty space right next to him and waited patiently for him to sit back down again. Which Fundy took after a few minutes of looking at him like he was insane. Once the Furry sat back down, Tommy could feel that he was calming down, his little furry not capable of keeping hate in his heart for too long.

“I know that Wilbur was not the best father to you. I know that he let himself be consumed by his paranoia and sense of abandonment.” Tommy stopped to clear his throat before continuing.

“But I was there for every step of his decline.” Tommy stated as he looked at Fundy’s eyes with familiar steel. “I was there for every punch and every kick he gave me behind the curtains, I was there for every sleepless night that he held me hostage and caressed my hair as he mumbled how everyone was out to get us both.” He saw when Fundy’s eyes widened at his words.

“I tried to save him but I couldn’t. And even if I was a child back then, people still blame me for not stopping his madness.” Only then did he realize that he’s never truly spoken the words out loud. The fact that his own brother decided to take his anger out on him. But he’s never understood how relieving it would be to finally speak about it out loud. He gave out a long sigh and leaned back on the bench.

“I’m tired Funds...” He continued, not really caring how broken his voice sounds. “I’m honestly so tired of trying to keep the people I care about safe. I’m tired of being blamed for most of the shit that happens on this server... So I-” Right then he let out a pained chuckle.

“Believe it or not, I know when I’m not wanted.” He confessed to the furry, ignoring any looks that might be coming his way. “So, I’m just gonna leave this wretched place! Isn’t it fucked up that I have to leave to be at peace? Leave to escape the grasp of my so-called friends and family...”

He simply wanted to be alone with his son and a small plot of land. He wanted to simply *be*. To walk away from the insanity and the pain and the sorry that this server has caused him. Something simple for him and his boy. Where he can plant a beautiful garden where Shroud can play around and just be a child.

“I just want peace, Fundy...” Tommy stated, his eyes gazing out into the sky. “That’s why I’m going somewhere far. I’m taking my little hatchling, a few bags of items and I’ll just start walking as far as my legs can take me before settling down...” As he said this, he could feel Fundy’s tail wagging behind them.

“A hatchling?” Fundy exclaimed. “A-are you saying you have a son?!” Hearing the disbelief in his tone, Tommy frowned.

“Why does everybody react like that when I tell them?!” Seeing Fundy’s disbelieving eyes he then glared back. “Yes, I have a son! And he is the most adorable little shit you have ever seen!” The two simply looked at each other for a few seconds before they both broke into rambunctious laughter.

“B-but what’s new with you?” Tommy asked. “I heard talks about you having a son of your own?” Fundy blinked a few times but then his eyes softened.

“Y-yes... his name is Yogurt.” Fundy started as he took out his comm. “Do you... uhh... would you like to see some pictures?” Tommy simply smiled and took out his own, ready to completely own Fundy on whose son is the cutest.

“Only if you let me show you Shroud’s.”

And with that, the two fathers began to go through a plethora of pictures. Hundreds of memories created where their children remained happy and untouched by the dark and putrid mark that the server leaves on everyone. Tommy let himself indulge in the knowledge that his kid will live a safe and peaceful life soon enough and things would start to get better for the both of them.

Before long, Fundy put a paw on his shoulder to get his attention and stared at him with confusion. “How did you know I was hiding anyways?” Hearing this, Tommy simply smirked and crossed his arms.

“You may be older physically but your dear Uncle Tommy still has a few tricks up his sleeve!” But before he continued, his brain finally caught up with what he just said and immediately looked at Fundy with wide eyes.

“Wait, no. I’m sorry.” Tommy apologized. “I know you don’t like me calling myself that. I forgot for a second...”

The two fell silent as Tommy tried his best to ignore the pang in his chest. He knew not to cross that line. Fundy had been the first in his old family to denounce any familial connection to any of them and Tommy had to respect that.

No matter how much it hurt...

“... I wouldn’t-” Tommy raised his head hearing Fundy talking. The furry looked nervous and was looking away from him. “I mean... I don’t mind if you called yourself that.” Tommy’s eyes widened hearing this. But he had to tread carefully.

“Oh?” Tommy tried his best to sound aloof but he knew that Fundy could tell that his hopes were rising.

“I’ve- Uh...” Fundy continued. “I was pretty unfair to you just before... I’m sorry about my behavior. You-” Fundy huffed and stared directly at him.

“You don’t deserve that Toms..” Tommy simply stared at the furry in disbelief. He truly never expected to have some form of his family back. Not to mention having them apologize to him. And right then he decided to risk it one last time. He let himself smile and looked back at his *nephew*. Holy shit!

“Thank you Funds... It really means a lot.” The two fell into a comfortable silence, both looking out into the sky once again as they let themselves settle back into an old familial rhythm.

“Will you write?” Hear heard Fundy asking, and Tommy knew then that his little furry had already accepted his leaving. “When you reach wherever you’re trying to find. Will you write to me?”

“You’d-” Tommy stuttered, eyes wide and hopeful. “I mean... if you’re sure?”

“Of course I’m sure!” Fundy grinned at the other man and pulled Tommy in for a side hug. “I’d like to keep in touch with my cousin. And you need to take some responsibility and be a presence in my son’s life as well!” Tommy couldn’t help but laugh and return the hug. Both of them enjoy the warmth and feeling of hugging a family member for what seems to be years.

“Of course I will ya furry!” And he meant that. It’d be nice to have someone to talk with after he and Shroud are long gone. But right now it was time to say his goodbyes. The sun was starting to fall down faster and faster and he was itching to go back to his den and back to his darling son.

“Shroud! I’m back!” Tommy shouted as the door on his den finished opening. “I know it’s a bit past your lunchtime so I’ll get started on linner right away!” As he walked further down

the staircase, the place seemed to be unusually cold. Tommy was sure he left some embers going.

“... Shroud?” Tommy shouted, reaching the secondary door to the main chamber. “Shroud, where are you my darling boy?” As he opened the door, all he saw was chaos. Chests and tools spread all around, chairs upturned. But it wasn’t the same kind of mess that Shroud would make if he got bored.

Something was wrong...

“Shroud, this is not the time to be playing hide and seek young man!” Tommy shouted as he ran over to Shrouds room. Hoping and praying against anything that his son was safe and sound in his bed and just taking a nap. “Shroud you better be in here or I swe-”

Silence...

Two signs...

He fell to his knees....

‘ Naughty naughty Tommy! You never told me you had a son! ’

His blood was rushing in his ears...

‘ I guess I’ll have to take him out on a little outing to get to know him a bit better, ey? Uncle Dream has a certain ring to it! :) ’

“... No” Shrouds room was turned over, his little nest destroyed. Every plush and blanket carefully crafted were now slashed and torn apart. Everywhere he saw, marks and smiles tarnished every good memory he had of his son. Tommy dragged himself to the nest, his legs not really able to carry his weight or take any steps forward. He took as many scraps of

Shroud's favorite blanket and pulled it all around himself, in a futile effort to soothe his collapsing mind.

"No no no no nonononononononononNONONONONO-" He knew this would happen, there was no sense of happiness for himself without a deep fall. The happier he was, Dream made sure to push him to an even taller edge. He clutched the scraps of fabric tight there and let himself cry.

He cried for his son's innocence. Who in the hell knows how Dream managed to find his little hatchling or what in the seven gates of the Nether he was doing to him now. He should've just ran away as soon as he was capable of. Why the fuck did he think it was a good idea to go around and waste his precious time apologizing to people who really didn't deserve it?

Hell! Who knows! Maybe one or more of them just decided to snitch him out to Dream for some sick form of revenge against whatever the hell he supposedly did to them in his childhood. He never thought they would go so low but hey! Technoblade still owed Dream a favor! And even if he didn't, Technoblade probably thought that Dream was a good ally to have around.

Trust and Hope were a concept for fools. And Tommy had been one throughout his entire life...

But no more...

He knew the types of games Dream liked to play. And he'd just about had it with his ridiculous sense of Godhood...

Tommy stopped his shaking and sobs right as the thought broke in his head. Without making any noise, he stood up in one move and started to head outside the room. Once he was in the chest room, he went ahead to the wall on the left and started to take down the cobblestone with his bare hands. He didn't care that his knuckles were bleeding or that the few nails he had left were starting to chip. All he needed to do now was reach the other side.

With one final punch, the wall gave way to reveal and now stood right in front of his Ender chest. And without hesitation, he opened it and began to take stuff out...

He wanted to play cat and mouse? He wanted to use his precious hatchling to lure him into a trap?

Fine.

But this time, it would not be Tommy who plays the prey...

No matter what...

He would lay waste to this fucking server if that's what it took to get his son back...

Chapter End Notes

Heheheheheheh! Time for Tommy to go absolutely FERAL!!!!

The next chapter is my FAVOURITE by FAR and I hope you guys enjoy what's coming up next!

Passed Years Seem Safe Ones

Chapter Notes

So uhh... I broke my ankle! :D

You'd THINK that would help with the writing time but... It did not...

ANYWAYS! HERE IT IS!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Have we checked the East?” He heard Phil asking as they all sat inside the Syndicate war room. A map of the SMP laid out in front of everyone, clear markings etched alongside the countless landmasses, builds and areas of destruction. Certain places have been crossed off, places where their own team have already searched for the Runt.

“No. That's Eggpire territory.” Tubbo claimed as he glared down on the map. “Tommy would never let himself or his son set one foot near those arseholes...”

PapaInnit FTW!

Who knew the little shit was so good at evasion?

Are we ever gonna find him?

What if Dream finds him first?

Shut it! No bad juju in the chat!

All the time spent looking for his runt... all the time spent thinking if his little brother was ok? If he was safe? If he had eaten? How the runt's little one was... But now Tubbo's words

still rang true in his head alongside the hundreds of thousands of voices that insist that Tubbo has a point. But he cannot, will not accept that.

Ever since Theseus arrived in his cottage, everything in his head has been turned upside down. But of course his rant would wreck everything when he was finding some quiet in his life. Although, as soon as he thought about that, the voices started to ramp up and he could do nothing to ignore the guilt that had been building up since that day. So he did the only thing he could to let out his frustration.

He slammed his hands on the table and swiped the map off the table with enough force to hit the nearby wall.

“Hey!” Phil put a hand over his shoulder, stopping him from further destruction. “Techno, you need to calm down alright.” Techno kept looking at his eyes for a few more seconds, trying his best to center himself before letting out a big huff and turning around.

Technomad

Gotta keep your temper in check

Who can blame him? He has the emotional range of a gnat

Plus he's guilty

Technobad

Technobad

Bad Brother

The room fell into an uncomfortable silence as they all got lost in their own heads. The realization that their youngest was leaving them finally seemed to hit them and the more time passed, the more it seemed like it would be impossible to keep him with them. He didn't count Tubbo in their group, the Government was obviously all too happy and ready to give up on their runt. But he would not give him the satisfaction of seeing that reality. He rejects any sense of failure.

But his thoughts were interrupted when he heard the all too familiar sharp cackle of his brother.

“Who knew the little gremlin child was so good at hide and seek eh?” Wilbur hollered out as he grinned at everyone. “Guess it pays to be a lil coward, innit?!”

Coward? Tommy? Why I NEVER-

Wilbur really lost it aint he?

Tommy might be a bit of a whimp most of the time-

But the idiot is the first one to be front and center in any fight!

Dummy Wilbur

Dumbur

“Tommy wasn't the one who asked daddy dearest to kill him after destroying the country he built.” Tubbo chimed in, staring at Wilbur with a raised eyebrow and a poisoned grin. “Now, I wonder who that was?” Wilbur blinked as the weight of Tubbo's word finally seemed to reach him and before he started ranting and raving in his defense.

“Can it you two!” Techno roared at the two and brought their attention back to what's at hand. “The only thing that matters is that we find Tommy before he leaves for good.” He could see when Wilbur started rolling his eyes and prepared himself for his whining.

“And I’ve told you before, Tommy is not gonna leave!”

Here we go...

Dumbur at it again

We should really shut him up

“Shut it!” Phil raised his voice and stepped between him and Wilbur, doing that stupid dad glare at both of them. “Right now we need a new plan. Tommy can’t have gone too far if other people have still seen him. So we still have time to bring our little bird back to the flock.” Techno rolled his eyes and went to get the map from the floor. Carefully spreading the map into place, he let himself delve back into his mind to try and figure out where Theseus would go to stay safe.

Raccoon boy knows how to lay low!

RaccoonInnit!

Wonder if the baby’s ok?

I bet Tommy’s a great dad!

Yeah. All he needs to do is the opposite of Philza.

PapaInnit FTW!

He still didn't understand how the runt could evade them for so long. Even if he'd had a few hours ahead of them, Techno should've been able to track the little deserter no problem. Then again, it has been years since he'd seen the little traitor.

How long has it been since he last saw his little brother...?

He does admit that he has seldom seen his little runt grow up. Had he learned to hunt under any condition? To find proper shelter against the elements? He had never really taken the time to really show him any sort of survival training back in their youth. Then again, the voices did a number on him when they manifested so his childhood was nothing more than a cacophony of noise so who knows how exactly he did to the child...

What he does remember is when Wilbur called for him. He remembered the days spent toiling on the farm, filling piles up on piles of rations for the resistance his brothers had made. He was almost sort of proud of them back then. Of course, that went out the window when they decided to reinstate the government but he could still remember the nights spent sparing with his runt to make sure he was able to protect himself.

Oh?

Shhh! He's almost there!

He honestly never expected the runt to be adept at fighting. Sure, he knew that Wilbur knew how to hold a sword but the idiot still refuses to use one. But when he took in Tommy for a few lessons, he was sort of impressed at the way he handled a sword. But he always thought that the way he handled the sword in the strangest manner, like he was holding himself back somehow. But of course that sounds insane. The idiot probably couldn't even keep hold of a sword properly anyways.

Dang it!

Suddenly, his thoughts were interrupted by the familiar shrill of his communicator. With an annoyed huff, he answered it.

“Niki?” He questioned, seeing the name on his communicator display. “Look. I can’t really talk right now. So unless you have any info on Thes-” But before he could continue, everyone heard the clear sound of an explosion coming from the other end of the call.

“ - ook out! ” They heard Niki’s voice coming in as they all heard bursts and sounds of buildings falling down all around her and the others immediately stood at attention. “ *Damn it Puffy! Fall back! Fall back!* ” Techno brought his communicator closer.

“Niki! Niki, what’s going on?”

“ *What’s going on is that I found your stupid Theseus!* ” Here everyone’s eyes widened. Finally, a lead! “ *And he is currently going on a rampage throughout the lower SMP trying to find Dream or something!* ”

“A rampage?” Phil questioned out loud, his face twisting into a frown. “Tommy would never go on a rampage let alone be capable of one”

“ *We need help damn it!* ” Niki’s frantic tone startled all of them back into listening. “ *Tommy’s gone out of control! I’ve never seen him like this! We’re trying to keep him contained to one area but I don’t know how long we can keep this up!* ” Techno couldn’t help but feel that something had shifted.

Back when Tommy first came to his cabin, he was meek, submissive, and he would say it was almost to the point of him being resigned about what was happening. But he must’ve seen wrong back then. The one thing you can rely on Tommy was that he did not give up on anything. But to hear about him now? Him being violent against the people he sacrificed so much to protect?

As Techno looked around the room, he saw the same sense of confusion on his father’s face. Which of course, calmed him slightly knowing that he wasn’t the only one confused at this. But when he turned to look at the other two, he stopped. Tubbo and Wilbur were silent, both

engaged in a conversation of their own as their eyes never left each other's. Normally, he would never even blink at this, Tubbo having taken great joy in instigating Wilbur...

But they looked like they were trying to hide something...

"Niki. Hold him off as much as you can. We'll be there as soon as we can." With this, he gestured to the others and began to leave the Syndicate.

He didn't need to look as he knew the others would be hot on his tail, only stopping to stock up on potions and extra arrows just in case. They needed to get moving if they were gonna try and be able to catch Tommy in his tracks. The runt needs to come back to his family if they were ever going to fix the mess this has become. As they mounted their horses and set off to the mainland, he let himself delve back into his head and continued to put the strange feeling of guilt.

"... We're coming runt..."

Having pushed their horses to their limit, they managed to arrive on the mainland within fifteen minutes. They had decided to tie off the horses on a nearby fence before starting to walk the rest of the way in.

"What do you think Niki meant by Tommy going on a rampage?" He heard Phil talking beside him. "Sure, Tommy might have the strongest bite out of anyone but he can barely fight!" Techno simply shook his head while he heard him chuckle nervously as he tried to break the current mood.

Dumbza

4/4!! Almost there folks!

Should we warn him?

Naaah! Keep it a surprise!

“Why are you two hanging back silently?” Techno grunted out at the two hanging back. “Do you have something you care to share with the rest of the class?” His eyes narrowed seeing their bodies clearly flinch before Wilbur gave him one of his fake smiles.

“... Nah.” Wilbur reassured him, swatting the air in dismissal. “I’m sure Niki was just exaggerating about whatever prank Tommy’s doing!” Techno simply raised an eyebrow at him and stared, knowing very well when he was being lied to. But before he could break his idiotic brother into telling him the truth, Wilbur nudged Tubbo side.

“Right...” Tubbo assured him. “Nothing to worry about...”

Liar liar pants on fire!

Ohhhhh I can almost taste the awkwardness!

This is not gonna end weeeell!

Techno simply continued walking, his hand at the ready on his sword. Whatever they were gonna encounter with Theseus, something told him it wasn’t going to be pretty.

“... Come on.” “There’s no time to waste. If we want to catch Theseus before he causes even more problems, we need to-” But before he could continue, he and the rest froze when they heard the unmistakable scream of his runt.

“ **DREAM!** ” Followed by an explosion. Techno could tell it was from a firework, but one that had been modified into packing more of a punch. He had only seen that back in his

gladiator days back in 2b2t... But from what he understood, nobody in the server had been a part of that hell? So where did his runt find a hyper-charged rocket?

Jeesh he is dense

Come on, no need to blame him. The whole family is a mess

Almost to 4/4 sleepy bois tho!

Who has the popcorn?

Techno ignored the voices and took out his shield before turning to the others and shouted. "Let's go!" The foursome immediately started running, taking out shields of their own.

As they turned around a building what they saw could only be described as a warzone. Every building they saw was either engulfed in flames or blown wide open. As he suspected, he could see the remnants of hype-charged rockets. The blistering effects were all over the fires that were quickly spreading around and he hopes that the blast didn't hit anyone directly. The side effects are nothing to brush aside.

But as they all made their way closer to the commotion, he saw it. People running around, trying desperately to avoid the rubble falling on them. He could see a cluster of them hiding behind pieces of cobblestone. But the thing that caught his attention the most was when he found Niki and Puffy, they were both walking slowly towards a figure, Puffy having his hands out as if to calm a wild beast and Niki doing her best to cover her with her shield whenever something came their way. And as they got closer, Techno could finally make out who the figure was...

His runt, his Theseus...

Something was wrong...

“Where are you you green fucker!” He heard Tommy shout out to everyone. Although he doubted it was aimed at anyone present. “Come out right now!” Techno saw how Tommy was dressed. Nothing like the calming fabrics of blue wool he saw a few days ago. Nothing that spoke of softness or innocence that was synonymous with his little brother. Instead, he was wearing armor...

Whoaaaaa

Haven't seen this in a while eh?

Can we tell him now?

Shut! It'll ruin the surprise!

Tommy was wearing Netherite... and from what he could tell, it had been enchanted from top to bottom. Where had the runt stolen that armor? He doubted he even had the patience to mine for the proper materials. Plus, the armor looked old, he could tell it was forged in an old style to strengthen the core but left certain areas like the joints loose in order to increase agility in battle. What Tommy was wearing was for warriors who were veterans, that did not need to worry about the openings the armor gives to others. So where in the world did he steal it from?

“Tommy please stop this!” He heard Puffy shout against another explosive round of Theseus’s crossbow. Niki had already retreated as the shield she was using finally caved in. “This isn’t you!” He had to admit, the Captain truly had courage to stand before Theseus without a scrap of anything to protect her. But when the ash fell and revealed Theseus' face once again, Techno stopped in his tracks...

Ohhhhhh AngryInnit

Tread carefully here...

“Oh I think this is the real me! I’m the scourge of the server aren’t I? I incite and call upon ruin and war onto all!” His brother's voice was off, almost as if he was teetering on the edge of something. “So I think it's about time I play my role eh?” Something in him clenched at Tommy’s statement. This is not what he wanted his little brother to think.

Sure Tommy was a nuisance and an annoying little traitor but he was still his little brother, his precious gold. Hearing him talk down about himself, about falling into the role that everyone decided to put him in. What could’ve happened for his runt to have fallen so much?

“Tommy, please!” Puffy pleaded with his runt against a background of destruction. “Think about what you’re doing to everyone right now!” This only made Tommy’s eyes engulf in flame.

“Dream took him!” Hearing him scream this, Techno knew it could only mean one thing. “He took my hatchling! And you want me to do nothing?!” Techno could feel his hand shaking and he tried his best to keep himself from taking out his claws.

The little one had been taken... Somebody had taken a runt from the tribe...

Oh no...

Baby runt?!

A certain green someone is about to die.

YES! DIE!

BLOOD!

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

BLOOD!

BLOOD!

BLOOD!

BLOOD!

Nobody can take a runt from the pack and get away from his blade. How dare he take something that belongs to the tribe. That belongs to his runt! Whomever was responsible for this, he would hunt him down to the end of the server and would drag his limp body towards his runt as an offering. He would definitely help Theseus dispose of whatever body gets left behind. His runt shouldn't deal with such garbage.

Ohhh! We could wrap the body with a bow!

Make it all nice for our little runt!

“What?” Puffy exclaimed, as she finally realized what exactly was going on with Theseus. “Oh Prime Tommy, I’m so sorry. But we can help you!”

“No!” Tommy bellowed as he loaded up a new round on his crossbow. “No more false help! I cannot trust anyone in this bitch of a server! So I will find the bastard and get my hatchling by myself!” And with that, he turned away from Puffy and shot out towards another building. While Puffy was still following him, Techno and the others went towards Niki, Phil and Tubbo helping her back to her feet.

“Niki!” Phil gestured as the others around them started to come out from the rubble. “Is everyone ok?” A few groans and moans were all he got in reply but Niki was the one to answer.

“We’ve kept trading potions to replenish any hard hits we might’ve taken but we can’t keep going like this anymore.” At her sullen tone, Phil took out a few extra health and regeneration for her and the others to use.

“That’s ok. Just hang back and we’ll calm Tommy down.” Niki simply nodded and plopped back down on the ground to rest while Phil stepped back and nodded to Techno and the others to keep moving and follow the sounds of destruction.

“This is bad…” Tubbo mumbled and for once, Techno completely agreed with the government in that regard. His runt was out of control, nothing like he’s ever seen before. And while he was first in line to cause some form of chaos, there needs to be an order to said chaos. Senseless destruction when he knew Dream would never come out from whatever hole he was hiding with all of this noise.

“What can we do to stop him?” Phil asked as they approached Tommy in his rampage once again. “I’d hate to knock him out but it seems like that’s the only choice we have of stopping him.” Techno nodded in reply, knowing that they might have to resort to that with his runt. But they had to tread lightly. Their familial relationship was already strained to the edge, if any of them stepped even once out of line, whatever feelings Tommy might still have about them would surely be destroyed.

Please don’t screw it up.

I wanna get the runt back home!

Yeah! Bedrock bros time!

“We need to take this one step at a time.” Techno started as he turned to the others. “We can’t risk-” But he was cut off by his brother shoving him aside and started walking towards his runt with a know-it-all swagger.

“Tommy!” Wilbur shouted against the explosions. “What do you think you’re doing?” Tommy stopped in his tracks, turning to Wilbur slowly.

That idiot...

Welp. We're doomed...

“What’s it look like?” Tommy’s voice seemed rough. Of course, with him screaming for Dream during who knows how long his vocal cords must be trashed. But he could see that the runt’s body was wound up like a coil, ready to burst at any moment. If Wilbur doesn’t treat him with the right approach...

“It looks like you’re throwing a massive temper tantrum.” Alright. There it goes. The last bit of hope they had...

Yeah, because you had such a great start already

“Sure. That’ll calm him down...” Tubbo grumbled in sarcasm beside him but Techno could tell he was worried, his body tensing up. Like he knew something bad was about to happen. But it seems like Wilbur also heard him, as his brother turned to look at Tubbo with a glare.

“Do you have any other plans!” Wilbur growled under his breath as he stared down Tubbo. “No? So SHUT IT!” And with that, he turned back around, putting another slimy smile on his face. But when Techno thought Tubbo would let his brother drown in the mess he was about to make, he stepped forward.

“Wilbur... Careful with what you say...” Tubbo warned his brother. “I know you can see what I can.” Techno then raised an eyebrow hearing this. He went to see Theseus once again but all he saw was the same coiled body and Techno just assumed Tubbo was seeing the same thing he was.

“Calm down, you worry wart!” Was Wilbur’s response. “It won’t come to that!” And without looking back, he marched forward towards his runt with wanton abandon.

His two brothers now stood at both ends of a battlefield. One, confident in himself that he could talk the other out of continuing his rampage. And the other, his runt, seemingly standing at a crossroads of whether or not to take the other down. Wilbur still believed in his melody, he was only listening to a tune that only he could hear and was ignoring every warning sign that was before him.

“You know! You should’ve seen this coming anyways!” Wilbur boasted as he kept approaching their brother, step by step. “Dream is just doing you a favor! Your kid is much safer in his hands than yours!” He could tell Theseus’ eyes widened as he took a step back.

Of all the most idiotic, brainless things he could’ve said...

Oh no...

This is not fun anymore...

BLOOD!!!

Mom? Take me home. Shit’s about to go down.

A silence filled the area as Theseus simply stared at Wilbur’s smirking frame. Techno could tell something’s shifted. His runt’s body had stopped flinching. The achy, coiling he had seen on his bones was now mere embers. It’s as if whatever anger and rage his runt had in him disintegrated with just a few words from Wilbur’s mouth. But Techno knew that it was not the case. Theseus still hadn’t let go of the crossbow...

“... What...” He heard his runt start to ask, his eye never leaving his brother’s. “...did you say?” Theseus eyes were wide opened, pupils as small as a pinprick and still so early still.

“Come on now Tom’s! You have to admit that you, keeping a child, would not last!” Wilbur cheerfully nagged as he threw open his arms as if this was the time for celebration. “Dream taking your kid was the best thing that could’ve ever happened to you!”

“Wilbur, shut it!” Techno hissed as kept seeing warning signs all over Theseus' face. “You are making things worse!”

“Oh come on now! We can't let Tommy have another one of his temper tantrums!” Wilbur nagged as he turned away from his runt to look at him. “We have to be firm with him! If Dream saw it fit to take the kid away from him then it was for the best!” While his smile was still plastered on his face, Wilbur turned back to Theseus once again and walked a few more steps. His body now stood a few feet away from his runt.

“Come on Toms! Let's end this farce already and go home!” Wilbur continued, his smile never falling from his face. “Dream will make sure that everything is alright in the end!”

Silence...

And then the crossbow dropped...

Ohhhhh no...

Bad call there music man...

This is not fun anymore

Something was shifting in the atmosphere. The air was starting to fill with the scent of sulfur and petrichor. And Theseus was still standing so very still...

“You did this...” Techno heard his runt mumble, his gaze never leaving Wilbur's side. But Wilbur seemed to be oblivious to what was happening as he went to put a hand around his ear as if to mock his runt.

“Huh?” Wilbur asked, his whole stance mocking and aloof. “Stop mumbling you gremlin, nobody can tell what you’re saying!” Hearing this, Theseus snapped his body towards Wilbur’s, startling him and Phil. That was almost...

Unnatural...

“You took my hatchling and gave him to Dream, didn’t you?” Theseus' head was slightly tilted, almost as if he was confused with his questioning. But Wilbur simply took this as proof that whatever he was doing was working and further closed the distance between the two even further...

“I wish I could’ve had the honor of helping him!” And that seemed to have locked something in his runt’s mind. Techno could see the coil winding once again, his once relaxed pose now posed as if ready to take care of what he now deemed an enemy.

“... I will only say this once...” His runt’s voice was like a void. There was no emotion to be heard in it. “Give me my son back William...” Damn it! Wilbur had screwed things up even more than they were! Theseus would never come back with them willingly now! He turned towards Phil and signaled him to get ready for anything, which he then nodded in return. Looking back at his brothers, he hoped that Wilbur would finally see what was in front of him and not rely so much on what his melody was whispering to him right now.

“Oh?” Wilbur kept talking, finally took those last few steps and he was now standing right in front of his runt. “Full first name and everything! I almost believe y-”

A blur...

A cut off scream...

And the sound of flesh hitting the Prime Path as Theseus' hand took Wilbur’s head and slammed it to the ground.

“... Give him ba c **K** !” Techno did not know what happened. One moment, Wilbur was standing and about to place a hand on his runts shoulder and the next, he saw Theseus kicked in one of Wilbur’s knees inwards. When Wilbur was falling and screaming in pain, his runt then appeared behind him, took hold of his dual toned hair and slammed his head the rest of the way down. It was brutal. It was methodical...

This was not his little brother...

“Ohh? What’s the matter dear brother of mine?” Theseus' voice sounded nothing like him. It was rough, and a false copy of his usually exuberant and happy voice as he leaned down where he still kept Wilbur’s head firmly on the path. “Fish got your tongue?” His smile then brought a shock of shivers to Techno’s body as he slowly pulled Wilbur's head back up.

This is not good...

Wilbur fucked around and found out!

You shouldn’t have let it go on for so long...

“You’re usually SO talkative!” And again. He slammed Wilbur's head back down with a strength that he was not aware his runt was capable of.

Once more he raises his brother’s head, clearly displaying the broken nose and bloodied face. And back down...

“No clever phrases for your *sunshine* ?”

Up...

And *down*...

Uhh...

How many lives do you get when you're revived?

If things kept going like this, they would lose Wilbur once again. Something froze inside of him at the thought of losing another member of his tribe. He would not let that happen. Not again! But it seemed like Philza's chat was also trying to snap him out of it.

"Tommy what the hell are you doing?!" Phil yelled right beside him, the horror of seeing one of his children about to kill another freezing him where he stood. They saw Theseus stop at his words, turning towards them with a blood-splattered smile and the limp body of their brother still hanging off his hand.

"Oh me? " Theseus beamed as he brought Wilbur's face higher, as if to show them a trophy he had won. "I should've shut him up YEARS ago! Could've saved us a lot of trouble let me tell you!"

"You're killing him!" Theseus rolled his eyes at Phil's words.

"And? He already died once!" He claimed as he brought Wilbur's head high enough to slam back into the path. "I'm sure another decade or two would hurt him!"

"Thomas STOP!" And with that, Techno felt his father running towards the two, in the hopes of stopping Theseus before he killed Wilbur.

Phil used what remained of his wings to impulse him faster towards them, but just before he was about to lay a hand on them, his runt seemed to sense where he was coming. As soon as Phil was within range, Theseus' head shifted towards him and he twisted his entire frame around the two men, only to slam a fist on Phil's neck, making him stagger back as he tried desperately to try and get his breathing back in order.

But Theseus must've planned for this, as he expertly slithered around Phil, grabbing a healthy wing right by the scapula. Phil wheezed out what he could from pain as his runt took out a sword, gleaming with old enchantments and poised it in a position ready to dissect.

It only took ten seconds...

DADZA!!

Ohhh this is REALLY not good!

"Ah, ah, ah! Not so fast Philza Craft!" Theseus cheerfully warned as he leaned forward. "I'm afraid you're a bit too old to catch me with that move anymore!" Phil was still trying to get his breath back into his, coughing and gasping all the while trying desperately to get away from his runt's grasp.

What did he just see? He had seen Theseus grumble, shout, berate others in the hope of some form of attention or to try to make his point across. But he had never seen him truly angry at anyone. Techno is now realizing that not even when they were destroying L'Manburg did Theseus ever turn to him with anger. Sadness? Yes. Helplessness? Obviously. Betrayed by him? Absolutely. But never had he seen the level of hatred and pure rage that he now saw in his eyes...

Had Theseus never truly hated him even after everything that's happened between them? Why else would he have betrayed him for a country that kicked him to the curb as soon as they could?

"You know," Theseus began, his face curious but his eyes still never let go of that fury. "I've always wanted you to teach me, you know? How to fight as a true warrior worthy of the Craft name..." Techno's heart seemed to jump at his words.

Ever since his voices started back in his childhood, Phil and he had done all that they could to figure out how to keep control of them. And thankfully, they had found that fighting and

battling worked wonders in satiating the need for chaos and blood. And Techno took pride in his role as warrior of the family. He had always been proud to be the protector of his tribe. But now he realizes that he must've failed in his efforts. Had Theseus felt he needed to step up as a warrior of their tribe? Had he felt scared, worried that Techno would fail in his duties? As he stared down his runt, any answers he could gather were long lost in a sea of agony and fury

“But you never saw me as a son, did you?” His eyes widened hearing this and he could tell that it finally reached Phil too. “I was never good enough in your eyes so you just focused on your Warrior didn't you?”

Is that what Theseus has been thinking all these years? Had they truly not shown his runt that he truly belonged in their family?

Poor Tommy...

Guys? PHILZA??

All alone...

“Well! Look at me now Philza Craft!” Theseus bellowed out into the rubble around them. Techno could see Puffy's frame off to the side being held off by Niki. Other people sprinkled all around. But none dared to step closer to what was happening in front of them. “I bet you never thought I'd get the upper hand on you eh?” But as he said this, Theseus' body tensed up and pulled Phil upward, His sword never leaving the edge of his wing...

The wings!

Careful! CAREFUL!

He can't just DO that right?!

“Poor little Tommy. Never strong enough to hold a sword straight!” His voice was gravelly, full of cheerful malice as “But that was when I was a child! Right before you left us for good!” Silence fell across the field around them.

Before Theseus brought Phil’s body back as he straightened himself with pride.

“But your darling blood son put me through the fire! Scars litter across my skin as a testament of the Wars and battles I’ve gone through all these years!” His runt mocked them but Techno could still see the pain in his eyes when he declared this. “Enough for Wilbur to make sure my childhood was properly and truly dead.” At the mention of his brother, Techno turned to look back at Wilbur’s body, glad to see that while clearly in pain, his body was still moving slightly.

“So! I learned!” Theseus declared as he nudged Phil’s body against his. “From every single individual who sliced, stabbed and aimed to kill...” His runt then chortled with his signature laugh, but Techno could hear the pain behind the sharp laughter. He then tensed up when Theseus directed his gaze against his own.

“Hell! I even learned a bit when Technoblade took pity on me during my first exile!” More and more laughter. This time bitter and angry...

How much did you fuck this up?

Guys? How are we gonna get Dadza back?

Turkey dinner anyone?

SHUT!

“And look at me now!” Techno could agree, in some twisted sort of way, that the man he saw before him was not just a warrior in his own right. But there was something else in there. Something buried deep down that was trying to claw its way to the surface...

“So!” Techno blinked as he now had Theseus gaze upon him. “Now that I have your attention, there’s only one thing I want!”

“Technoblade!” Theseus shouted, startling everyone in the near vicinity. “I’ll give you one chance to come clean!” Now that confused him. What could he possibly know that Theseus might want from him? But his questions were answered as his runt’s eyes glared at him with his full wrath now directed at him.

“Where is my *s oN*!” Techno’s eyes widened, and now everything made sense.

“Theseus! We can talk this out!” He needed to make his little runt see reason. Curse Wilbur’s melody for muddling his reality. Now, because of him, Theseus now believed them capable of putting another member of the tribe at risk. But all he got in return was a mocking smile.

“No can do Techie! Rule number two, remember?” Theseus scolded as if he was a mere farrow. “Violence is the only universal language!”

I mean... At least we know he was listening?

This is bad. Really bad.

His body is too calm. His arm hasn’t faltered even once when he grabbed Philza.

And those wings weigh a TON

“I-I know I’ve told you that before but-”

“Tell me where Dream took my son and I’ll leave your precious Philza alive and whole!” Tommy asked once more, the hand holding Phil bringing him closer to himself. “How about it?”

It was unnerving. Techno knew that Theseus meant his threat. But Phil was the man who raised them. The one who took Techno into his tribe and allowed him to become a warrior to ensure the family’s legacy. He owed everything to the man. The fact that he finally managed to find a place he could call home. Brothers that could drive him up the wall faster than the voices could but he still loved them all the same.

“Tick Tock TechNOblade!” He heard his runt calling out in a sing-song tone. “Where’s my son!”

Time’s running out

We could shoot him?

We could hit Dadza tho!

“I- We don’t have him!” Techno tried to explain. “Wilbur was a fool to-”

“I’m getting *an* gry Techie!” Tommy cut him off, pulling Phil closer. “And I get shaky when I’m angry!” Here he could see the sword getting closed and closer to Phil’s wing.

“Theseus... Please just-”

“Come *on* already!”

We need to do something!

We can't! Too dangerous!

Blood for the Blood God?

NOT THE TIME!

“TOMMY PLEASE!” But as he raised his voice, Tommy seemed to have run out of patience. His eyes blazed with fury, but Techno could tell that time was running out.

“TECHNOBLADE!” Theseus bellowed with all his might.

”WHERE!” The sword was getting closer...

TECHNO!!

DO SOMETHING!

“IS!” Blood was starting to drip from the sword...

BLOOD IS ABOUT TO RUN!

“MY!” He had to DO something! Why couldn't he think of anything?!

TECHNO!!!

“S O N!” Unless?!

A clink of metal echoed through the field... Everyone watching could only stare as the man everyone saw as the feared Blood God, the ultimate undefeated warrior of the server, threw down his golden crown at his brother's feet. Silence fell between them... and then.

“I DON'T KNOW!” The hon pleaded as he stared down at the fury of one he had failed the most. “Tommy, please! I swear to you that none of us know where your son is!”

“Liar!”

“I swear by my horde Tommy...” Techno whispered, his words weak and pleading of the man before him. “We do not have him...” Damnation and ruin followed his words as he finally saw his words take effect in Theseus' mind.

“No...” He heard his runt mutter as he threw Phil to the side. “No, no, no, no nonononononono DAMN IT!” Techno made sure to take stock of his father for any injury he might have. But all he saw was the man stare down at a son who now bled for his ignorance and another whom they were now realizing he never truly knew.

“Dream!” They heard Theseus screaming as he picked his crossbow back up from the path. “Dream I know you're out there! You must be laughing your ass off looking at this fucking spectacle!”

“Where are you keeping my son you absolute fucking bastard!” Techno could feel Phil trying to stand, but remained in his hands.

“Tommy, please calm d-”

“I will tear down this entire server block by block until I find what's mine!”

“Tommy! Please think about what you’re doing!” Phil tried pleading and Techno’s heart went out for his father. “Don’t you care about them? About us?” Tommy simply turned around to glare at Phil and Techno felt his body tense when he felt the weight of Theseus gaze.

“Why should I care about you all?” Techno’s heart skipped a beat hearing this. “Everyone here stood by as Dream tore me down until I was begging for death! And even then he brought me back!”

“I tried leaving in silence. I tried putting all of you behind me and I tried to just give my son a moment of fucking peace in his childhood like I never got!” Techno could hear the utter defeat in his voice before his wrath reignited once again.

“But Dream took him. He took my son and wants to play his fucking game again!”

“And I will not let that stand!” He almost didn’t catch it, but Techno saw how Tubbo was slowly but sure gaining ground against Theseus from behind. What was the government trying to do?

“I will raze his so-called land until there is nothing left! And if you all refuse to tell me where that bastard took my hatchling then I won’t care about your fucking lives!” Before he knew it, as Theseus began to turn around, Tubbo jumped out of nowhere and head butted Theseus right on his forehead. And Techno could tell that Tubbo used all of his strength doing it.

The two friends remained standing on the path, both their foreheads clinging together as blood dripped from their newly formed wound. Theseus seemed like he was stunned but Tubbo then put both hands on his runts face and gently pulled themselves away. The way Tubbo was looking at his brother was nothing short of grief, be it for how far things had gone or by the raw pain they could all see in his little runts eyes.

“Tommy... ” Tubbo pleaded as he held Theseus' face gently in his grasp. “There is no fight left in the field... You can stand down.” And it was all Techno could do but watch as his little brother started to let out tears roll across his face.

“They TOOK my h *ATCH* ling!” Theseus wailed as his hands shot up to grasp Tubbo’s wrist. “He is MINE! I need to keep him SAFE!” Techno could hear the slight hiss coming from Tubbo so he assumed that Theseus’ arms were starting to crush Tubbo’s wrist. But still, the smaller man held on...

“And I understand that. You know I do.” Tubbo went on. “But I swear to you that these people have not colluded with anyone to take your son.” Theseus never broke eye contact with Tubbo. It was as if Tubbo was the only thing keeping him afloat amidst the torrential sea of anger that lay dormant beneath his skin. Techno saw this as an opportunity and began to stand, making sure Phil was stable.

As soon as he stood up however, Theseus’ head snapped towards him, the inferno that was his wrath already lightning up. Techno put both his hands up, a show of deferment to the one in control.

“... Why don’t you come with us?” At this, his runt’s eyes widened in disbelief and then scrunched up in disgust. Almost as if he couldn’t believe he would ever deemed himself capable of being their presence.

As if they no longer were his family...

“And why in the hell would I ever come to you for help?” Before Theseus could continue, Tubbo pulled his head back.

“Hey hey HEY! Look at me, Big Man. Come on. That’s it...” Techno didn’t know what Tubbo was doing to calm him down, but whatever it was it was working. He could see the moment Theseus’ body started to uncoil from itself hearing his friend’s words. “I know what you must be feeling right now. But Techno helped me find and rescue Michael. He can help us find your son as well...”

There was a part of him that thought that Theseus would completely ignore Tubbo's offer and continue on his rampage until his rage was satiated. He thought that he would never have the chance to talk with his runt, to convince him to stay with the tribe and to allow them all to really talk through their problems. But he was pleasantly surprised when he saw the moment Theseus decided to trust Tubbo. The moment when he put all his rage and sorrow back inside and replaced it with a mask of annoyance.

“Fine...” He heard him mutter and he and his voices rejoiced in celebration. But that was quickly put off by the look Theseus gave him. While yes, his wrath was now firmly back inside, he still saw no warmth, no recognition of any familial ties inside those eyes.

“But don’t expect me to be nice to them...” Tubbo simply laughed and let go, seemingly content with what he saw in Theseus at that point. And with that, it was as if everyone could finally take a breath of fresh air again. Techno saw that Phil had gone over where Wilbur was laying and began to give him potion after potion. He was glad that he’ll able to make the journey on his own two feet. He’d hate to have to carry the idiot all the way home.

“TommyInnit? Nice? Never!” Tubbo joked as he kept a hand clutched with one of Theseus. His runt must be taking comfort in the touch of someone he deemed as no threat. A part of him ached at the fact that it seemed that he was no longer a source of comfort for his runt. But he was coming to terms with it.

“Don’t worry about me. Rule thirteen. I know better than to get attached...” That stopped him in his tracks. Theseus had said this with a voice devoid of anything. And the wrath was still present, just simmering under the surface.

“After all, I know you’ll all leave in the end...” Techno simply kept watching as Tubbo continued to pull Theseus away from them as the two started walking towards the tundra. Tubbo kept the conversation alive and well, trying to fill the emptiness between them that they once relied on Theseus to fill with his constant chatter.

As the due began to disappear over the hill, Techno turned to look at the rest of his tribe. His father still dealing with his brother’s injuries, trading looks between Techno and the two retreating forms in the distance. And while his brother was now less bloodied, Techno could tell that he had finally reacted to what was happening with his runt. Wilbur’s eyes never left the two figures, not even when they could no longer see them and it pained him to see Wilbur looking so lost and hurt...

But none of that mattered right now. Theseus needed their help and he would be damned if he would let Dream manipulate and torture his runt with the newest member of their tribe...

He would make things right again...

He had to...

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhh! I can't believe this chapter's done! This was my favorite to write but there were parts where it felt a bit rushed and awkward somehow... But nevertheless!

I hope you guys enjoy a lil bit of how the story is going! And I hope you guys are excited for what's to come!

Vanquished Ones

Chapter Notes

Hello! I'm so sorry it's been so long since I posted! Had to be taken to the hospital for an emergency and it's only NOW that I was able to feel well enough to continue writing this!

Anyways! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

However many potions his dear ol' Dadza pushed down his throat, Wilbur could still feel the phantom throbbing pain of having his head slammed on the Prime path multiple times...

By his little brother...

His sunshine...

Wilbur sighed as he slowly stretched his frame off the dinning table in Techno's kitchen...

He could hear the utter silence that only the arctic air could bring to a field. The air inside the cabin was frigid, having no want or energy to maintain the fire in the fireplace lit. Techno could berate him all he wanted when he and the others came back....

More uncomfortable silence...

How did things get so messy?

But all he got in response was the surge of discord of his melody. His head ached and throbbed, whether it be by the damage done by his little brother or by his own mind but Wilbur paid no attention to this and watched the stove as he continued to heat up some milk.

It was the following day after ‘The Event’ and he had spent it with Phil frantically trying to heal him and left to his own devices in his room while the others tiptoed around Tommy. He flinched as his melody swooned higher and higher, a laughing section of wind instruments screeching through his soul.

Never in all his years of knowing his bundle of sunshine would he have ever expected Tommy to turn against him. Sure, there was back in Pogtopia when the delirium of his melody was at its crescendo, thoughts of Tommy betraying him for Manburg started to creep inside of him but deep in his soul he knew that it would never happen. It was the *one* universal truth that he clung to back in his darkest time...

But he had thrown that away...

He was a fool. He let himself indulge in the last dregs of his insanity to avoid facing the reality of the situation. He let himself be consumed by a melody of his own making and in his wanton yearning for his most opulent crescendo, he let go of Tommy’s unyielding loyalty to him.

Under the guile of righteousness he justified every shout, every reproach, every hit to his body with talks of it being for his own good. He reprogrammed Tommy’s affection towards him to be not one of familial love but that of an addict needing his next fix. So no matter the amount of abuse he suffered under his thumb, he knew that Tommy would come back to him, no matter what.

It started in their childhood, with the abandonment of their father and his jealousy over the attention his older brother got as they grew up. The utter venom that grew inside of him almost drove him insane, to the point that he left his sunshine to stay behind while he left home to try and make something out of himself. Something that could outshine Techno and bring his father’s attention back to him, even if it would be for a brief time.

But then he met Tommy again out in the world. His brother had started to grow into his own, having dug a dumb little hole at the side of a mountain and running around, pranking anyone he could. When he met with him, there was a part of him who feared how Tommy would react to seeing him again but he let out a sigh of relief when the little gremlin tackled him in a warm hug.

But still, his need to create a legacy for himself, his need to one-up his own twin pushed him into falling deeper and deeper into his melody. The dissonance of his own creation then began with the need to go against Dream's rules...

Then that brought about the hotdog ban which was when he first got a taste of the type of power he could have over people...

And then began the birth of his greatest symphony...

L'Manburg...

And what a fucking mistake *that* was!

His melody just started to swell up more and more as time passed and the more and more his power over people began to shake, the more his ears stopped listening to anyone about what was happening around him. All he could hear was his own mind and of course he was right and everyone else was wrong!

Then came the wonderful climax of him destroying his wonderful polyphony. His pleading of his father to take his final life and then his fall into the murky trap of his Limbo. The damp walls of a train station surrounded him for the following thirteen years as his only companion was a drunk dictator, a high Mexican version of the green bitch and his own melody.

But that all changed when out of nowhere, Tommy appeared.

After calming him down, he was so happy and eager to talk with someone knew. To talk with his sunshine to light the emptiness of all those years in isolation. But this Tommy was different from the one he remembered leaving behind...

He was afraid. So very afraid...

And he wasn't just talking about being afraid of his own Limbo... But Wilbur could tell that this was something deeper. Something carved into Tommy's own bones leaving nothing but ichor and sinew pouring from the wound.

But at that point, he didn't really care did he? All he cared about was that there was a new voice joining him in the utter apathy of the realm of gray that his Limbo offered him. No matter how much he heard Tommy crying or stuttering over his words he pushed game after game paying no attention to him.

But then he left him...

And then the anger he felt for his father and twin then extended to Tommy.

How dare he leave him behind in his own hell! How dare he leave him like the others left him! HE was the one who was supposed to stay! HE is the one who should never question him!

And then Dream revived him...

And as he took in his first breath of fresh air, staring down at Tommy and his friends all he could do was start to plan.

He could not help but wince at the memories. How he immediately started idolizing the green bastard and caring nothing about what Tommy could be saying against him. *Dream* got him out of Limbo so *of course* he was gonna help him escape the unwarranted punishment of prison!

He didn't care to see what was happening around him. He let himself be blinded by his own melody that he talked himself into believing that he was right and even Tommy was wrong in what he was saying. He abandoned him in Limbo, so of course he needed to be taught a lesson!

His eyes shifted over to the whistling of the kettle and began the process of making a hot chocolate. His movements were robotic, he was generally doing this out of pure muscle memory as his mind let himself wonder again.

And why wouldn't he? It was only when somebody smacked some sense into him that he realized his mistakes. Ever since Tommy had left his shulker box behind, after all this talk of his sunshine leaving, leaving him for *good* this time? It scared him more than him going *back* to his Limbo.

So he made excuses. Made the stupid mistake of making up reasons why his sunshine would leave them. Leave *him* . And he never realized how he pushed Tommy past his limit.

It was when they found him and saw the destruction in his wake that he knew what was happening. He and Tubbo had seen it once before of course. Back when they trio still lived in the old cabin and Tommy's faith in his father and twin was dwindling...

Wilbur himself had already given up hope that they would ever come back for them. Tubbo really never truly knew them. But Tommy was different. He held onto the hope that they would return and they would all be one big happy family! But Wilbur could only see how his hopes got turned into ash. He was witness to the creation of a bitter and angry man. It was all he and Tubbo could try and do to keep him happy but then one day...

One day, a band of pillagers found their cabin.

They came at night. The boys were just coming back inside when they started to hear the familiar jangle of their armor. They ran back to the cabin and screamed at him about their impending battle. Wilbur could tell that while Tubbo understood the severity of the situation they were in, Tommy was vibrating with excitement at the thought of engaging in battle with someone (anyone really). And while Wilbur loved nothing but to encourage his little ray of sunshine, he knew that in this scenario he had to be an adult.

And thus, he pushed the two into their basement and showed them how to handle the hidden passageway. Ignoring their cries for him to hide with them, he turns around and grabs one of Techno's old swords. The thing was covered with a small layer of dust from being unused,

but Wilbur was happy to feel that it had not faltered in balance nor in sharpness. A true testament of its previous maker...

Wilbur ears then started to catch the Pillagers advancing onto their territory. He gulped as he set foot outside their cabin and prepared himself to protect the two boys under his care. But he knew that he was not the warrior of this family. Sure, Phil and Techno made sure to instill the proper techniques and moves as that of a proper soldier but Wilbur had always taken more to the spoken words and the wonderful soliloquies he could make with his music...

But right now he couldn't stand back and let his big brother take charge. He would need to protect the only people he had left at his side. And as the bandits broke through the treeline, six in total, he remembered how dried his mouth was and how sweaty his palms held against the hilt of the sword. But no matter what he felt, he let out a yell as he sped toward his newly found enemies.

The fight was fast but nevertheless predictable. Wilbur was proud to say that he was able to take two of them down before the others overwhelmed him. The remaining bandits tied him down and it was all he could do from banging his face on the cobble pathway. The others started to circle him, taking their time to taunt and ridicule him as they played with the smaller of their knives all over his exposed skin.

At that time, Wilbur fully believed that the time had come for him to join his mother. That he would die at their hands after he was tortured for their entertainment. But for the first time, he was ok with that notion. If only for the fact that his death would mean that Tommy and Tubbo would get to live another day. He was worried about them being able to survive in the wild after he was gone, but he knew that Tubbo would no doubt keep them alive and well until they could reach the nearest village for help.

He was at peace. But that didn't stop himself from feeling every slice and minor stab against his skin. While he was no warrior like Techno, his pain tolerance was enough that the only thing the bandits got from him was a few minor grunts here and there. But he guessed that those were not enough to satisfy their sick games and so the next thing he knew, there was an axe on his shoulder and a scream was ripped from his throat.

His scream was long and echoed throughout the clearing as the bastards roared in victory. He was left panting, trying desperately to get his body back in control but all he could feel was

the deep cut of the axe in his shoulder and the utter dreadful thought that his time had finally come.

Memories of his childhood seem to flash behind his eyes. Thoughts of an absent father and an aloof brother abandoning him... The weight of responsibility as he began to take care of his little sunshine... The barmaid he was utterly besotted he saw one day at the local joint by the docks... And he felt tears rolling down his cheek at the utter inability to have made something of himself before his demise.

He closed his eyes, letting his body sag as he waited with baited breath the final move that would bring him into his mother's arms.

A beat... and then-

A roar.

His eyes busted open as his body froze in terror. His eyes cleared up in a snap as he tried to find whom it was that utter that roar. Because his ears must be tricking him. There must've been some sort of joke.

Because what he heard could not have come out from his sunshine's mouth...

But terror gave way to helpless agony, for as he stared back at the cabin, he could clearly see his Tommy, his tiny, precious little brother looking back at him with something he has never seen before.

Standing right in front of them, there stood Tommy, right by the open main door looking back at them. And right then and there, Wilbur felt his heart stop...

For the person before him was not the same small ray of sunshine that was his brother. There were no blinding smiles, there was no cackling laughter. There wasn't even the same clumsy stance of a pre-teen trying to learn how to control their growing body. And he wanted to cry

out, to scream and shout at the utter stupidity of Tommy following him to the fight when he knew very well he wouldn't win.

But he didn't...

Instead, Wilbur could tell that something had changed for his little brother. He saw how his stance shifted to one Techno tried to teach them once before. Wilbur saw the glint of metal hidden under his all too big hoodie that he promised he would grow into because he was the biggest of all men. But Wilbur was closer to the Pillagers, his ears attuned to their amused growls and the beginning of laughter at his brother's expense. He swore he heard music. Languished in its infancy, but it was music nonetheless. He assumed there must've been a nearby caravan starting to make their trip to a new village and he then began to think that he could stall the bandits while Tommy went and got help.

But what happened next silenced any thought he might've gotten. Wilbur saw the exact moment when something clicked inside Tommy. Where wild and furious eyes turned wide and unblinking. But his gaze never left the Pillagers. Instead, he began to walk towards them and one foolish man decided he would take care of the one they thought of as a nuisance.

But as soon as the man approached his brother and was about to lay a hand on him, there was a flash of steel and a stream of blood spluttered out from the man's neck. Tommy paid him no attention as he continued walking towards the rest of them, a grin started to be carved up on his stoic face and Wilbur couldn't help but shiver.

This was not his brother...

With another roar, the others ran after his brother, desperate in their pursuits of vengeance for their fallen brother he supposed.

But Tommy roared in return and Wilbur could only stand in stoic silence as his little brother relentlessly attacked the poor sods. Wilbur's ears ache as Tommy's roar reverberated inside his skull. He remembers the feeling quite well even after all these years. He watched as his brother systematically ended each of the Pillager's lives in the most effective but brutal way possible. And just as fast as the skirmish began...

It was over.

And there he was. His little brother. His precious sunshine. Bathe in the blood of bandits. And If he was quite honest, Wilbur didn't know what to make of the creature that stood before him. Tommy had always been the one he had to take care of, the one he had to protect at all cost. But seeing him take care of the Pillagers like they were nothing? Seeing such a brutal animalistic side to him, Wilbur worried that he would lose his little brother to the thrill of the fight like he had lost his twin.

But his worries were for not. When Tommy turned to see him, his face broke from the weird frozen mask of his and Wilbur could recognize the fearful gaze of his sunshine. Immediately as if a spell had broken, Tommy threw down his twin daggers and ran to him, frantic hand moving up and down his body but not really touching him anywhere.

Wilbur's ears then caught another sound coming from the cabin. And he saw a wide eyed Tubbo as the younger boy's gaze still remained on the bodies splayed around the clearing. A moment passed when the only sound available was Tommy's ramblings about him needing an arm replacement and who knew what kind of damage he got and how glad he was that he was just the biggest man ever because he would always be there to protect his big brother...

Wilbur's eyes met with Tubbo's and the two shared a knowing look. Without a word having to be shared, the two bowed to never allow Tommy to be in such a desperate position lest he falls into this new found version of himself. While Tommy would always be his sunshine, Wilbur now understood that he embodied that term quite literally. His little brother had always been the light of his life, quite the ball of endless energy and he would not change that for the world. Being with Tommy was almost like sitting next to a fire, warm and comfortable as long as you knew how to handle it. But this new side of him? Was nothing but everlasting fire. A torment of nether fire and blood. A being that thrived on nothing but chaos and blaze...

He knew all of this. He'd *seen* all of it! So he asks himself why in the seven dimensions did he think that it was a good idea to antagonize him when he was so close to *that* form?

As he finished making the cup of coco, his ears started to pick up the sound of feet walking around the snow around the cabins. He carefully grabbed the cold beverage and walked towards the window, his breath getting caught as he stared at his little brother's figure.

Tommy was walking around the snow, still hadn't taken off his armor and he kept staring in the far distance...

He was doing rounds...

Did Tommy feel so insecure in the arctic commune that he didn't trust them to keep him safe? Or was it the fact that their actions against him were so unforgivable that he refuses to set foot inside the cabins where there is warmth and comfort? How much had he fail to notice about his little sunshine that it was now a simmering fire ready to attack?

But then again, Wilbur knows that when it comes to himself he did the ultimate sin against him...

He abandoned him. Just like the others...

But enough of self pity. If Tommy refused to come inside and allow him to talk then he would simply go out and follow him. And thus, he adjusted his leather duster around him no matter the fact that he still could not feel the cold and opened the front door.

Wilbur was grateful that the arctic weather had decided to forego the high winds and had decided to settle into a quiet and still night. He ignored the buzzing feeling of all the potions still in his system and kept walking towards Tommy, mug of steaming coco in hand.

He would just approach his little brother, offer him the mug and then try to apologize for what he said before. In a way, he was grateful that Tommy knocked some sense into him. His melody seemed to have come down from its dissonance and started playing a brand new tune. What it was, he was not sure. But it was filled with emotions that he had felt before but for now it eluded him their meaning.

“What are you doing here?” It was all he could do to stop himself from jumping away from Tommy. He must’ve lost himself in thought and Tommy had gotten behind him. He turned around and put on his most charming smile.

He had to get this right.

“O-oh! Hey Toms!” Wilbur exclaimed, slightly too loud against the silence in the clearing. “I uh, just wanted to-“

“Do not call me that again. Now what do you want?”

Silence fell between the two. Wilbur gulped and kept his smile on as he offered the cut to his brother.

“I just wanted to bring you something to keep yourself warm. It’s awfully cold out here.” His nerves shot up when Tommy did not grab the mug in his hand, instead he simply stared at it for a second before glaring back at him.

“... I don’t feel the cold like the others do.” He saw Tommy’s eyes narrow. “You should know that.”

“.. R-right!” Ok. Not the *best* start but he kept on going. “But uh, our bodies are still susceptible to extreme weather! So you should make sure that it stays warm and protect it from the elements.” Wilbur could see the moment where his anger turned to disgust.

At him? For what?

“I’ve dealt with frostbite before. I know what it looks like...” Brief flashes of his stupid ghost version flashed behind his eyes, giving him a memory of Tommy, laying down on Techno’s bed, his finger purple with what he could only assume was the early stages of frostbite.

He gulped.

“R-right...” Wilbur kept going, for he knew that he would reach Tommy at the end of this. He had too. “I- uhh... I’ll start the fire back up so when you come inside it’ll be-”

“I’ll head back to Ranboo’s cabin when I need it.”

There was no hesitation. No shake to his voice. Tommy would not come inside their cabins... What kind of damage had they all done to his sunshine?

“What is this about William?” Tommy asked, sighing with annoyance clear in his tone. “You never try to talk to me unless you want something. So what is it?”

Finally he let his face show how nervous and upset he was at the moment. He was really trying here...

“Now, that’s not fair. I’m trying to...” No beating around the bush then. “Tommy I’m sorry...”

“For what?” No hesitation. Again. Just the same monotone voice and a face that was simply carved from obsidian...

“For saying that you deserved to have your child taken from you...” Wilbur pushed forward. Hoping against all odds that he could get his point across. “I know that I would’ve gone insane if somebody would’ve taken Fundy from me.” He took a deep breath and closed his eyes before continuing.

“I-I realize that no matter what Dream did for me, getting me out of my Limbo, it was no excuse to idolize him as much as I have.”

“I haven’t been able to think clearly since before we started L’Manburg... A-and I think you knocked some sense into me!” He let out a pained laugh as he rubbed the back of his head with his free hand. “Techno must’ve been over the moon about that!” More awkward laughter against the background of nothingness...

“So. I just wanted to let you know that I forgive you. And that I’m sorry.” He tried smiling again, this time even daring to try and nudge his sunshine but Tommy simply avoided his touch. “I guess I really needed that beat down, eh?!”

This silence was making his skin crawl. How could they let things go so far. What was it that Tommy found so unforgivable about them? About him? He was his *‘Wilby’*, his big brother! There wasn’t a day in all his life that he didn’t idolize him!

But he would follow this new normal. He would let Tommy air his grievances and he was sure that they would become as close if not closer than what they were before!

“Great! So I’ll uhh-” Wilbur kept talking as he gestured back to the cabins. “I’ll go and make Techno give back your skulker! We can’t have you be back with us and not-”

“Why would I want it back?” The mere fact that he would even ask that froze him more than the cold tundra ever could.

“Well... you’re here right?” He asked, trying desperately not to let his panic show in his words. “So you’re not leaving any time soon! We’ll just get my new nephew back from Dream and we can all put all of this unpleasantness behind us!” But when he expected to see the stoic façade of his little brother break into a smile at the prospect of coming back home, all he got in return was a mirthless and painful cackle.

“You still don’t get it do you?” Tommy asked him but before he could try to speak, he continued. “I am not a part of this family. I haven’t been for a while now.”

“Oh come on Tommy! That was just a misunderstanding!” Wilbur exclaimed as he tried to bring back any hope of reconciliation back. “You’ll see! We’ll get your stuff back, talk things through and before you know it we will all be laughing at this one day!”

“William!” He couldn’t help it.

He jumped...

He looked at his little brother and now saw a different side of the hidden inferno. This time it wasn't a wild roaring fire out of control. This was colder, almost akin to the sensation of frostbite. The all encompassing heat that comes from the freezing temperatures at the end of the extreme.

"I see your head is still stuck on the same stupid song." He heard Tommy continue, his eyes wide open, unblinking in his presence. "So let me clarify things for you..."

And finally he hears his melody again...

"I was four when Philza decided to roam the realms with Technoblade, leaving us two behind without a second look." His sunshine began, all the while circling him. "I was six, when you decided to go out into the world on your own in search of some sort of fucking validation!"

The Sonata Form. The rise of the new concerto that would introduce the feeling of this new piece being led by his little brother...

"I was seven when I decided to go out on my own. Make it big you know? Just like my big brothers!" Wilbur winced and Tommy's face broke out the same carved smile from oh so long ago. "And all that got me was seven long years trapped inside a realm where *true* anarchy reigns supreme."

No...He was supposed to be safe. He was supposed to grow up in peace!

... but how would he do that when he was all so alone?

"I was fourteen when I made it here. And at the beginning, things were good." Tommy's head twisted to catch Wilbur's eyes with his own. "I was pulling off harmless pranks and yeah, people were annoyed with me but they didn't try to kill me for them!"

“Then you arrived...” he felt his heart skip a beat. “To be honest, I was so excited to see you again... Would you be proud of me? How I was able to survive on my own? Would you see how much of a Big Man I was?”

“Tommy, of course I was proud! I still-”

“But no! None of that happened. You immediately decided to take over the narrative. You decided to stick it to the man!” He heard an unnatural growl spit out from Tommy’s chest. Wilbur felt the pain in his words. “And you were my big brother so of course I was gonna help you!”

“You dragged me into a war of your own making. You wasted the last dregs of the childhood I wished to have.” A push. Wilbur tried his best to steady himself but he was never one of great strengths. “I became your Commander, willingly flung myself into the frontlines with the rest of my soldiers!” A brief spark of indignity at the use of ‘*my*’ in that accusation.

“Hey! They were mine to begin with!”

“They’ve long since stopped being yours!” Once again, he heard Tommy roar out his anguish as he pushed against him once again. He could feel the cooling sludge of the coco sliding down his hand. “The people I fought alongside were *mine* to protect! You ignored their pleas for your aid and I took over command. They. Were. *MINE* !”

A brief pause. Before he kept pacing around him...

“... I was fourteen when I gave two of my lives in order to give you your damned victory. And *still* you didn’t care!” Tommy screamed and Wilbur felt the dregs of his melody replicate and reverberate the same tone inside his head. “We were exiled and all you gave a damn about was to get back the power you think belonged to you!” Tommy continued to circle him.

“I was fifteen when you started to hit me. I was fifteen when you started to berate me if you ever thought I would leave your side!”

The exposition... the familiar theme he finds in his melody.

“And I was sixteen when you blew up the country I gave two of my lives for and ended yourself like a coward!”

The utter *ruin* he brought to Tommy’s feet...

“You left me. Just like all the others.” Wilbur tried his best to stay standing. But it was hard... “You left me behind and Dream began to manipulate things in his favor. Like he always does.”

Silence.

“You left me to be tortured and manipulated during my second exile. You left me to misery and damnation at the hands of that green bastard.” Wilbur tried to shake his head in denial but Tommy was quick to stop that. He placed both hands at the side of his face, keeping it captive as he was witness to the utter death of warmth he saw behind his sunshine’s eyes. “I was eighteen when Technoblade and Philza declared themselves to be judge, jury and executioner of the last scrap of good I had left in this fucking server!”

Ruin ..

“I had my very soul ripped apart from me and brought back to life in the most painful way imaginable!” Tommy let go of his face and kept circling him. “I was brought back to a world that had moved on after only *two days*! It only took two fucking days for people’s lives to go back to normal! To forget about me and who I was!”

Devastation...

“So yes. I want to leave this place. I want to leave and take my son with me.” The circling stopped as he gestured vaguely to the empty field around them. “I want to keep him safe. I want to give him the childhood I never had. I want him to grow up without hunger nor worry of when the next fight would be!”

The Development of Theme... And Wilbur then felt himself letting tears fall from his eyes...

“But Dream took him from me. He took my hatchling from me and you laughed in my face and told me I deserved it! You proclaimed him your savior and expected me to be ok with it!” Wilbur could find no light, no join in the broken laughter of his brother. “And now you're telling me we're even and that we'll be a family again? That you'll be my brother again?”

“I... Tommy I-”

“The truth is Wilbur, us two? Together? As a family? As brothers?” Tommy asked, obviously not expecting an answer before letting out a brief chuckle. “I think Eret put it best, don't you think?” Wilbur's eyes widened and he felt his lungs stop working.

Not that. Anything but *that!*

“No... Tommy please-!” But there was no mercy in his brother's eyes. Just the same wide eyes and carved smile.

"It was never meant to be!"

And with that. The finale...

Wilbur let himself listen to the sounds of his brother walking away from him but it didn't matter. Nothing else mattered any more.

With that accursed phrase, Wilbur knew that there were no second chances. There would be no reconciliation. There was nothing any of them could do to get Tommy to forgive them and have him come back home. A part of him was aware that he let the cup of coco fall from his hand. It was probably half-buried under the snow and would be lost to them all within the hour. Techno would probably get annoyed with him about the loss...

But that didn't matter...

Nothing else mattered...

He supposes nothing will ever matter again... Because he knew what theme his newly formed melody had created for him... and he knew now that there was nothing he could do to stop it.

A fate worse than dying...

Chapter End Notes

Wilbur will forever be one of my favorites to write just because I adore going back to my musical roots! And I hope some of you saw me trying to put some of his lyrics into the writing.

I think some of you understood that I gave Wilbur a chat of his own. But for him, instead of voices or animals I decided to go with feelings of his chat and thus, they are able to influence Wilbur's mental state depending on what they choose to play. To me, Wilbur's decay into his insanity was a mixture of said Melody and his need for approval and abandonment issues. So it was a blast to experiment with it!

Anyways! Hope you like it! Trying to write as fast as I can!

While The Future Lives in a Cloud

Chapter Notes

Ahhhh a Tubbo chapter. Simply one of my favorites to write but ooohhhh what sweet sorrow it could bring!

:D

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“- and THEN he had the GALL to say that it was all a misunderstanding and that I should just go back home!” Tommy continued to ramble from the couch as Tubbo continued to work on their supper. “Like, I knew he was fucked up in the head five ways to sunday but to be THAT delusional? I know your Limbo can fuck with your head but I didn’t think he’d become that much of a tosser!”

Tommy had come back to Ranboo’s old cabin after another bout of rounds for the surrounding area of the commune. He’d come, arms flailing about, ranting and raving about Wilbur and Tubbo then fell back into his usual routine of guiding him to the nearest plush surface and letting him rant to his heart’s content while he dutifully nodded from time to time.

“So. What did you do?” Tubbo asked as he chopped the steak on the table to get it ready for the furnace, ignoring the shuffling and throwing of pillows coming from the tornado that was his best friend.

“I tell ya what I did! I fucking gave him a piece of his own medicine!” He heard Tommy’s familiar crackle of laughter and he felt himself smile gently hearing it again. “You should’ve seen his face when I reminded him of all the bullshit he put me through! I swear if I wasn’t leaving-”

Not hearing him continue, Tubbo gently turned off the stove top and turned towards the now still and nervous frame of his friend. He was wondering when he would talk to him about his leaving, whether it be by accident or not, he knew that it was just a matter of time with

Tommy. And yes, there was the smallest part of him that was nervous to face him head on. But a large part of him did its best to remain calm and relaxed.

He knew that Tommy would've already been under enough pressure trying to come to terms with this decision and Tubbo wanted to do his best to support him.

"If you weren't leaving...?" He asked gently as the hush inside the cabin started to be uncomfortable. Tommy looked at him wide eyed, hands fidgeting with each other as he took a deep breath.

"I... I am... Leaving, that is." Tommy stuttered out before taking another deep breath. "I'm sorry that you didn't hear it from me."

Tubbo blinked.

"You are?"

"Yeah. I-" Tommy then continued, "I was gonna come see you. I had a whole thing where I was gonna talk real serious about life and all that junk and about responsibilities but then things kinda... happened... And then I started thinking about it more and it just didn't seem right to bother you about me leaving the server."

"B-but I am. Leaving that is..." Tommy coughed while still staring at him wide eyed before jumping off the couch and began flapping about. "And look! Before you say anything-!"

"It's ok." He wondered why Tommy never came to him to tell him about his decision but all Tubbo could do was respect it. Tommy had helped him every time it was important and he wanted to offer the same form of comfort and kinship. So he would do his best to assure Tommy that he would be ok when he took off.

Even if it might be a lie...

“It... It is?” Tubbo simply gave Tommy a forgiving smile.

“Well, maybe a bit not good.” Tubbo jokingly stretched the maybe but made sure to sit down right beside Tommy and nudge his side. “But we’ve known each other for too long for me to take your decision as a slight against me...”

“That’s- I mean-” “Thank you! So much...” Seeing Tommy’s startled and surprised reaction, Tubbo let his eyes soften and his thoughts wander while the two fell under their familiar banter.

He could never understand how people couldn’t or just plain refuse to see who Tommy really was underneath all the layers of cursing and superficial anger. Tommy, who underneath all the layers of energetic chaos and whirlwinds of mad plans and cheeky pranks, hid the soul of a man who was desperate for belonging. A man who was willing to do anything in his power to protect what little family he could find. A man who was so very afraid to fail those he cared for that he doubts the value of his own life and hands it out like it was candy if it was for our benefit.

He had never regretted being friends with Tommy, not even considering all that happened to him during the birth and death of L’Manburg. Their friendship may have started out of necessity but it made him all the better for it. He honestly could not wish for anything better than to be associated with his friend, regardless of what anyone had to say about Tommy’s character. It was his loss that Tommy decided to finally let go of the people in this server...

But now, having finished their meal, Tubbo looked at Tommy’s place and was saddened to see the plate still be three quarters full. But this just reminded him that what Tommy was doing was for his well being. If he needed to leave this Prime forsaken place in order to heal then Tubbo would gladly wave him off with a smile if that’s what it took for Tommy to leave with peace of mind. As he busied himself cleaning up for the night, he could see Tommy sitting back on the couch with a pensive look so he let the silence continue between the two until Tommy was willing to talk.

He didn’t have to wait long.

“Tubbo?”

“”Hmm?

“Why did you exile me?” Tubbo felt his entire body freeze. Before adrenalin started surging through his body. He turned around to look at his best friend, who’s body looked to be calm but Tubbo recognized the way his entire body was coiled up like a spring.

“Why are you asking me that now?” He began as he dried his hands on the closest tea towel, trying his best to remain calm. “I thought we were past this...”

“No. We just ignored what happened when I came back.” Tommy answered, his voice still eerily calm. “But if I’m leaving, I want to know why you felt like giving in to Dream was the right idea?”

Tubbo turned around, keeping the dining room table between them as he tried to keep his cool about the situation. He had no idea why Tommy was willing to drag up one of the worst days of their lives just before he went away? He wanted to keep the peace, he wanted to leave Tommy with the best memory of himself so that maybe he might remember him fondly one day.

So why?

“Tommy, you know why.” He insisted, hoping against all hope that Tommy could just leave the question alone. “Dream was going to destroy L’Manburg if we didn’t give into his demands. I had no choice” Tommy stood up and all sense of calm had gone out the window.

“That’s bullshit and you know it!” Tubbo felt his hands start to crack the wooden chair he was holding onto so he slowly released it and took a subtle breath to calm himself. He was not about to lose his temper when Tommy was looking to get into a fight with him.

“No. That’s the truth.” He insisted, giving him a warning look in the hopes he could stop this conversation. “It’s not my fault you don’t want to hear it.”

Hearing this, Tommy simply ignored his warnings and started to pace, his eyes never leaving Tubbo’s. It was times like this that he felt that Tommy’s humanity was questionable. He knew that Tommy’s origins were questionable at best considering the only memory he had of his childhood was escaping from an evoker lab. Tommy insisted that he was just a human; but of course, he then started on a rant about being the ultimate perfect human and by then he kinda tuned him out.

But moment’s like this made Tubbo question things...

“We had a plan, Tubbo!” Tommy shouted, a hand clutching his head while the other gesture wildly in the air. “Quackity, Fundy, you and I discussed it at length! But you decided to give in to him when the time came!”

“It was the best way to avoid conflict with him!” He refused to feel guilty about the past. He refused to acknowledge the mistakes they’ve all made. He would not. Not again!

“Tubbo, you know who I am and what I’m willing to do for those that I love. I would’ve gone with Dream willingly, you’ve only to ask!” Tubbo closed his eyes, grabbed the chair again and took another deep breath. But he knew his calm would not last. “But instead you went behind our backs and let me hope that I wouldn’t be exiled from the country we built. Again!” He couldn’t help it. But he finally faced Tommy’s anger head on.

“You don’t want me to answer that...” Still he tried. Oh he tried so very hard to keep calm.

“No. I think I do!” Tommy then shouted as he got closer to him, pushing the chair on his side away from the table, leaning towards him. “I’ve kept quiet all this time because I thought I needed to serve some sort of fucking penance for what I said to you at the community house! But now-”

“Stop it! Just stop it!” He would not hear it. He will not. He will have a nice and calm conversation with his friend before he leaves him behind.

He will do this one thing. This one, proper good thing.

“Oh, you’d like that wouldn’t you!” Tommy rolled his eyes and spun around, arms going wildly around him. “You were all *‘Ooooh I’m Tubbo and I’m the President of NEW L’Manburg! Memememe! And we added the new because the old president was a dick and I’m so clever!’* I swear if you don’t tell me I-”

“Because you’re not the easiest person to deal with most of the time!”

Tubbo’s eyes widened as soon as the words left his mouth. And he could see that Tommy stopped in his tracks as well as he turned to see him wide eyes and shaking hands.

“...W-what?” But all thoughts of calm and peace flew out of his head as soon as he said the words.

And he could do nothing from what he was about to do.

“After the war and Shlatt and all of the bullshit in between, you refused the title of president and gave it to me when I didn’t even want the fucking position in the first place!” Tubbo accused him as he started to stomp around the table. “You gave me your responsibilities and you decided that meant you got to do anything you wanted!”

“That’s not true...”

“Of course it is! It’s always like that with you!” Tubbo retorted as he was now the one circling the table. “You just went everywhere without trying to do the work as my vice when I needed you!”

The anger. The all encompassing choking feeling of rage at the indignity and responsibility trusted upon his younger self. He had tried so hard to push it down, to make it as if nothing

had happened so that he could move on. So that he could live a normal life, with a small family of his own.

“You just played in the mud and went on a pranking spree!” He continued, unable to stop even though he knew the irreparable damage he was causing. “You kept antagonizing everyone and of course it came the time when you started poking at Dream!”

“I didn’t! Burning Goggy’s house was an accident!”

“It’s always something with you tho!” He snapped back. “You always have an excuse, so how did you expect me to handle that when I was barely keeping L’manburg together?” Vexation. Exasperation. The inevitability of his lack of control over his own life.

And the death of his oldest friendship...

“If I didn’t let Dream get his way, every citizen would’ve died of starvation if he put up those walls!” Tubbo continued, his eyes never leaving Tommy’s. “And who knows if he’d stop there!”

“I did what I did because I was a kid in control of an entire country.” He glared at Tommy, earning him a flinch. “And I’m sorry Tommy, but I could not put someone before everyone else who was counting on me to make the hard choices! Even if he was my best friend!” And once again he found himself accessing the table, putting a physical barrier between the two.

“No matter how much it killed me in the end...” The anger left him as fast as it came, leaving him gasping for air and shivering underneath his coat and trying desperately to come back to his usual aloofness but it seems like the control he kept over his emotions.

The two just fell under a heavy weight of silence and all he could hear was the drumming of his pounding heart. He fucked up. He had screwed up the final moments that he had with his best friend and now he had no idea what Tommy would do with him.

And yet, silence still remained...

The howling of the snow was the only thing that could be heard inside the cabin at that point. The crackling of the fire still roared behind Tommy's still body and all Tubbo could do was simply wait for the anger that would soon erupt from his friend. But when Tommy finally spoke, it froze him in place.

"Well, I'm sorry I'm so hard to deal with as a friend." Eyes wide and unblinking. And the beginning of a smile was starting to be carved on Tommy's face. A smile that he vividly remembered...

"Tommy, I didn't mean-"

"No no! I get it!" Tommy whispered as he began to approach the table ever so slowly. "I think I'm starting to understand why you were keeping your distance after Doomsday and the final battle! And it makes sense!" A twirl and a hand slamming itself on the wooden table.

"After all! I am apparently the surge of this fucking server!" He continued as Tubbo kept the table between them. "I'm so terribly sorry that you had to withstand my presence for so long! It must've been soooo terrible!"

"For fucks sake man! I didn't mean it like that!"

"Then how DID you mean it Toby!" The smile widens and his eyes remain fixed on him.

"How else am I supposed to take that my best friend gave me up to my worst enemy because I am *just* that difficult?"

How could it have come to this. The two of them, separated by a desk that might as well be built by the purest obsidian. He had never been on this side of Tommy's anger. He's been a part of his farce of course. Being against the ruse of his fake anger and delighted in playing fighting with him. Adored railing him up. But this?

“But then again. I suppose you were relieved after it happened. After all, once I was out of your way, you could take care of things without me fucking things up for you!”

He had only seen this once before...

“Tommy!” He shouted. Tried to stop him. But all he could do was witness his best friend shatter the table that acted as a barrier between the two.

“YOU NEVER CAME!” Fragments and splinters flew all about the small space. Tubbo scuttered backwards, trying to avoid any of them hitting him while never once letting his eyes leave that of his friend. His heart pounding in his ears as all he could see was a frozen, carved smile and the same unblinking eyes, that was now letting tears fall without a thought...

“... You never came to visit me in exile. Not even once!” Tommy wailed as his hands took hold of his head. “I bet you were just laughing up a storm in your office and just never cared enough to come for me!”

Tubbo had never seen his friend like this before. He could see that same unbearable fury he once saw but now he saw the type of inconsolable mourning that he’s never seen before. And he was responsible for this. At least a part of him.

And his heart broke once more...

“... Whatever. It doesn’t matter anymore.” Tommy whispered as his features began to soften into the distant mask he had put on himself. “Soon I’ll be out of your hair and you won’t have to deal with me any more.”

This, he could not stand.

“Why do you always put words in my mouth!” Tubbo snapped as he began to approach him, taking care of avoiding the debris. “It’s not that I didn’t want to go visit you! Is just that- I

was-” His mouth then decided it was the perfect time to stop functioning which Tommy was all too eager to take advantage of.

“Because they’re true!” Tubbo saw him roll his eyes as he turned around to walk. “And besides! You don’t need me anyways. You’ll have your family back sooner or later and you’ll forget I ever existed again.” Hearing this, he felt his heart speed up as hope tried its best to come forward but he made quick work to stamp that out before it got out of control.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Don’t be daft, man!” Tommy exclaimed as he turned around to face him. “Even I can see that Technoblade has put you and Michael under his protection!”

“He’s just doing that out of guilt man!” Tubbo argued as he took a step forward. “You know how I feel about him!” He tried to reach him, to put a hand on him, to hug him, to do something to hopefully bring him back. But Tommy simply stepped back, avoiding his touch like a poison and giving him a pained grin.

“Guilt or no guilt, having the favor of the Blood God means that the world will be yours if you only ask...” Tommy insisted before gesturing downstairs. “So it’s only a matter of time until he gets Ranboo back from the dead!”

Silence once more.

“Your family will be complete. He pays whatever fucking debt he thinks he has with you...” Tommy then bowed to him. “You return to Snowchester, safe and whole...”

Tubbo had thought about it of course. He knew that the Blade’s form of honor would make him try to bring his beloved back but even he knew that making Dream bring him back would be incredibly difficult and completely insane. He had hope but he still kept it at bay.

He knew better than to live with hope...

“And you’ll forget about me again.” Heart pounding.

Heart stops...

And anger swells.

“How dare you...” Tubbo hissed as he began to approach Tommy. “How fucking dare you! I never forgot you! Not once! Not ever!” Right now he was pounding his chest, each hit intonating every word. But whatever hope he had of having Tommy reacting to his words was for not.

“Rule five...” He heard Tommy’s whisper as he took Tubbo’s hands away from him. “Sometimes, we survive by forgetting...”

Tubbo immediately shook himself away and stepped back. Tommy simply smiled at him and stepped back in turn.

“That one took me a bit longer to understand. But I know that you didn’t let me go by choice alone...” He then gave Tubbo a sheepish grin. “I’m sorry if I made you feel like that.”

“But I didn’t forget you, you stubborn asshole!” Tubbo retorted, trying desperately to have his friend back. “I have a monument with your name on it that proves it damn it!” But Tommy simply raised an eyebrow at him in return.

“And?” Tommy asked as he went to the nearest window and simply looked outside. “Tubbo, I woke up from death to be surrounded by ridiculous and over the top monuments to remember me by. Monuments that were abandoned pretty much after they were built.” Hearing this just made his blood boil.

“And what? Did you expect us to be groveling at the foot of your memorials for time in memorial until it was our time to go?” Tubbo just went towards the sofa and let himself fall. “You know how things go on this server! Wars start, people die, we mourn but we keep moving on!” Memories of all the wars that they fought on began to plow through his mind but he did his best to keep them at bay. Keep moving on, that’s what they’ve always said they’ll do.

But he was the only one to try didn’t he?

He never noticed how Tommy never came with him. He remained in the ruins of the nation he once fought for. He has seen him do rounds around the crater in the dead of night. He supposes that having given two of his lives to it he would be more connected to it but there was always so ingrained in Tommy and L’Manburg that nobody could ever really understand.

“What I needed was someone who would willingly want to be in my presence more than once every two fucking months!” Tommy had remained back. Lost in the ruins of a painful remnant of the past. Tommy kept trying to stick with the happiest memories of their so called childhood, trying his best to ignore what time had done to the people.

But before he knew it, Tommy snapped forward and was in front of him, his rage filling his eyes back again.

“But *this* doesn't matter anymore. I’m gonna find my son and we’re gonna leave this fucking place so you and everybody else can finally be free of me!” And just like that, Tommy straightened, turned around and began to walk towards the front door. And his heart broke again.

He guessed that it was then that it truly hit him. Tommy. His best and oldest friend was leaving him behind. This was where their paths branched. And after so many years together, after everything they’ve been through, he finds himself lacking.

“And what if I don’t want you to leave?” Tubbo asked. Soft echoes of his greatest wish reverberating through the walls of his beloved’s old home. “What then?!” He knew he had failed Tommy, even more so than he had failed him. And now he had made things worse and ended up fighting in their last moments.

“What are you talking about!” He heard Tommy’s voice, desperate in his need for his new found laws. “Of course you do!”

“No, I bloody don’t you absolute cock!” Tubbo bellowed, not caring that he was crying at that point. “You are my best friend! How could you ever think that I would not want you to stay with me?”

Silence fell. And all Tubbo could hear were his own desperate gasps of air as he tried to control his tears to no avail. He had not truly cried since the very beginning of his arrival on this server but now that he started it seemed like he couldn’t stop. Amongst his tears however, he saw Tommy’s face twist and change filling up with rage once more...

“... Rule eleven.” Tommy whispered as he glared back at Tubbo. “Hurt me with the truth but never comfort me with a lie!”

“But I’m not lying!” Tommy simply stormed forward, eyes wide and unblinking as he took hold of his shoulders with a vice grip.

“You are! You have to be!” Tommy accused as he held him still on the sofa, towering over him as the flames of the fireplace drew out his shadow upon the wall behind him. “Or else everything that we went through, everything that you did to me makes no sense!” At that, he pushed Tubbo back into the cushions and took a step back looking down at him with nothing more than pure melancholy.

“So just stop this...” And with that, Tommy turns around and begins to walk towards the main door but stops. Tubbo was about to ask him to stop. Ask him to stay the night but when Tommy turned around, his words failed him. There Tubbo saw something shift in Tommy’s visage. The wide, unblinking eyes came and the frozen smile began to carve itself anew.

“Your life will be better when I leave! I will get my child, drop-kick Dream’s face a couple hundred times and then?” Tubbo must be hallucinating, must be going mad. A trick of the light. Because Tubbo could swear that he could hear Tommy’s voice rumble and echo as if there were hundreds of the same voice talking at the same time. “Then the pain I’ve felt for

so long will finally FUCKING **STOP !**” And with that, Tommy finally opened the door and slammed it shut.

Tubbo should follow him. He should stand up and drag him back where it was safe and warm. But there was only one thing he could think of at that time. Not just because that was the second time that Tubbo saw the same fury, the same agony of anger roaring through his friend. But because he finally saw something change in those unblinking eyes.

Tommy’s eyes.

Tommy’s eyes who had once started as the clearest blue, a never ending sky that was filled with sunshine and happy thoughts during his youth. The Grey eyes that showed the scars of multiple wars fought, of facing stacks of dynamite head on, of being tortured and manipulated for years.

There was no shift in the saturation. There was not a new hue of blue to bespeckle the face of the man he called his best friends. No... These eyes were something ancient. Something that lays dormant inside his Tommy...

These eyes were green.

Tommy now laid himself on the cold ground of the small cave he dug himself to sleep in for the night. Right after he stormed out of Ramboo’s old cabin, he immediately made his way towards the side of the mountain, far away from all the hidden rooms and compartments that both his tenants created.

It wasn’t anything big or grand. He only needed space enough to stretch himself as well as make a small fire to keep him warm. He had no need for comfort ever since his little hatchling was captured, not willing to put in the effort to give himself anything more.

He sighed as looked up at the encasing cobblestone above him, not willing to think of the conversation he'd just had. So he just tried to close his eyes and try to get his breathing back under control.

In. And out... In. And out. Just like the Captain taught him.

In. And out.

In. And out...

"Could you scooch over? It's a little cramped in here." His eyes snapped wide open and tried to stand, only to find the specter face of his deceased dual-colored friend.

"SON OF A BITCH!" Tommy screamed as he scrambled back, hitting the walls way too soon for his desire. But he simply took a look at the ghost before him, not really caring to laugh at his ginormous form twisting itself like a pretzel to fit themselves inside his little den. "Boo! What the fuck are you doing in here!"

"I saw you running off after your screaming match with Tubbo and it looked like you needed some company!" Tommy's eyes widened but he was quick to cover that with an old look of annoyance.

"W-well I-I don't! So you can fuck off man!" He then plopped himself back on the ground, twisting so he could give his back to the new annoyance. But it seems to be for naught because the asshole simply stretched himself to pop his face right in front of him.

"Hmmm... nope!" He heard Boo beamed as he slithered all around him. "I don't think I will."

"Ugh!" Tommy sat up and glared at him. "Why can't you melt off in the snow like Ghostbur! Then I could just throw you out and you'd leave me to mope..." At this, Tommy simply rolled his eyes and took out his pickaxe to begin expanding the den. Not because of Boo, of course not. He just did it because the tall bastard would keep squeezing him all night. And once the den had enough height and depth that Boo could lay comfortably next to him, Tommy laid back down and tried to sleep once more.

In. And out...

Just... In. And out.

“I never thanked you properly for what you did for Ranboo did I?” Groaning, Tommy turned his face towards Boo’s.

“... You already did, remember?” There was a beat before Boo’s eternally grinning face became softer at the edges.

“But he never told anyone what really happened when you came back...” Tommy simply blinked at him before it clicked. And then he felt a burning sensation on his cheeks.

“You-! Just-!” Tommy stuttered before he shifted back around. “Just keep quiet and let me sleep alright?” And then he closed his eyes really tightly.

“You got it Boss!” Eyes blasted wide open and turned back to him to send him a glare.

“Don’t call me Boss you knobhead!” Tommy growled as he tried his best to give his best glare. “It’s fucking weird!” But Boo simply grinned his brightest grin.

“I know you are but what am I?” Tommy rolled his eyes.

“Ugghhhh!”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a hoot and a half to write! The Tubbo in this story is one that understands Tommy on a level that not even Wilbur has. He has spent all that time quietly listening and sharing in Tommy's victories and sorrows as much as he can. There is a dichotomy with my Tubbo you see?

And the one thing that can trigger the flight or fight response in the two within their friendship IS his exile! To me that was the spark, the little starting point where their paths began to deviate from each other.

Hopefully the chapter makes sense! I'm finishing typing this at 7am after a writing binge and with too many cups of coffee in me so apologies if there are any and all typos!

Until next time!

Formidable From a Distance...

Chapter Notes

I am really NOT having a good end of the year... First a broken ankle, then I almost died and now Covid to top of the new year...

Anyways ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil carefully stretched out his wings as the sun started to crest over the horizon. He enjoyed the quiet of the arctic morning, reveling in the peace that the snowy biome brought to him before his mind began to echo through the cacophony of his thoughts.

He stayed back while the others tried to find a trace of Dream and the newest little one. He was able to hang back since his beloved crows could cover far more distance than he ever could by himself, so his time was spent filtering through the caws and scratches of his flock. In the meantime, he had some time to think.

And think he did...

It took some time for him to start accepting Fundy's words about the past as truth. It took a lot for him to accept what Tubbo had told him about Wilbur and Tommy and all the hurdles they had to endure in his absence. And when it all came down to it, the biggest proof that they were telling the truth was the shattered remains of Tommy's emerald earring...

As soon as he first laid eyes on the fragmented crystal inside a solitary bottle, he felt something in him break. He remembered when he first decided to create the gems; he had been bandaging Wilbur's knee after he had fallen down a tree that Techno had dared him to climb, and seeing the slightest bit of blood on one of his son's he decided he would make something to make sure he would always be there for each of them.

And so, he got to work. He merged each of the emeralds with one of his feathers, imbuing it with a piece of his code so that they would reflect when any of his precious children were

hurt and needed him. And it worked wonderfully! He managed to know every scrap, every bruise, every nick and broken bone of each of his children. He was able to be there for them, be there to take care of their injuries, be there to coddle and smother them in hugs and forehead kisses...

But he never expected one of his children to take the emerald off. He never expected that they would go through incredible suffering while trying to hide their pain from him. He never expected himself to rely on the precious gems so completely as to forget to truly keep watch on his flock that let his small family to crumble.

He didn't understand why it took him seeing his youngest, deep in the throes of madness and fury at the loss of his own son, for him to truly realize the failure he was as a father. It took his youngest striking at him with such ferocity that he was rendered useless.

He thought Tommy was just having a tantrum. A major one mind you, his children had never been known to pull their punches. But something that only needed him to raise his voice slightly, maybe even to knock his baby bird out so that they could take him away from the destruction he had caused and put him to right. But all that happened was him being used as a bargaining tool for his Warrior...

His youngest, fighting against them. Dealing with them with such brutality and ferocity that he worried that Tommy had gained a chat of his own. But he pushed those thoughts aside, as a chat brought with it desperation and an exodus of all faculties that Tommy did not have. He was desperate and in pain and oh so angry, but his anger was sharper somehow. When before his baby bird was all over the place, speaking a mile a second, the one he faced was silent, its softness now jagged and serrated into a powerful warrior of his own right.

And he knew that he had a big hand on this new version of Tommy...

He had let himself sink down into the words and stories that Tubbo and Fundy had told him. And he had found himself lacking in any excuse. He had abandoned his boys for the thrill of adventure. He was the one who pushed the responsibility of a parent on his eldest. He was the one who allowed his warrior to control his chat while bathing in blood. And honestly, he felt ashamed to ever think himself worthy of being called a father by his youngest, for the knowledge that he had not given him any thought after he left the old cabin now was a mark he bared on his soul.

But he wished he could...

The first time he had arrived in this server, after the devastation of having to kill his first born, he never thought to seek out his youngest. He never believed he needed somebody by his side as he assumed that Tubbo and the others would stick by him while he took the time to take care of Techno. He continued to ignore any clear signs of Tommy wanting to talk with him, not really paying any attention to how he was feeling, just thinking that Techno took the priority. And as time progressed, as Tommy got involved in politics, exile and his eventual betrayal against his own brother made his actions justified.

No matter what, he felt himself justified to rain fire on his own son. He was justified in working with his son's greatest enemy. He was justified in ignoring his youngest...

But that was all a lie...

He never saw the fear that Tommy had festering behind his usual façade of anger. He never saw his boy's spark start to diminish from the constant abuse and negligence he was experiencing. He never saw the sheer determination that ran through his veins. He never saw him grow up into the man he had become; filled with sorrow and terror, sure. But the Tommy he now saw was one that ran on pure spite. He saw a man, no, a father that would protect his own with something akin to the most ferocious mobs he's ever faced. He saw someone who was capable of keeping his loved ones safe and if he failed then he would wreak havoc upon his enemies. Someone willing to sacrifice himself to the good of others. He was someone to be proud of!

But he could take no credit for this...

He had abandoned Tommy when he needed him the most. Left him to wait for him without end. Ignore his cries for attention and pain. Without a proper father figure. Just the idolatry of a father figure that never truly cared for him due to his own boredom...

But this was not a time to dwell in the past. He had made very grievous mistakes, but if there was one thing he knew, it was that his baby had an infinite capacity for forgiveness. But he

was going to need to work for it, he'd grovel if he needed to. But he would get Tommy to forgive him.

He had too...

Thus, he began to work last night. He poured hours upon hours into crafting a brand new set of jewelry, one for his youngest and another for his grandson. He hoped that the offer of a new pear could show Tommy that he truly means to get back his trust. Something like a peace offering so pave the way for a brighter future.

Just then as he stepped outside his cabin, his eyes caught sight of his baby bird emerging from the side of the mountain. Decked in his odd-looking armor, sword steady at his side, he watched as Tommy approached him as they had agreed to keep him updated on how their search for Dream was going.

Once Tommy was a few feet away from his cabin, Phil jumped off the ledge and landed firmly in front of him, trying to ignore the way his baby bird immediately got in a defensive pose, poised to take out his sword at any second.

"So!" He blurted out and winced when he realized how loud he was against the silence of the arctic. "How come I saw you coming out of the side of the mountain this morning?"

Dear merciful Death he was not good at small talk was he?

"Why do you care?" Tommy asked, glaring at him as he went back to a more relaxed, if not still coiled stance.

"W-well! I just thought you were staying with Tubbo and Boo!" Phil continued. "Did something happen?" He hoped against all hope that the friendship his little hatchling had with Tubbo still remained true. But what he saw in his eyes was a fleeting flash of pain unending.

“Not that it concerns you.” He heard Tommy growling out. “But we just talked about a few things to clear things up between us.” Defensive and aloof in his meaning. Phil knew that it would not be wise to push him for more information right then so he tried to change the subject.

“Oh? Well that’s good!” Phil exclaimed, but seeing Tommy’s eyes narrowing he kept explaining. “You boys have been the best of friends since you were a wee one! But, then why were you outside so early then?”

It was then that Phil noticed what Tommy was wearing. Underneath the armor, he could see the all too familiar red and white cloth of his t-shirt engulfed by a deep blue woolen sweater. His eyes softened slightly recognizing the familiar shade of blue but kept looking at the rest of his frame. He could not understand how Tommy was not shivering right then. Sure, the wind had died down but the temperature still required them to be fully isolated. His hands itched to cover him with his wings...

“You should remember to wear something warmer than a sweater while you’re out. Oh! I know! Here! You can take my cloak and-” He pulled his cloak off him and tried to put it around Tommy but the little hatchling began to struggle away from him.

“Geroff will ya!” Tommy pushed himself off and started to walk away, but Phil simply followed right after him.

“I’m just saying!” Phil continued as he put his cloak back on. “If you need a place to stay, I’d be more than happy to-”

“I can handle myself just fine, thank you very much!” Tommy barked at him. “I don’t need anyone’s fucking pity.” Phil felt himself wince at the indirect slight against him.

“But! It’s not pity!” He pleaded as he continued to follow. “I’m just trying to make sure you’re ok!” He ached to turn Tommy around. To put his wings around his slender form and to cover him from the dangers of the world. But he knew his touch would be unwelcomed...

“And since when do you ever do that?” Tommy barked once more, venom clear in his voice and Phil drank it willingly.

It was less than he deserved...

“Just-! Please, just listen,” He didn’t care, desperate he sounded. He would plead and beg his youngest for forgiveness until time eternal if need be. “I’ve been meaning to talk with you. I wanted to gi-” But before he could continue, a raised hand stopped him in his tracks. Tommy simply glared down at him with such apathy and hatred that he would seldom do anything else at that moment other than look.

“No offense- Actually, fuck that!” Tommy shook his head and took a step towards him, accusing finger pointing at him. “With every offense meant, what makes you think I would wanna talk with you?”

“I-” he stammered out. “I know things have been... bad between us but I am still your father!” With that declaration, his hope against all hope, the two fell silent. Phil watched Tommy’s frozen expression, a look of astonishment and half anger. He started fidgeting when his little bird continued to remain in that form for a few more beats and he was about to reach out for him. Until Tommy’s face broke and started laughing at him.

“Oh man! That has got to be the funniest shit you’ve ever said to me!”

“Why are you laughing?!” Phil shouted at his still laughing child before taking a few steps closer to him. “Tommy, I’m trying to talk to you. I’m trying to make an actual connection here!”

Phil could only watch as Tommy laughed even harder than before, coughing and trying desperately to draw in air and this made him clench his fist hard enough to start to draw blood. He took a deep breath to keep himself calm before trying to approach Tommy just as he was calming down.

“I know it’s not easy... Not having your boy underneath your wing...” He began, trying his best to connect with Tommy as a father. “I know that losing a child can be overwhelming-”

“I didn’t lose anything. My baby was taken from me.” Tommy growled out before he turned and started walking away from him. “And I’ll get him back...”

This was not working. It seemed like no matter what he tried to talk about, he put his foot in his mouth. Of course Tommy must be out of his mind with worry! And frustrated as hell while they kept an eye out for him, even if it was for his own good. Phil shook his thoughts away and went after his littlest bird. The agony of losing a child is one he knew all too well. And he would not allow his own son to go through that alone.

“Would you tell me how you managed to come across him?” He whispered, desperate for any morsel of information on his grandson. “You didn’t steal him, did you?” Phil grinned as he said this, the obvious jest ringing in his voice.

However, it didn’t seem to do anything but drive his youngest away with a roll of his eyes and a soldiers gate.

“I mean really!” Phil continued, hoping against all hope that he could get Tommy to look at him. To talk to him. To allow him the pleasure of one of his hugs. “I am so ecstatic that I’ll have a proper grandson to spoil! I was so happy when I heard you had a son! That’s why I-”

“Oh my dear Prime, will you shut up?!” Phil blinked at Tommy’s exclamation, stopping dead in his tracks.

“... E-excuse me?”

“Do you not see how much of a hypocrite you’re being right now?”

“What? What are you talking about?” Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say. He saw how Tommy’s pupils shrunk to pins and his mouth twisted itself into a grimace.

“Fundy!” His eyes widened at the name. “Fundy is your first grandson! Your true blood descendant! And if you think for one second that I’m going to let you do the same things you did to *MY* son then you’re even more senile than I thought!”

Phil’s eyes closed in shame as he thought of the furry little man. He would always think of Fundy as one of his biggest failures, having not reacted as well as he wanted to the news of a new addition to his family lineage. He felt too awkward, out of place. He saw his boys having aged far worse than what he expected, he had killed his eldest at his behest and he had watched as his so-called grandson paraded himself around as this big part of government. Just a child playing pretend...

“Fundy’s different!” Phil tried to explain. “I never had the chance to watch him grow up! And by the time I got here he was off manipulating the government and vilifying me and Techno!”

“And here we go.” Tommy rolled his eyes. “It’s never your fault, is it? Not the fact that you weren’t in our lives! Not the fact that you missed seeing us grow into the people we are today!”

“Do you even know *why* Fundy is the way he is?” Phil simply blinked in confusion.

“The way he’s what?” He asked while he shook his head. “Toms’, you are not making any sense!”

“He isn’t grown up because you were gone a long time!” He heard Tommy bellow, indignity clear in his tone. “He was forced!”

“What?”

“Did it not occur to you how little me and Wilbur had aged but Fundy is a twenty something year old little shit?” Tommy stepped forward and Phil was ashamed to say that he took a step back.

“I... I just thought-”

“A fox hybrid will find themselves aging rapidly if they find a threat to their life so great that they can’t deal with it in their current form.” Tommy screamed as he pushed Phil back, his body coiling into something that was similar to yesterday’s disaster. “Fundy aged up just after losing his first life in Dream’s trap back in the first War.”

“I-” He had been through thousands upon thousands of wars in his lifetime. He understood that innocence is always the first casualty of war. But to murder children to gain victory was nothing short of diabolical...

“Being forced to grow up right as he respawned...” Tommy’s voice got softer as he looked down at his hands, lost in his memories of a tragedy long past. “His cells were engulfed in flames for the next few days as his coding adapted to what happened.” A beat passed before Tommy snapped out of his mind and looked at him with such a broken gaze that it almost brought Phil to his knees.

“It broke Wilbur’s heart to hear the little furball screaming in pain for so long...” A moment, and then those pain-filled eyes morphed back to anger.

“But why am I saying this to you?” Tommy growled as he gave Phil another push back. “You, who continue to ignore and belittle and outright deny him as your own blood!” With another big push, Tommy stomped over to him and glared at him.

“Why do you think I would ever share my hatchling’s story?” Tommy jeered. “And how dare you assume I would ever want you in our lives!” Phil couldn’t help the shiver that ran through his spine as he heard this. But it did nothing to stop him from shouting back.

“Of course I want to be in your lives!”

“You always do this kind of shit!” Tommy sneered as he got closer to him, looking directly at his eyes. “Why? Why do you insist on being this fake ass paternal figure? Is it guilt? Ego?”

Phil gulp as he heard this. He knew he was carrying his fair amount of guilt. He had left his children alone to satiate his instincts of flight and travel. And there was no excusing that...

“At least now I understand that I’ve never been your son in any way, shape or form.” His eyes snapped open in horror as he heard his baby bird’s defeated but accepting tone.

“What? NO!” Phil shouted as he grasped both of Tommy’s shoulders, startling the younger man. “Tommy, never think that!” To hell with self control. He took Tommy in his arms, taking advantage of having startled his baby bird, and took him in his arms, his wings engulfing them both in shadows.

It might’ve lasted for a few seconds or even maybe a minute, but Phil felt when the stunned and surprised frame of his little bird locked up and started to shiver. But Phil knew that Tommy wasn’t shivering due to the weather...

Phil tried holding him tighter, thinking that it was just his insecurities about his place in the flock. He wanted to make him understand that no matter what happened between them all, nothing would change. He would still be his precious baby bird and he would care for him just as he always had.

But then Tommy was pushing him away, fighting against muscles and feathers until he was once again exposed to the elements of the arctic. Phil could only watch as Tommy’s body shook as he stared at him with so many warring emotions that it made him dizzy. Phil could see desolation, want, fear, need, agony and so much more hidden behind those wide eyes. And Phil then realizes, too late, that Tommy was scared. Of the dark, of the tight space he was in...

Of him...

“W-why are you being like this? This is what you wanted right?” Tommy sneered at him, trying to pull his wall of anger back up. Trying to distance himself away. “One less burden to weigh you down. So you can just fly away without any guilt or need to fulfill any form of duty when it comes to me?”

Phil can only stare at Tommy. It was as if there was a fog that was beginning to lift from his baby bird's visage, beneath the waves of anger and the bright sun-filled child he remembered now lay a man who was scared, terrified out of his mind and eternally on guard against the foes that live in his family and beyond.

"Toms- Tommy. I know I wasn't..." Phil swallowed against his pride before continuing. "I know that I was not a good father-"

"For that to happen you'd had to *be* there-"

"Fine. I was not really a father to you. I-" Phil closed his eyes as he voiced his greatest sin out loud. "I can see that..." The utter wave of shame for himself now crashed against his very code...

"I let myself get complacent..." Phil uttered as he did his best to avoid looking at his youngest in shame. "I-I didn't think of you as someone who needed me when you looked so at ease with your siblings... Wilbur certainly took the task of keeping up with you!" He winced when he registered what he said. Another attempt at pushing his blame aside, but Tommy jumped in before he could correct himself.

"He shouldn't have had to!"

"No. He shouldn't have..." Phil shook his head, trying to keep himself in the moment. "That was one mistake out of many that I've done to the three of you."

With that, the two fell quiet. Phil could tell that Tommy did not know what to do with him when he was like this. He usually was never one to admit guilt in front of his children, not wanting to appear weak in their eyes. But now, at this junction, he knew that he needed to open up. He needed to show Tommy that he truly was sorry but also his reasoning behind his actions...

"Tommy, please understand. I-" Phil closed his eyes, letting out a hard sigh before continuing.

“I know you three have always joked about my age but you’ve never truly realized just how true that is...” Phil smiled seeing the look of confusion on his youngest’s face.

“I have lived this one final life of mine for eons...”

“I’ve seen the rise and fall of civilizations. I’ve been a part of building monuments of deities that I’ve personally known...” He started explaining, his eyes going hazy as vague memories of his adventures began to flash behind his eyelids. “I have razed the fields in mortal battles when the scales are weighted against the innocent.” He swallowed loudly as the countless faces of those he had taken before flicked in the peripheral of his sight, haunting memories that he had once pushed behind him...

“I’ve been so alone... So very alone roaming the Overworld for time eternal...” There was always a coldness to those days. The days before his boys. Before the gentle melodies and libraries full of tomes. Before giggling sunshine and a house full of life...

So how did he let it all fall apart?

“I’ve tried to be a good father to you all. I’ve truly tried my best...” His voice was shaking, and his eyes desperately looking back at his baby bird’s. “But you all are so very very mortal...”

“... What?”

“You three will always be my children. I’ve watched you all grow into the men you are today! And there is no greater joy...!” And Phil knew this to be true. His heart was filled with joy every time he spoke or saw any of his boys... “But you three are mortals. To me, your lives will pass by as I take my next breath!”

“And I am terrified of losing any of you!” Phil screamed as the feeling of loss was already overwhelming him. “I’ve been alone for so long, my mind’s never really had a chance to properly adjust. And then, I had people who needed me! Who relied on me to provide or to

keep them safe!” He stopped suddenly as he let himself revel in that feeling. The very first time that he held Wilbur in his arms, knowing that he would need him for everything was a confusing but rewarding feeling...

“... I’ve never been needed for anything other than death.” The pure dichotomy of parenthood. The feel of being pulled in every direction, of being drowned in constant terror for a life not your own, of the rewards it brought when they reached a milestone.

“But I tried! I promise I did!” Phil cried out. “I wanted to indulge my lady’s request for a proper family. We made Will together-”

“We made Wilbur, and once I had him... There was something that started beating inside of me at the sight of his tiny cherub face!” He could never forget that day, when he was finally able to hold his own son in his arms. It was the first time in a while that he had felt his face break from its perpetual frozen calm.

“And the same goes for you and Techno... I-” He struggled to get the words out, choking with the amount of love he’d never shown his children. “Tommy, I know that you might not believe me but I adore you all. And it is my greatest pain that I wasn’t able to be the father you all needed me to be...”

Shame unlike any other filled him as he looked at his baby bird’s unchanging face. He knew that this came too late. That he revealed his greatest fear about them all, that his reasoning behind his aloofness for all of them came from a place of pure fear would not be looked on with understanding or kindness. But he had to try. So he walked forward, closer to the still form of his youngest in the hope that he could touch him in any way that he was allowed.

“If you- If you could find it in you to forgi-”

“Did you ever go back?” Phil blinked as he heard the odd question.

“W-what?”

“Did you ever go back to the old cabin?” Tommy asked again, his eyes like pin pricks against the stark white. “Did you ever try to come back for us?”

“I did...” Phil answered, wondering where this was going. “I went back but everyone was gone. So I just did some cleaning and maintenance to the grounds. You would not believe the amount of weeds and dead plants all over the place!”

Silence. Heavy and unending silence fell between the two that made his feather stand on end. Something had shifted between them, be it something good or bad that remained to be seen. But he hoped and prayed to his Lady that he can make their youngest see reason.

“... I love flowers, did you know that?” Tommy’s voice was so soft, so full of wonder... and yet he was starting to get filled with incredible dread. “Flowers are so resilient... I used to spend my time watching them grow out of the side of mountains and boulders behind the cabin!”

“And they just... They just *are* , you know? They exist!” His youngest gesture wildly all around him. “No matter the amount of rain, whether it is storms or raging hurricanes, they are still standing! Can you imagine the balls on them? The type of ‘fuck you’ energy they have against the world?” Phil heard him chuckling but something was off with the sound.

Something was wrong.

“... So no matter how sad I got or how much I missed you, flowers would always grow and bloom.” Phil’s heart clenched inside his chest as he heard this.

“And one day I decided to plant one flower. One flower for every time I miss you!” Phil felt his eyes widened in response. “I would plant and plant and plant so when you finally came home, I could show you how much I missed you and showed you how much of a Big Man I was...!” He could picture it so clearly, his baby bird, playing in the mud and taking painful care of each plant and flower while he built himself a little patch of color on their property.

His youngest had always been so good at nurturing life...

“Tommy... I-”

A roar of laughter unlike anything he has ever heard from his baby bird erupted from his mouth. A breathless and pained-filled thing, Tommy was gasping and holding onto his knees as he tried to take on air. This went on for a full minute before Tommy finally got a hold of himself. But the thing that now stared back at him was not his baby bird. Tommy’s eyes were still sharp pin pricks but the smile he had on looked unnatural. Almost carved into his face...

“What a joke.”

“Every. Day... I waited for you every day in that stupid cabin, while Wilbur started to fall into depression.” Tommy growled out as he slowly approached him. “So, one day I wanted to try and cheer him up with the stupid garden I’d created! And you wanna know what happened next?” Here Tommy laughed again, but this time he could hear the pain his baby bird carried on his soul.

“Wilbur was kind enough to remind me of what that garden truly was.” Tommy smiled as he said this, his carved smile growing inch by inch. “He started shouting at me, he berated me for my hope that you would come back home. He explained that the bigger the garden got, the longer you’ve been away!” More and more incredulous and hurt filled laughter...

“And when the flowers bloomed, it meant that another season passed without you...” Phil closed his eyes, knowing full well that he was at fault. He wanted to believe his leaving didn’t cause this, that Tommy was lying to him to make him feel worse. But it only takes one look at his baby bird’s eyes to know that he was telling the truth.

“Tommy... I’m-”

“And now? After so many years? After knowing you went back and simply ignored our absence?” Tommy fumed as he glared at him before leaning in closer. “Whatever ashes remain of that garden is all that remains of my affection towards you...” And with that, Tommy turned around and began to walk away from him. Leaving him gasping for any form of sanity he could get a hold of.

“Tommy please! Be reasonable!” Phil shouted as he tried to catch up with him. “Above all else, I am still your father! Please tell me there’s still a chance for me to fix this! Please!”

But when Tommy turned around, Phil saw that his posture changed. He had been through countless battles and faced thousands of warriors before. And now, it was as if a veil had lifted off his eyes. He could see that Tommy’s entire body was coiled around itself, ready to fight at a moment’s notice and it was with a heavy heart that he realized that his baby bird saw him as a threat.

“You had three children to call your own.” Tommy taunted. “Rule Seven was made for you...” And here, Tommy stomped closer to him, almost too quick and silent for someone walking on snow. But Tommy reached him and his carved grin was in full view once more.

“”Never force yourself to love just because you’re lonely.”

Pure molten obsidian filled his veins as Tommy turned around and walked away from him once more. But this time he had no strength to follow him.

There was no conceivable scenario in which Tommy would forgive him for his abandonment. There was nothing he could do to show his willingness to try for it was too late. His cowardice and his aloofness, his way to protecting his own heart had now cost him one of the only few things that’s brought him joy in his never ending life.

He fell to the ground, his limbs heavy and unable to carry him upwards any longer. The all too familiar shadows of grief and sorrow had begun to scrape at his mind but he was too tired to fight against them. Disjointedly, he saw how his hand reached into his pouch and grabbed a bundle wrapped in soft blue cloth. Phil simply looked at it as he let it drop on the snow covered ground and the shimmering glare of enchantments reflected from two newly minted Emerald earrings.

Chapter End Notes

Heheheheh...

Next few chapters are gonna be a DOOZIE

>:3

...But Unattainable Nonetheless

Chapter Notes

I am LIGHTING FAST! HAPPY HOLIDAYS ALL OF YOU!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the Nether, everything was so clear...

There was a simple but solid definition of right and wrong. When a whelp tries to make trouble in the tribe, running amok and causing any form of trouble for their sow and boar, it is dealt with harsh punishment but necessary to instill a lesson. When Brutes try to rebel against their own village and attempt a coup, they are dealt with swiftly and without remorse. The weak will always be weak. The strong will always be strong. Those who are foolish enough to try and go against their system are doomed to a painful end.

Good or Bad. It's all a matter of your own Drove. There was a hierarchy to consider. There were the Hunters, in charge of the Drove's collective food. Then there were the Constructor's, charged with the upkeep and creation of future dens for their safety. And the Warriors then became protectors of their family unit. But those tended to titter between Warriors and Brutes.

And he was stuck in the middle.

While the Warriors protect the Drove and feel fulfilled, the Brutes are driven mad by the need of battle running feverishly through their veins. But he assumes that him being a hybrid allowed him to break his madness into the Voices he now carried. While it gave him a slight form of control, he could still succumb to it at any point. That's why when he realized what was happening to him, he decided to set off on his own, abandoning his Drove in order to protect them.

When Phil and Wilbur found him, he was on his own. He went into self-exile, not wanting to give his old Drove the satisfaction of kicking him out. He knew that the Voices, his Chat were beginning to take control of his rage. So he would go out on his own and save his Elders the effort of putting him down.

But living life by himself was an arduous trial in and of itself. A lone Pigling Hybrid in the Nether is but an open invitation to attack him at every turn. And while he was still a pretty strong Brute, it wasn't long until he was deposited of his belongings and pushed to the edge. After all, an avalanche will remain superior to the strength of a single pebble.

And then Phil found him...

Hey!

Dumburg was ALSO there!

Fine. They BOTH found him. But the fact remains that it was the start of a brand new realm of opportunities for him as well as the start of him belonging to a new Drove.

He was pulled away from the Nether and into the Overworld with a new family unit. And after he had acclimated and gotten used to the shift in dynamics, he began to take charge of their safety.

And it was good for a while. There came the time when Wilbur brought in their little runt and he had to physically stop himself from pouncing on the poor human due to his instinct's reaction to his golden hair. But his arrival marked the final unit of their family. And he was proud to keep them all safe.

But then the Voices came back...

When the Voice grew louder, he immediately set off on his own to find new battles to partake in. Something or someone that he could battle and spill their blood for a righteous victory.

Just anything that could satiate the Voices!

And he found it...

Countless upon countless battles across the servers. Thousands of corrupt men passing their lies as holy doctrines. And he was almost glad to offer their blood to his chat. For in those years he had seen the beauty of anarchy and he rejoiced with every chopped head. For years he was in a haze of red and adrenalin, not stopping to take in his surroundings, just eager to get to the next battle.

That's why he was so surprised when he got Wilbur's letter calling him to join his cause. Never one to abandon his brother in a time of need, he immediately set off and arrived at the server, ready to fight any army in the name of his brother.

But when he arrived, his whole view shifted. For what he expected to see, Wilbur proudly ranting about politics while writing soliloquies about the sea he now saw a man haunted by the betrayal made by his own people. He was startled to see his little runt there as well. And while he still had the same exuberance and annoying personality, Techno could tell that he was more subdued. He also could not ignore the shifting and nervous gaze that he occasionally gave Wilbur from time to time.

Nevertheless, he pushed that aside to engage fully into providing for his two brother's resistance. He had done everything that they asked of him and more, he was enjoying spending time with his siblings after so many years, but in the end it would not last.

In the end, his Drove members betrayed him for a government of their own making. They used him to put themselves back in power and he was left to watch as Theseus laughed and gave titles like they were candy. Techno would not stand for that injustice and was swift with dealing his punishment. And to finish it all off, he cursed his little brother with the title of hero hoping that he could learn his lesson without any more heartache.

After that, he left. He set out to be on his own in the emptiness of the Antarctic and made himself a humble cabin before mourning the death of his brother. He tried to retire his sword. He tried to be alone and be at peace. And he was doing well!

But the government made sure to put a stop to it.

After all that, after staving off death and getting back to his cabin, all he wanted was to sleep for a few weeks and plan his revenge. But his Runt decided to show up out of nowhere.

It was then that he found out what happened. That the government had turned his back on Theseus. That he had been exiled from the country he had made. And Techno couldn't help but be glad for it. For now Theseus would understand what he had been saying all the time. He would be able to see the complete corruption of every government. And a piece of him even hoped that he would forgive his runt and take him under his mantle as his brother once again.

But of course, he should've known it was foolish to hope...

Because Theseus had betrayed him.

Again.

And that was about as much as he could stand. He had immediately partnered up with their father and the homeless Teletubby and proceeded to turn their country into an error chunk. And all the while he was content and satisfied that punishment was being dealt out. So when they finished, he simply pulled his father back with him and finally settled home.

A year passed before he ever saw his baby brother again. A year of no contact with the traitor. A year of laughing at his supposed demise...

And then he was there. In his home, carrying supplies he had stolen from him before and apologizing for his actions...

And everything stopped making sense.

Everything that he has seen before showed that Theseus was nothing but a selfish and annoying child that cared for no one but himself. But after receiving his baby brother's shulker box, after finding out that he had a baby runt of his own, he began to see a side of him that seemed too good to be true.

If what he'd heard was true, then everything that he thought he knew about Theseus was completely and utterly wrong.

But he could not dwell on it for too long. His runt's child was missing and they were still nowhere near close to finding any trace of Dream. So with a grunt, he left his search and went back to relieve his father from his post.

Arriving back home, the voices screamed in his head at seeing Phil kneeling down in the snow. Fearing the worst, he ran towards his father and began to assess him for damage while keeping an eye out for any enemies that might be lurking around. But to his surprise, Phil did not appear to be hurt, slightly cold maybe, but no damage could be found on his person.

However, something had clearly happened to him, his eyes were glassy and his face looked like nothing of the calm and easy-going man he was familiar with. His face now screamed in agony about something and he was about to try and ask (more like demand) to know what happened while he was gone. But a glint of something shiny caught his eye, and when he looked down, his breath got caught in his chest as he saw a pair of emerald earrings, shining bright with the familiar glow of enchantments that he carries around since childhood.

His eyes softened as he guessed what must've happened. He had seen what Wilbur tried to do before. And he'd seen the result of his talk with Theseus. Knowing that his father was trying to understand his shortcomings and Theseus' reasoning for leaving them, he couldn't fault him for trying to connect back with the runt of their pack.

It was clear to him now that they had failed their runt. Failed to protect him the way that he needed to be protected. And coming after him to try and change his mind and get him to stay was nothing short of nonsense. And Techno liked to think he knew who his little brother was.

He understood now that once Tommy made his choice, nothing short of a miracle would force him to change his mind...

So, he didn't ask questions. He simply took his father inside, warmed him up before reminding him gently that he could go off to keep the search going. He would stay behind and keep an eye on their runt.

Phil hearing this, nodded sharply and set off immediately and Techno paid it no mind. He knew that his father would need time away to fully process whatever Tommy had screamed at him.

Techno then began to take off his gear, making sure to keep his sword and some potions at hand before letting out a sigh and stepping out. He looked around his property, grateful that the arctic had decided to remain calm for the time being so he did not need to strain his senses too much before he found his baby runt.

Theseus was standing by the turtle pen. Techno could tell the exact moment when he noticed him approaching him as he saw his body start to wind up and coil with tension. His hand twitched slightly, showing that he was ready to pull his sword out at any moment. His back was straight as he continued to ignore his approach, but Techno could tell that Theseus was ready for anything.

He could almost say he was proud of him...

"Mind if I join you?" He asked his little runt as he stepped right beside him, keeping watch on the turtles.

"... It's your land." Theseus shrugged as he kept watching. "Do whatever you want."

The two continued to ignore the rising tension between them and watch the turtles stumble around their pen. Techno took notice of his body language, trying his best to appear as non threatening as possible in the presence of this little runt. He did not want to put Theseus more on edge than he already was, and if this was to be the last time Techno got to talk with him, then he at least wanted that memory to be a pleasant one.

Just be sincere!

Maybe not?

Last time that happened we laughed at the thought of him dying so maybe lie?

YES!

LIE!

Aren't we trying to be nice tho?

Shhhh!

It took a few minutes before Techno started to hear how Theseus was starting to fidget in place. And he knew that it would not be long before the silence broke between them.

“So,” Theseus began. “you’re the next one up then?”

“Hmmm?”

“The next in line to attempt at making me feel bad enough to come back to you all and stay here?” Techno’s eyes closed as he took in the harsh reminder of his failure. But Theseus must’ve taken his silence as a slight against him because it only took a few seconds before his body exploded.

“A-and what is up with all of that?!” Theseus sneered as he paced back and forth. “What? Suddenly, when *I* decided to finally leave, *you* all decided that you love me? That-that I should stay and give you all a second chance because you are all so very *VERY* sorry and

you won't do it again and 'oh Tommy will forgive us! All we need to do is ask!' ?" It was all Techno could do but stare as his little brother continued to unload his ire on him.

Did we break him?

I think we broke him...

SHUSH!

"What is it with you people?!" Theseus turned towards him and screamed. "Haven't I given you enough? Haven't I shed enough blood to act as penance for all the bullshit I did as a kid?"

"I mean- for fucks sakes I ***died*** !" His runt wailed and Techno could see the pain it caused him to say this. "I gave all that I had for those around me and all I got was a Void, empty of anything!"

It was all Techno could do but remain standing, looking down at his little brother while he tried to get his breathing back under control. His breath was a wheezing, painful little thing and Techno could see the moment when he started to get lost in his memories.

"Technoblade, there's nothing waiting for me on the other side man! There is just darkness! A dark, empty, infinite nothingness that just consumed everything that I am!" At this, Theseus turned around and continued pace, a caged feral animal waiting to be unleashed. "Now? All I want is to spend the rest of my days taking care of my kid. Is that so bad? Can't I stop fighting for my life and just fucking ***live*** for ***once*** in my pathetic life?"

Ohhhh...

I'm starting to feel feelings...

We really screwed the pooch eh?

“All I want is to get my kid back and be left alone...” Theseus groaned as he covered his eyes. He stayed like that for a bit before letting his hands drop to his side. And with a defeated chuckle he opened his eyes to the sky above. “But sure. Whatever. When does anyone care what I want on this server?” Techno felt his heart ache as he heard the utter defeat in his voice. They’ve done this. They had failed their runt so spectacularly and the worse part is that they had no clue this was happening.

“Come on now!” He exclaimed, all the while opening his arms wide and smiling with all his teeth at Techno. Almost daring him to hit him. “What does the Warrior of the family want to tell me? How much of a disappointment I am? How much of a pathetic excuse for a hero I am? How I don’t deserve to be a part of Phil’s Flock?” There was silence as he finished his rant, his mocking tone echoing all around them.

Ok. We got this!

Just stick to the plan!

Like a bandage! Quick and easy!

Techno shook his head in response.

“I’m not here for that.”

“Oh yeah?”

Come on man! Just say the words!

Spit it out!

You can do this!

“I came here...” Techno began as he looked directly at Theseus. “To apologize for the way I’ve treated you in the past...”

“... ***Heh*** ?”

“Look I...” He shook his head before continuing. “I did some soul searching ok? I went back and remembered how much trouble you were and then everything that happened and my reasoning behind my actions and- ”

“- And I realized that the way I’ve treated you was disproportionate to the way you’ve treated me.” He concluded, stepping back slightly to give the runt some space. “And I would like to apologize for my actions, however right I believed myself to be back then.”

There! That wasn’t too bad, now was it?

Yes it waaaaaasss....

Clear and to the point!

Baby Runt HAS to forgive us now!

While Techno hoped that Theseus may forgive him one day, but he knew that was not likely to happen. He could tell the utter hatred and fear that was behind his runt’s eyes. That amount of emotion had been fueled by his own actions and those of the rest of their family. It had been years full of poisoned words and scars painted with steel. But now here he was, trying his best to start the process of atonement for the sins he’d committed against a member of his Drove. But that person was not talking...

Theseus was simply staring at him in disbelief. And ok, he understood that he very rarely apologies, if at all. But give him some credit!

Why should we apologize?

We are right like all the time?

... Ok more like 95 but that's STILL an A average!

“You are unbelievable, you know that?” Techno blinked as he heard his baby brother’s tone of voice. It seemed almost dead...

“I can spend minutes, hours, days, weeks, or even months over-analyzing a situation; trying to put the pieces together, justifying what could've, would've happened...” Theseus uttered as he kept looking at him with muted disbelief before turning his glare back on in full force. “or I can just leave the pieces on the floor and move the fuck on.”

Ohhhhh no....

Suddenly, things finally seemed to click in his head. Right now, Techno could finally see the broken and bruised boy in front of him clearly. There was no haze of righteous fury or poisoned indignation against the one he should’ve been protecting. Now he could see things clearly.

In front of him was his little brother. Who no longer was the tiny bundle of gold, sunshine and innocence that he was when Wilbur first brought him home. Right now he could see the carved out shell that he was, how his skin was littered with scars both old and recent. How his eyes, eyes that were one as blue as the clearest sky of the Overworld was now a sickly shade of grey. If he didn’t know any better, he would say that Theseus was partially blind. And he could see how wearing, how tired he looked no matter the amount of bravado he tried to put up.

But Techno also saw that there was something else flowing through his veins. There was a certain form of darkness. Theseus was no longer the naïve little boy that he was when he first got to their home. It could be the fact that his child was taken from him but Techno could see that his baby brother was ready to take on the world. And after what happened back in the mainland, he knew that he could do it.

Baby Blade! Baby Blade!

I wonder where he learned to fight like that?

Blood Prince!

His little runt was no longer the scrawny toddler that stared up at him in adoration, but a warrior of his own accord. His Theseus, who could apparently be faster than Phil when he needed to. His baby brother, who could strike out at his enemies with deadly efficiency...

Tommy had grown up...

“What? You think just because you’re sorry means that everything’s ok?” Theseus argued as he ruffled his hair. “T-That I should just move on from all the pain and sorrow and just go back to being your fucking punching bag? How can you expect me to-!”

“I don’t.”

“You... You don’t?” Theseus’ eyes blinked for a few seconds before narrowing in suspicion. “Why?”

“Because it’s only now that I see the type of damage we did to you.”

Oh, we are getting good at this!

Critical hit!

“An apology should be freely given without the expectation of absolution.” Techno never broke eye contact with his runt, so he could see how his words were throwing him off. He didn’t think the others tried to properly apologize. “I know when I’ve done wrong and I can learn to accept the fact that too much time has passed between tragedies for us to have any hope you’d forgive us...” He sighed when he saw Theseus eyes widening in disbelief.

“I’m not perfect. I make mistakes. I hurt people...” He stopped before giving his baby brother a firm nod.. “But trust that when I say sorry, I mean it.” Saying sorry to someone was hard on anyone. But for Techno to put his pride down, was the hardest. But he understood that apologizing doesn’t always mean you are wrong and the other person is right. It just means you value your relationship more than your ego.

Looking at his baby brother, how surprised and weary of him he is when he made it clear that he didn’t need his forgiveness, made his heart ache unlike anything before. To have a member of your Drove be filled with such fear and anger against you is something that brought great shame to his person.

But he could be patient...

Techno simply turned back around and continued to look at the turtles to give Theseus some time to fully process what he’d just said. He knew that he had to be very patient with his runt. Right now he was in a delicate state, tittering between fear and rage. So all Techno wanted was to take things on his baby brother’s terms.

“Do you have enough supplies?”

“I farmed enough food for me and Shroud to last us a couple of months. Mined enough too, just in case we hit any villages along the way.”

Ohh! Let's dress him up in gold!

Dress our Gold in gold? Isn't that a bit too much?

But he is ours so it's ok!

“Weapons?” Theseus simply raised an eyebrow at him while gesturing to the sword at his side.

“... Right.” Techno then let his lip curl slightly upward in response before reaching into his inventory to take out a familiar golden carving.

“In that case,” He stated as he started to hand the Totem of Undying to his wide eyed little brother. “Here...”

“No thank you.” Techno rolled his eyes and pushed the Totem right into his hands, making sure it stayed there by grabbing both hands closed with his own.

StubbornInnit...

“Come on. Just take it.” At this, Theseus simply looked down at the snow and stayed silent. Techno didn't mind tho. He let his hands go when he was sure the other would not drop it and simply waited for him to talk.

“... I don't have anything to pay you back for this.” He heard his runt whisper as he started to hand the Totem back to him. “I can't accept it.”

“Theseus- No. Tommy...” It had been a while since he'd said his brother's true name out loud but it felt right to do so now. He was gentle in his approach, pushing the Totem back to its rightful owner. “If nothing else, take this as a way to keep your little runt safe.” And Techno

could tell those were the right words when he saw Tommy's hands clutching the Totem closer to him.

"This will make sure you stay alive long enough for us to find him." Techno continued explaining, pointing at the Totem in Tommy's hands. "And then, you can give it to him. Mob children don't get extra lives, remember?"

"... Thank you..." Tommy whispered as he put the Totem inside his inventory. "... Tully." Techno simply shrugs in response.

"I haven't really done much to deserve to be called your brother..." Techno explained. "So take this as the start of me atoning for past transgressions..." And with a brief nod, he started to walk away from the turtle pen, only for him to hear Tommy walking right beside him. The two started heading back to his cabin, Techno wanting to make his little brother something to warm himself from the chill of the arctic. But he knew there was one last thing he needed to let the younger man know.

"At this point, all I want for you is to find the thing you are looking for." Techno commented, trying very hard to keep his voice neutral. "Peace. Solitude. Family. Whatever that may be, I hope you find it after this whole mess is over."

And with that, the two fell into a not so much as comfortable silence, but one that was a lot more at ease than before. The two continued to walk in tandem as Techno caught a few side glances that Tommy was giving him. He knew that the fact he had apologized without demanding his forgiveness was something that was throwing the younger man for a loop, and he knew that this was partly his fault. But he had taken a step in the right direction, and if the day came where Tommy could look at him without fear because of his actions today then he would do it gladly once again.

But as the two almost reached the cabins, Tommy's communicator rang with a message alert. With a curious hum, Tommy went to open up said message and Techno couldn't help but read over his shoulders.

But what he read made his blood boil and the voices rage in his mind.

(Hey Toms! I saw what you did to the mainland. Naughty naughty! You must've forgotten all the manners I taught you!)

(Come to Church Prime in Thirty minutes. I think it's about time you and I have a family reunion...)

“... It's Dream, isn't it.”

“... I have to go.” But before Tommy could take a step forward, Techno quickly hugged him from behind, trapping him between his arms. Tommy began to struggle against him and Techno could tell that he would need to make him see reason before things got out of control.

“Tommy, STOP!”

“Techno! Let me go!” Tommy roared against his ear as his struggling became frantic in nature. “I am not staying behind like a coward! He has my kid, man! Don't make me fight you!” And Techno knew that Tommy would. He had no doubt that his little brother would not bat an eye at fighting him, for he could feel the way that his body began to coil in itself ready to maneuver around his arms and take him down.

“I am not going to stop you from going Tommy...” Techno explained as he let Tommy go slightly, but still keeping his hands on his shoulder. “But you won't be going alone.”

“... W-what?” Tommy's eyes widened.

“I should've protected you properly from the start.” Techno continued as he inspected his sword and tightened his armor. “But this failure will be my burden to bear...” And at this, he opened his own communicator and began to type to everyone he could.

“What are you doing?” Techno did not raise his eyes from the screen.

“I’m calling the others to meet us by the church.” Techno stated as he finished sending a message to all the others and then looked at his baby brother's stunned face. “Dream may think that you are alone but that homeless idiot has a nasty surprise waiting for him.”

“Techno...”

“Come on.” Techno replied as he started heading towards the stable. “It’s time for a hunt.”

And he didn’t have to wait too long before he heard his brother’s footsteps running after him. Techno would do whatever he could to support Tommy and help him get his son back. But something told him that he would need to do very little. From the tight coil of his brother’s body, he knew that his runt would take care of Dream personally. But he would still be there for him. For moral support if nothing else.

Something told him that this will be quite the show.

Chapter End Notes

This might have been my favorite chapter to write just for the sole fact that I got to indulge in my love for Ancient Greek literature. While I was in the hospital and not being able to do much of anything, I was planning the following chapters and with THIS one, I found myself diving deep into my collection of stories and papers I’ve collected over the years.

I found myself elated to realize that C!Techno (or at least my version) relates to the concept of forgiveness from Ancient Greeks. It’s fascinating that the Greeks developed a strong sense of justice and law as related to both humans and Gods but did not develop a concept of forgiveness and mercy until much later. The closest they came to was in reference to ‘mercy’ at a later point was the practice of legal leniency and the notion of pity. And I just find this to be a perfect descriptor for C!Techno’s sense of self!

All of this is to say that I’m pretty sure Techno is probably laughing and calling me a nerd for doing what equates to homework for a goddamned Minecraft fanfic...

Long May Your Freedom Be...

Chapter Notes

JESUS FUCK I AM SO SORRY!

This chapter was written then re-written then scrapped then written again.

But at least this one is around 12k+ so I'm forgiven right?

Haha....

ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He may look calm on the outside but he knew that he was just one insult away from caving somebody's skull in. He and Technoblade had met with the others and informed them that they knew where Dream was. They had gather just on the outskirts of the Church of Prime, waited for everyone to arrive because of course the one time he needed Technoblade to be his usual '*storm in, kill everybody and ask questions never*' self it would be when his abuser had possession of his precious hatchling and had called him out to a fucking show down, cowboy style.

Who the fuck does that?!

There had always been an unspoken rule in the server ever since people started adopting new members to their families. You do NOT take a hatchling from another's thunder! But of course! No rules apply to Dream so what would he care about taking his baby hatchling?

So now since Techno kept holding him back, he was forced to wait. And don't get him wrong, he would twist around and rock the ever living shit out of his smug face but seeing as he was still confused as shit after hearing Techno apologize to him (a proper apology at that!) He decided to let him keep him still.

Excruciatingly slowly, the people whom Techno had called started to arrive bit by bit. Phil and Wilbur, Nikki and the Captain, Tubbo and Ghostboo and what seemed to be the rest of

the server sans the Eggpire of course. Tommy wished he could feel joy at seeing all of these people coming to his aid, coming to help him go against Dream.

But he couldn't help but feel bitter...

There was a time in his life where seeing this would make his heart sing and do a bunch of other embarrassing feeling stuff. But he wouldn't have cared because it would've meant that people actually cared for him enough to come to his aid. It would've meant that he had someone that was willing to be called a member of this Thunder.

Now seeing as the majority of the serve came at Techno's call, he couldn't help but ask if they were here for him or if it was because *Techno* called for them. Tommy couldn't let himself believe that he could have something resembling a support system in this server. He had run out of trust. He had learned his lessons well...

“Calm down Tommy...” Tommy heard Techno’s voice attempt to soothe his temper as he kept a hand firmly on his shoulder. And for what it’s worth, he tried taking a deep breath. He tried to get past the taste of acid and smoke that was boiling to the surface bit by bit...

Liar... - 𐌲𐌿𐌱𐌰𐌹...

But he couldn't help the itch that ran through his back. His baby, his hatchling, his son was inside the church! With the man who'd abused and tortured for years! Somewhere in him knew why Techno wanted to wait for everyone before storming the castle. He understood that right now he had little to no control over his anger. But the father in him knew that he was about three seconds away from attempting to rip Techno's arm off his shoulders if they didn't let him go inside right that second!

You should not listen to them. - YJ= ᚢᚳᚢ=ᚦᚱ ᚲᚵ ᚩᚾ ᚠᚰ ᚤᚴᚢ.

“I think that’s everyone?” He heard Phil talking out loud and Tommy wasn’t even sure if he was stating a fact or if the old man was genuinely confused. He was never the best at recognizing people if he is not in constant presence.

“Should be.” He heard Techno grunt behind him, his hand still grabbing his shoulder gently. “Now-”

“I am about two seconds before I start stabbing shit!” Tommy growled as he shrugged off his hand. “So can we *please* go in already?”

They're trying to trick us. - T T L " : : L . 7 : : || | 7 7 - 7 7 7 : : | 7 7 = 7 .

“Yeah. We’re ready.” And with that, the others began to finally put on their armor and got ready to storm in with him. Which he still found ridiculous. Why did he have to wait for other people to get ready? Why didn’t they start to get ready as soon as they got there? He was perfectly capable of getting his son from that green bitch, so why did they come to help?

He did not understand...

We need to get our hatchling and run far away.- WL· ʀ L·L·Ṛ ʔ ʃ ʰL·ʔ ʃ:: ʦʃʔ
 ʕʦʔ ʀ ʰʃʀ Ṛ :: ʃ ʃ:: ʃ::ʃ||.

But it didn't matter in the end. He shook the hazy cloud of confusion that was forming in his head and pulled himself together while the others got ready. He had learned his lessons well and he had his rules to follow. He would not deviate. He would not falter. Tommy Innit was made to survive whatever was thrown his way.

He made it through Wilbur...

He made it through exile three times over...

And he made it through death herself.

No matter the horror, or pain or abuse thrown his way, he would always remain standing in the end. And this would be no different. He knew now that no one would ever choose him and he was fine with that. Tommy didn't need love, nor false affection. His heart ached and screamed at him for taking this decision but he knew now that there would be no one for him to love him just as he was.

But he would damn sure be someone who would love without reservation. He would always be that someone. His love for the people he once thought of as his own still held true in his heart. No matter the scars he now carried, he loved each and every one of them and he knew that he would do anything to protect them just as well as they had failed to protect him.

Souls for the Void King! - S J = f 4 = J : : 7 T L v J | K | U -!

He was annoyed that he was out-voted to walk in first. What don't these people understand that all that mattered to him was his son? He should be the first one in! Tearing down the doors from its hinges and stabbing Dream with his sword. Repeatedly.

But the others refused to let him take the helm and quickly surrounded him before Techno opened the doors. The others were clearly tense, preparing for any traps that the Green Bastard had laid out for them but everything was eerily silent. The group simply kept walking straight to the cathedrals ile, Tommy's eyes analyzing every corner he could see to try and find where Dream could possibly be. His eyes then landed on an opened trap door right in front of the lectern with an ender pearl bobbing up and down.

But before he was able to warn everybody about it, to try and hopefully prepare their own ambush, he heard the familiar sound of a trip wire being activated and he watched in apprehension as Dreams' visage teleported right in front of them.

But his eyes were not focused on him...

Whenever Dream was in his precinct, he never left Tommy's line of sight. He had to prepare himself in the eventuality that he lunged for him with an ax or sword or even his own fists. But he knew that to lose sight of Dream meant your inevitable defeat. But right now, his brain was overriding any survival instincts in his body. Because the pearl had not only teleported a well armed and equipped Dream. But it had also teleported a small little bundle that laid limp in Dreams arms.

Shroud. His Hatchling. His *son*...

"Hello Tommy!" Dream's voice echoed through the silence of the church, his grin sickly and tooth-filled. "Did you miss me?" He knew Dream wanted an answer. A response to his question. And usually he would've obeyed with a well placed insult or retort. But all he could see was his little baby cradled with the same hands that brought him so much pain. His eyes, precious little rubies that shone as bright as a gem were now sullen and sluggish almost as if he was drugged with something...

What had Dream done to his son?!

"What? Nothing to say?" Dream jeered as he slowly stepped around the lectern, his hand petting Shrouds hair roughly as if he was a dog. "Have I finally silenced the Great Tommy Innit? If that's the case, I would've taken this little bundle of joy years ago!" He cackled and wheezed like a broken tea kettle and the sound grated at Tommy's ears. But he still couldn't move. He couldn't break his gaze from his hatchling's tired and morrose face. Why hadn't he said anything yet? His son was usually such a bundle of joy and energy that he was always talking your ear off...

So why? Why?

WHY was he so quiet?

Souls for the Void King! - S J = F Y = J :: J T L v J | K | R -!

He took our hatchling! - H L J J J + J = : T J J H T | R -

Souls for the Void King! - S J = F Y = J :: J T L v J | K | R -

“But I guess, you didn’t have him back then did you?” Dream gave out a chuckle as he ran his finger through Shroud’s black locks. “I tell you. It was such a *delight* to find out that you took on a pet of your own!” It took everything that he had in him not to take out his crossbow and get his slimy little hands away from his son but he managed to stop himself in the end. This was not the time to be impulsive. Not when Dream had the most precious thing on this server...

“That is enough Dream!” He heard Techno shout out which surprised Tommy. That had been filled with more emotion than he was used to seeing his brother display in public. “Hand over the kid and maybe I’ll think about letting you get a head start before I come for you.” Dream’s head turned slightly as if he was seeing Techno for the first time and continued to smile.

“What’s with the sudden hostility, Techno? Aren’t we friends?” Dream pouted. “I seem to remember us destroying a country or two together. You even got me out of jail! Did that mean nothing?” Tommy was proud to say that he only felt a dull twinge inside his chest at the mention of his betrayal. At the memory of the loss of his country at the hands of his once big brother. But what confused him was the fact that he could clearly tell the moment when Techno’s entire frame tensed up.

What made him tense up like that?

“You and I were never friends...” Techno growled out in his usual monotone voice, but there was a breathlessness about it that Tommy didn’t like. “Merely a means to an end.” He blinks at that statement. He had long since known that Techno made deals and grants favors to those he deems useful to his plans. He knows that to Techno, there is nothing more sacred than his given word.

So why did he sound like he regretted owing a favor to Dream?

“That hurts you know?” Dream continued, mockingly pointing at his chest. “Right here.”

“Alright, enough of this!” Wilbur interrupted as he glared at the green bastard. “Just hand over the child or we’ll be taking him from you by force!” Tommy felt himself jump hearing

the sheer anger in Wilbur's voice and he felt his eyes widened in surprise.

“Ah ah ah! Stay right there! All of you!” Dream chimed in as he placed his hand right on top of Shroud's neck. “It'd be such a shame if your precious baby boy got hurt in the scuffle, wouldn't it Tommy?” As he asked this, all Tommy could focus was how Dream's hand started to tighten around Shroud's delicate neck. How his son, even in the state that he was, began to wince in pain.

Tommy no longer cared to stay back. He no longer cared to hear the other's calls to him as he stumbled forward, out in the open and away from the safety of their presence. Bared himself to Dream, begged Prime herself to have Dream put all his attention on him. Not his son. Never his son.

**Precious. Our Hatchling. Must Protect. - P::L·ḥ| J==ḥ. O==:: ḥJ̣ ḥṬ| ʀ -I. M==ḥJ̣
p::J̣ L·ḥJ̣.**

“ Wait! Wait wait wait wait wait!” Tommy stumbled to get the words out, pushing aside the knot of fear in his throat. “Dream please stop! Just let him go and I promise. I swear I will do anything!” He was starting to breathe heavily, all matters of training already gone from his head in a blinding sense of terror for the life of his son. But he quickly tried to stop and regulate his emotions. He would not be able to save him from Dream if he panicked right now.

He would not be able to make Dream pay if he let his fear win...

And he would. He swore inside of the holy ground he'd built so many years ago that Dream would not leave this place alive. He had taken his child. He had done something to his precious little love. And he would make sure to pay that one thousand fold.

**soul. soul. take it. take his. Rip it to shreds! - ḥJ̣==ḥ. ḥJ̣==ḥ. ʀ J̣+L· |̣J̣. ʀ J̣+L· Ṭ|̣ḥ.
Ṛ|̣!; |̣J̣ ʀ J̣ ḥṬ::L·ḥḥ!**

“Tommy, what are you doing! Stop!” He heard Tubbo shouting at him somewhere from the crowd, but his eyes never left Dream. “You’re playing right into his trap!”

He knew Tubbo was right. As soon as Dream appeared, he had immediately fallen back on his previous conditioning and is now allowing Dream to manipulate him once again. But no matter what he tried to do or how he tried to talk his way through the madness in his head, he continued to walk closer and closer to Dream and his Son. Meanwhile, said green bastard was smiling down at him, his smile filled with poison as always. The same hatred...

“You know what I want Tommy.” Dream cooed down as he kept his gaze on Tommy. “It all depends if you are willing to give it to me!” Tommy closed his eyes as he tried to fight against his body’s wish to tremble before this man.

“What? What is it?” He heard Phil’s voice from behind him. “Tommy what does he want?” Tommy simply opened his eyes again to gaze back at his abuser. In the nightmare every time he closes his eyes. He knew what the man wanted from him. The utter obsession upon his person as nothing more than a puppet, a thing for him to use and take apart at his very whim.

He wished he could jump into action. His very coding was vibrating for him to pull out his sword and silence Dream’s laughter forever. But he knew that if he did so, Dream would have ample time and opportunity to end his little hatchlings life. So without a proper way to truly keep his son safe, Tommy put away his sword and showed his neck to Dream to wait for his inevitable end.

“You can- You can take my life alright?” With that, there was silence, a brief measure where everything came to a standstill before he heard the inevitable uproar from the crowd behind him.

“WHAT?!” Wilbur’s voice was the loudest of the bunch...

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Phil’s voice followed and Tommy could hear something akin to desperation in his voice.

“No!” Techno’s voice was the most surprising. “Absolutely not!” Tommy was surprised to hear the brief but powerful flicker of emotions coming from him. He then started to hear all of them clamor onwards, trying to reach, to maybe shake some sense into him?

But what stopped them dead on their feet was when Dream started cackling and wheezing like a madman. The knot in his throat started to untangle when he heard that, for if Dream was being entertained by him, then that meant that no harm would fall on his precious hatchling.

“Well! That’s certainly a start!” Dream declared as he calmed down after a few minutes, his smile ever present and deadly all while looking directly at him. “But I think I need to remind you of your manners, shouldn’t I?”

Tommy’s eyes widened and he felt his heart race at his words. There was only one thing that Dream had done in all the years of his manipulation and torture and it was... it was...

“D-Dream please...” He didn’t care how weak and desperate his voice had gotten but Tommy continued to plead with the man before him. He hoped against all hope that nobody would witness him at his most pathetic. “Please I’ll do anything you want but please let Shroud go to the others. I-I-I’ll stay right here. I won’t move a muscle! But- please...”

“Hmmm...” Dream hummed interrupted his words before he looked back at him and nodded. “Alright!” At this, Tommy felt hope spark inside his heart.

“You- You will?”

“Of course!” Dream exclaimed as he looked down at him with the usual fake kindness in his eyes. “I’m not evil you know! I just want what’s best for you!” Tommy was ashamed to say that even after all the years between himself and exile, there was still a part of him that was elated to hear Dream say that he cared for him. He felt sick...

“But before I do that. I think I want to see if you remember our little game!”

“W-What are you-” Tommy managed to stutter before he figured out what Dream was talking about. “No. No Dream please! I swore I would do whatever you wanted me to do but not that! Not here!” But nothing he said or did could stop Dream from stepping to the side. He stopped right alongside the wall and dug a whole right where he was before taking one step back. Dream took one look at Tommy and he was immediately transported back to his exile. Back when all he could feel was the mockery of a one sided friendship and the utter terror at being the target of Dream’s wrath. He felt his muscles tense up, whether or not it was in fear of the man or the anticipation of the familiar command he would never be sure of.

“Now!” Dreams' voice then turned stoic and full of the particular commanding tone that immediately ran a shiver down his spine. “Tommy, put your things in the hole...” Hearing those all too familiar words, it was all Tommy could do to not fall to his knees and beg for mercy. He couldn’t help it. Dream made sure that *that* particular command was ingrained deep into his subconscious.

Shaking with every step, Tommy walked forward, taking off his armor and taking out his weapons from his inventory. He was vaguely aware of the others screaming at him, trying to get him back to their side, but his body took a life of its own. When he reached the hole that Dream had dug out, he fell into the familiar sensation of surrendering to the anxiety ridden haze that Dream’s command carried. One by one he let go of his items and once his inventory was empty, he took a step back.

Not too far mind you. He knew Dream liked to see him feel the price of his failure...

And with practice ease, Dream dropped a bundle of TNT into the whole all the while lighting it mid air. Tommy heard the others scream to take cover. For him to run away and to get to safety. But all he could do was stand his ground. Take his punishment. For he could not allow Dream to lose his temperament with them all. Not while he still kept his son in his arms.

As the TNT went off, he felt the wave of fire and ash punch him back. The few bits of cobblestone and diorite that exploded his way now embedded themselves on his flesh. His vision went white for a moment, having the familiar pain be amplified by his revival. And for a few precious moments he struggled to take in the smallest of breaths that when he finally did, it left him gasping and hacking up soot.

Almost as if a spell had broken, Tommy could feel himself able to move on his own volition. He took stock of the damage done to the area, the pieces inlaid with netherite were all that

remain from the smoldering crater but Tommy knew that they would be too hot to touch for the next following hours so they remain useless to him. Next to the crater, a good chunk of the wall was now gone, letting the natural light shine through the wisps of smoke. But when he turned to look at the others, he couldn't stop the rush of shame that filled him to the brim.

They were looking at him with stunned surprise, their eyes wide and jaws wide open. But Tommy also saw the way their eyes shifted between himself and Dream, how their minds began to work and connect

It was a look of pity...

"What the hell was that?" He heard Wilbur breathe out his words. Almost as if he didn't believe what he had just seen. "What did you do to Tommy!?"

"That? Oh that was just me showing you all who the *true* master is on this server." Tommy closed his eyes in shame as he swallowed the cries "Did you really think after all these years that Tommy here spent all that time in isolation alone?" Dream chuckled as he stared at them in a mockery of concern.

"I would never let my best friend suffer like that!" And after that, even more laughter and wheezing echoed through what remained of the church.

Of course. Dream wouldn't be satisfied until he took every scrap of dignity he had left. Of course he couldn't leave without his say-so. Without having to confront the one man that had broken him down more times than he is willing to count.

You belong to us! - YJ== 5L:J7J -1 7 J ==4!

"But of course. If I was gonna keep him company, I had to teach him some proper manners." And here, Dream sends him a smile that shakes him to his core. "And he was a quick study, weren't you Toms?" He closed his eyes at this as the others roared back against the man. They are arguing against what Dream had just said. Trying against everything to find proof that what Dream was saying was a lie. But all Tommy felt was the shame and humiliation that following Dream's commands gave him.

But he would do anything for his son...

“Please Dream. I did what you asked. So please- *please* -!” Tommy pleaded. “Let my baby go. Let Tubbo take him away. I swear I will not run away...”

Silence stretched out as Tommy pleaded with the man before him. Meanwhile, Dream simply smiled wicked knowing that he’d won as he kept hold of his hatchling. It was utter agony, to be so close to his most precious treasure and yet having the chance of someone taking it away from him forever. It was a while, an eternity until Dream’s whole face morphed into one of victory and he started to nod in response.

“Very well.” Dream declared and Tommy felt his words like benediction. “Keeping the little pest would mean more work on my end anyways.” Dream nodded as he then turned to look at the crowd for a brief moment before finding the man of the hour.

“Tubbo?” Tommy turned to see that Tubbo was overwhelmed, his eyes shifting from Dream’s to Shroud’s to Tommy’s and repeating the pattern. But Dream didn’t seem to like the hesitation and he then started to dangle Shroud’s body outward, startling his precious hatchling from his stoic state. “Well, come on. I don’t have all day!”

Dream grunted before letting his son drop. Tommy instinctually went to watch him but Dream took the chance to grab one of his arms and pulled him back roughly. Shaking off the stunned sensation, Tommy kept watch as Shroud tried his best to stand up. But whatever Dream had given him still remained in his system for his movements were sluggish and weak.

While that was happening, Tubbo broke off from the others and attempted to catch his son, to no avail. But when he got there, when he was mere steps away from his son, he stopped. He took one look at my precious treasure and then another at me when he saw my son hesitating even through the haze he was in. That he took the care of not overwhelming his darling boy was more than he could ask.

“Shroud,” Tommy stated as he gave his son the kindest look he could muster. “go ahead darling. You-” He took a deep breath to try and steady his voice.

“You-” Tommy blinked before a realization hit him. “You can trust Tubbo...” There was a beat of silence as Shroud attempted to speak for the first time.

“... Bee boy?” Tommy let out a loud cackle when he heard his boy talking about Tubbo with the nickname he assigned him in his stories.

“Yes! That’s-” Tommy blubbered as he kept looking at his treasure. “That’s exactly right! I have such a smart little man!” Oh how he wished he could go to him. To hug and never let him go. But another tug reminded him where he was and what he could not have.

“Tommy-” Tubbo tried to talk, his voice broken and so very sad but Tommy interrupted him.

“Papa’s gonna be a- Busy for a while so...” As he continued, he looked up at Tubbo and gave him a teary grin. “So, you be a good boy for Tubbo, alright?” He hoped Tubbo understood what he was saying. How he wished that they wouldn’t have fought as they did. How no matter what happened, there was no one else he would trust to keep his child safe.

“That’s enough of that!” Dream cut in as he started to pull Tommy away from the others. “Now! I think it’s time you all go away! Tommy and I have some unfinished business to attend!” Tommy tried not to wince, not to show pain but Dream’s finger dug into his arm easily, pushing and pulling muscles in all directions. But this broke whatever spell fell on the crowd and they started to take out their weapons.

“You say that as if you have a choice, Green bitch!” Wilbur screamed as he took a sword out of his inventory. Right next to him, Tubbo spun his ax and got into a fighting position.

“Did you really think we would leave Tommy with you?”

“Ah ah ah!” Dream tutted as he pushed his sword at Tommy’s neck. “One more step and I’ll carve another smile on Tom-Tom’s here!” Dream pushed the blade closer to his throat, letting a small ribbon of crimson to start dripping from the metal. However, Tommy felt the slight nick tenfold and did his best to not let his body react. Tommy then looked on at those before

him, his gaze not willing to leave that of his precious son being embraced by the one who would always be his friend.

He wished he could say that once Shroud was out of Dream's hands, he shot into action and took the bastard down for the final time. But Dream had always known how to keep him under control. He felt himself thinking, he knew he had the capacity to run and hide and fight and scream and shout. He knew this. But he was also aware that Dream allowed this for him. To be able to think of what's happening, what surrounds him, to believe himself capable of retaliation.

But knowing that no matter what he did, he was just too tired to fight against Dream...

He was made to serve. He was made to follow orders. But he was deemed a failure as he grew and did not show signs of his Mob type. Tommy knew what he was from the very beginning but he saw no reason to force himself to change. He had escaped their clutches and made his way into the world; enduring the bad because the good was so incredible to him.

When he arrived on this server, all he wanted to do was to finally live his life as a regular kid. Just cause a little bit of chaos here and then. Have a little den of his own and a small but humble hoard to protect. But Dream saw fit to throw him right back into chaos. Right back into the pressure of keeping himself in check. Right back to feeling like a caged animal, like something inside of him was aching, pleading, begging to get out but couldn't...

And then he was killed...

And then you were ours... - A 1) ̄ 7 7 L 1) || J = ∴ L ∴ L J = ∴ 4

And while the infinite darkness of the Void seemed to consume everything that he was, a part of him also knew that the barrier between himself and what was inside of him had finally started to corrode. And when Dream revived him, he felt it grow stronger and stronger. Tommy was finally able to *feel* and indulge in his instincts! He was able to truly understand some of his previous actions and everything just made *sense* !

Then his most precious treasure found him and he felt complete. His life while taking care of his little hatchling had been nothing but pure bliss. Every milestone that he was able to be a part of utter jubilation as this wonderful child trusted him so completely, so without hesitation or doubt that he would do everything in his power to keep him safe. And that part that was inside of him purred with delight as they both recognized the child as *theirs*.

Suddenly, there was a sense of clarity in his mind. Like the time lightning struck down his spine and grounded itself in the earth below...

Tommy watched Dream take out an Ender pearl from his inventory but for some reason he did not feel fear that Dream would take him. He did not feel his body fill with dread and trepidation at the thought of him falling back into his abuser's clutches. All he felt was a rush of electricity...

A burst of energy inside of him turned every single cell of his coding alight with possibilities. His eyes started to look everywhere around them; he saw the horrified faces of those who were once his family. The faces of those he had once called friends. And finally, his eyes fell on those of his hatchling, his son, his most precious treasure...

And right then, looking into the teary crimson orbs of his baby's face everything suddenly clicked.

He felt his vision wobble for a second when he turned to look at the pearl in Dreams' eyes as he was mid-throw. He could see the magic inside the pearl, how it was starting to calculate the trajectory as well as engulfing him and Dream in its shell. It was getting ready to teleport them wherever it landed as soon as it was thrown.

So, Tommy simply asked it to let them go.

It was an fathomless growl, something ancient that bubbled from deep within his chest. He didn't even think people heard him make the sound, but he knew that he had given the pearl a command and the pearl had *listened*.

The two men stayed still, and the others waited with baited breath to see when they would disappear. Tommy saw that a few kept track of where Dream had thrown the pearl. Maybe to go after them? Maybe to save him?

But it didn't matter in the end. Tommy knew that the pearl would listen, he felt it deep in his code and as the seconds turned to minutes making everyone start to murmur questions in the air. And their faces! Just looking at their faces break from their hopeless looks into confused optimism almost pushed him to give himself into the laughter that had been bubbling since the first burst. But he broke completely seeing Dream's anger and confusion.

He laughed and laughed like he hadn't laughed in years. Nobody had any idea! Nobody knew what had happened! What he had done! And oh! It was the most glorious feeling of all the servers! He felt like he was finally alive!

"What the-" Dream uttered as he still kept a hold on Tommy, his face dropping any trace of confusion and ramping up the anger to righteous fury. "What did you do!" Tommy tried his best to stop himself from laughing but he couldn't help it. Dream's face was so funny! He finally had an ace up his sleeve! And he would savor every moment of this until he couldn't any more. So, he laughed for a bit longer before he managed to get some semblance of control.

"Hmmm... I never quite told you where I came from, did I?" And seeing his eyebrows scrunch together at his admitted out-of-the-blue question almost made him burst out laughing again.

"Why would that matter to me?" Dream growled at him (And wasn't that ironic?) "You are just a weak and pathetic human that Wilbur decided to pick up from the slums! That's it!" Tommy couldn't help but laugh again which made Dream shake him abruptly to stop his good mood. Fine. He should probably end things soon anyways. Shroud's bedtime was getting closer..

"Ah! But you see Green-boy! It *does* matter!" Tommy shouted in elation, his face broken into a joyful smile. "Because you are bone dead *wrong* ! And I really should thank you!" At this, he heard the indignation of the others, questioning and refuting his statement which he ignored. They would be laughing if they knew what he knew.

Silly little Horde... - S | f: || f | T T f L h J : K L

“Thank me?” Dream asked, his voice filled with doubt. “What? Have you finally come to your senses and accepted who is actually in control of this server?”

“Hmmmm! Nope!” He couldn’t help but add a little bit more of an annoying pop at the end of his sentence. He did soooo love to annoy Dream. “But you used the revival book on me didn’t you? So, thank you very much Dream! You managed to finish what my creators tried to do!” and with that, he managed to give his greatest tormentor a mocking bow.

As he stood back up however, his face fell as he looked at Dream without blinking.

“I was made in a lab, born out of the minds of Evokers with the sole purpose of making me the ultimate guarding mob.”

Silence.

Everyone had completely stilled at his words. He didn't think that people got the true meaning of his words. Maybe Phil by the way his wings started to lower themselves, eyes wide and mouth slightly opened as the true weight of what he meant settled in his mind.

“You? The Ultimate Guardian?” Dream scoffed as he gestured with the other hand. “Don’t be ridiculous Tommy! You’ve failed to defeat anyone at every single point in your life! How could you be the perfect anything when you’re such a failure!”

“Ahh! But see! That’s *why* they let me go!” It was incredibly fun to be so fucking cryptid. And the fact that it seemed to bother Dream amused him to no end. “They **thought** I was a failed experiment! They thought I was just a regular ‘ol human man! The biggest man ever of course but still very human.”

“But you wanna know something? They got it right with me...” Tommy leaned in closer to the man, not really caring how there was a part of himself to positively recoil at the very

thought. “And you wanna know why?” Dream simply shook his head and looked at him with poisonous pity.

“Tommy, this is getting embarrassing. Even for you.” Dream declared as he started to pull him towards the opened wall. “I know you’re stalling for time. Now, I don’t know why those pearls didn’t work but-”

“It’s because I love them you daft fuck!” Again, the same acrid bubbling sensation blurted out from within him, making his voice sound rougher and deeper than usual. But having seen the minuscule flinch on Dreams’ frame made it all worthwhile. “I love each and every single one of these bastards so much that I would do most anything to keep them alive, to keep them protected! From you!” And as he took one step closer to Dream, he was elated to see him *step back* .

Ours. Ours. Always. - O:::Ÿ. O:::Ÿ. AŸ::Ÿ|| Ÿ.

“And I damn well took each and every single shot you threw at them, didn’t I?” It took Dream a few seconds to compose himself. But when he did, he let go of his arm to gesture at everything around them.

“And look where that got you!” Dream shouted back as he pointed at the others. “They all betrayed you! One way or another they each saw you and found you lacking!” Tommy took the time to look at all of them. He could see the regret and shame that filled their faces at Dream’s words. And he wished he could still go to them, offer them some form of comfort for their wrongdoings against him. But he knew that it would not be welcomed.

“... So?” Dream simply blinked at him, seemingly surprised by his answer.

“Huh?”

“Why does it matter that they betrayed me in the end?” Tommy bellowed as he gestured back to everyone else. “My role is to be their guardian! Their stupid fucking hero! It doesn’t matter if they didn’t like me or if they ended up hating me for what I had to do! I still did it gladly!”

Tommy then took a step forward, leaning his body in between Dream and the others to make it clear who was his priority.

Ours. Our treasure. Our horde. - O:::Ÿ. O:::Ÿ ::L·ŸŸ:::L: O::: ŸJ::ŸL:

“Because at the end of the day, it meant that **you** left them alone.” The chamber then fell silent once more. The weight of his statement seemingly shocked the majority of people inside the church. And Tommy could only laugh at the fact that none of them saw his efforts. None of them understood him, actually saw him for what he was. A child soldier desperate to keep those he loved safe.

“And it hurts, don’t get me wrong! It hurts like a bitch!” Tommy ignored the brief shouts of exclamation from those in his hoard but instead continued. “But they were alive and whole enough to hate me! So I’m counting that as a win mother fucker!”

The sheer elation of admitting to that. Of letting everyone know the trials and tribulations that he had gone through behind closed doors. The sort of sacrifice he was willing to make. No matter the cause or regardless of all his screw ups, the one thing Tommy wanted to let them know is how far he was willing to go for them all.

“Alright. I’ve had enough.” Dream rolled his eyes as he took hold of his bicep once more. “Pearls or no pearls, I’m still taking you with me! So come on!”

“Aww! But I want to keep telling my story!” Tommy let Dream drag him a few steps before he braced his leg firmly upon his beloved cobble. “... Won't you let me tell my story, Dream?” He finished off his question with a smile. Nothing quite like the carved monstrosity of his fury but not gentle enough for Dream to think he was calm.

Silly green man - S /k| -::L·L·J ·JŸJ

“What are you talking about?” Watching Dream’s face morph into a confused state, giving him enough satisfaction to keep goading the man.

“Aren’t you the least bit curious?” Tommy asked, his voice coated with honey. “Don’t you want to know what they made me to be? Oh please guess!” As he kept saying this, he kept getting closer and closer to the man, each word emphasized with every small step he took.

“Oh come on! It’s easy once you’ve really thought about it!” Tommy exclaimed as he poked Dream in the chest. “There’s been clues all around if you really think about it!” It was here that he pushed Dream away before he could land a punch on him.

“Why do you think I still stand with them?” Tommy chuckled as he gestured towards the rest of their audience. “Why do you think I would still fight against you for their sake even after all that they’ve done to me?” At this, his smile began to widen into something more feral in nature before he began to walk around Dream.

“Why are the disks so important to me, Dream?” And around and around...

“Why was L’Manburg so important to me, Dream?” Circling him slowly, crouching ever so slightly. His smile, getting wider and wider.

“You see! The one thing about a Guardian is that they should always be calm. Never ever angry...”

“Ha!” Dream laughed in his face with a condescending tone. “I guess you’re a failure down to your code then!” At that, Dream simply howled with laughter as long as he could. But everyone heard the unhinged nature of his voice. He was losing it...

But in between his laughter, Tommy saw those who were once his family. He saw their eyes scrunched up in confusion before widening and looking at him directly as if they were seeing him for the first time. He was imagining that they remember the brief moments of his anger when he first tried to find Dream and his son. But he knew that the brief failure of self control was only but a brief moment of his anger showing and only now it seems that those in his hoarder finally started to recognize that fact.

“No...” He heard Tubbo whisper, his hands safely cradling his hatchling in his arms. “No one here has ever seen him actually angry.”

“Don’t try to be clever Tubbo. Of course we’ve seen it! I *made* him that way!”

“You don’t get it.” Tommy couldn’t help the brief bout of giggles that escaped his mouth while he listened to Wilbur. “None of you have actually seen Tommy be angry. Not really...”

“Theseus’ heart is too soft for that sort of thing.” Something else twinge inside of him at the mention of his heart before he squished it back.

“But now you took his son...” Phil whispered out in wonderment or maybe even fear at the realization. And the pitying look he was throwing his way was now upon Dream’s form. But this pity wasn’t the same for him. But a pitying look at the knowledge that somebody was blind to the truth, and that truth will soon dole out punishment to the one who most deserve it.

“I’ve always been so afraid of everything...” Tommy knew that his voice was softer than anything any of them had ever heard from him, but he felt it appropriate for what he was about to reveal. “I always tried to mask it by acting annoying or angry. I just wanted people to leave me alone...”

This was his greatest folly. Ever since he’d managed to escape from the lab he was born in, all he wanted to do was be left alone. But no matter what, his ingrained code and mission deemed it too powerful to ignore.

“I’ve always been scared... And I was bloody terrified of you! Right until I got stuck in prison...” His aloofness and soft tones shifted as he looked back at the green man once again.

“Right to the point when you took my last life...”

“Oh that was one of my favourite days back in my cell!” Dream interrupted him. “To have the pleasure of crushing your skull underneath me while you called out for help! ‘*Saaaam!*’

Phiiil! Technoooo! Someone please save me! ” Dream then laughed wickedly before turning around to look back at his Horde who were looking horrified at the implication.

Bastard! - Bᄁᄁᄁ ᄁᄁᄁᄁ!

“Oh? What’s this?” Dream asked around the room, not really waiting for a response. “Did you all finally realize what’s been going on? Oh, this is rich! Just look at your stupid faces!” Tommy could only watch as Dream pointed and laughed at everyone else in the room. Meanwhile, he could see when all the others started to reach the final realization of what he had gone through under Dream’s care.

“Do you get it now? Do you get how hopeless it is to go against me now?” Dream’s smile then turned even more sinister as he opened his arms wide.

“Once I finish properly retraining my little pet here to behave again, the rest of you will know to fall in line and order shall **finally** be restored in **my** server!” And he guessed that was enough for the others to finally snap. Seeing how they were all approaching him, Dream took hold of his arm and placed the sword back on his neck.

“How dare you!” Techno was the first to roar back, his ax out and begging to be used.

“Do you think we’re gonna let you do whatever the fuck you want?” Hearing Wilbur’s indignation and anger after so many months of hearing him praise Dream was somewhat of a whiplash.

About time they noticed... - Aᄁᄁᄁᄁ ᄁ ᄁᄁᄁᄁ ᄁᄁᄁᄁ ᄁᄁᄁᄁ ᄁᄁᄁᄁ...

“You saw what I can do to the most stubborn member amongst you all!” Dream countered, cooing at Tommy all the while. “So eager to obey... And I think-!”

“...Look at my source code Dream.”

Silence fell... And he knew that what he'd said was the reason for it. Nowhere in all the servers in the Overworld has someone heard of someone offering up their source code window so willingly. A person's source code was akin to a person's soul. The very thing that dictated who and what they were. Admins in other servers only ever access those windows only in cases of life and death. Only when a code is so corrupt that it runs the risk of infecting the rest of their world would an Admin gain access to such a thing. But hearing Tommy give access to Dream; Dream, who had been abusing and manipulating him for so many years?

They all probably thought he had finally gone insane...

"Excuse me?" Dream asked, his voice filled with surprise and softened in disbelief.

"Tommy?" He heard Phil asking, his voice filled with trepidation. "Tommy, what are you doing?! You can't!"

"Look at my source code." Tommy reiterated once again, his voice soft but carrying a layer filled with something primal. Something *Other*. "Go on. See what type of Guardian I am..."

The halls of the church then fell still. Perhaps it was the fact that even Dream seemed surprised at his offer or perhaps it was the sheer realization of what he was truly offering Dream. But the quietness that befell the once sacred halls had finally reached its peak. Offhandedly, Tommy could hear the slight huffs and puffs of his little one as he rested quietly on Tubbo's hands.

"Ha! You're even dumber than I thought!" Dream laughed as he let go of his sword and slammed open the source of his very being. His grubby hands touching everything that he was or ever will be. It made his skin crawl... "With you granting me access I can just rewrite you to my liking! Your annoying self will finally-!"

Tommy blinked away the visage of his son and turned back again to stare down at the green laden man before him. Dream's face was a sight to see, eye widening with every second that passed and his body beginning to shake not with anticipation but with something else. He saw the exact moment that Dream read what he truly was. How his entire body tensed up and grubby fingers fell off the display port.

Tommy's face then broke into a familiar visage, his face carving a familiar smile and his pupils turning into pinpricks. But he finally let himself indulge in the bubbling fire that roared inside of him every time he was pushed to this edge. Only this time, he didn't stop himself from plunging into that molten lake full of rage and fury. He let himself bathe in the utter agony of his emotions for the first time in his life and he reveled in the ecstasy of the pure wrath boiling within him.

“N-no...” Dream stuttered out as his open code slammed shut before him. He had made his point.

“Impossible... You... You can't be-!”

“Oh, but I am!” He knew at this point there was no hiding what his eye looked like to the others. He could feel his entire self brimming with magic, ancient and vast as the Void he had been reborn from. “And guess what Green Boy!” He took a step forward, chuckles rumbling deep in his chest as he saw his prey stepping back in *fear*.

Finally! Let us out! Let us out! - F! ʀ ʃt̪t̪! ɪl̪.ɟ̪ ʔ̪ ʃ̪=ɟ̪ ! ɪl̪.ɟ̪ ʔ̪ ʃ̪=ɟ̪!

He went to grab one of Dream's shoulders, purring as he plunged his lengthened nails right through his armor and deep into his flesh. Drops of blood flowed from his hand as Dream tried his best to shake him off but he held on with ease. Tommy then pulled him towards him, making sure that he leveled his face just a little under him and he *pushed* .

“You've just threatened my *horde* !” Dream cried out in pain as he fell onto one knee.

Souls for the Void King! - Sʃ̪=ʃ̪: ʔ̪ ʔ̪l̪ vʃ̪| ʔ̪ k| ʀ ʔ̪

Souls for the Void King! - Sʃ̪=ʃ̪: ʔ̪ ʔ̪l̪ vʃ̪| ʔ̪ k| ʀ ʔ̪

Souls for the Void King! - Sʃ̪=ʃ̪: ʔ̪ ʔ̪l̪ vʃ̪| ʔ̪ k| ʀ ʔ̪

“Tommy...! Tommy, let me go!” Dream grunted as he tried to pry Tommy’s hand from his shoulder. He even tried to pull out his sword to attempt to take a swing at him but *he* was faster.

He was utterly filled with giddy excitement as he felt the ribbons of blood coming from Dream. A part of him wanted to bring it forward to his mouth and taste his hunt but something told him Dream's blood wouldn't taste that great. No matter! He would just enjoy the pain he could see on Dream's face.

“Tubbo, take Shroud and get everyone as far away as you can.” Tommy cheerfully asked as he kept his eyes on Dream at all times. “I think Dream and I need to have a *li* ttle *chat* !”

“What? Are you nuts?” He heard Tubbo gasp out before he started shouting. “Do you think we-”

“Do as he says...” That voice surprised him slightly.

“Techno?” Tubbo continued. “We can’t leave him! How can you even think that?”

Don’t spoil our fun Bee Boy! - Dᵀᵀ ᵀ ᵀ!;ᵀ|ᵀ ᵀ=.: =ᵀᵀ ᵀ ᵀL·L· ᵀᵀ||!

“Look at him.” Techno murmured but Tommy could hear him as if he was screaming it from the rafters. “Dream has tried to get away from his hold but to no avail. And I know the scent of blood when it's freshly drawn. Tommy has him at his mercy.” Tommy's smile got wider and wider as he pushed Dream further down.

“Tommy!” Dream blurted out, trying his best not to show how much pain he was in. “You stop this nonsense this instant!” Tommy immediately brought his face forward, earning a yelp of pain from Dream as he eyed the man.

More More! - Mᵀ: :L· mᵀ: :L·!

Sink your claws in deeper! - s | 1 | + || J = : : 4 : 5 : 4 | 1 | 7 L : L : ! ; L : : !

More blood. More BLOOD! - m J : : L 5 : J J 7 . M J : : L 5 : J J 7 !

“You’ve taken everything from me, Dream...” Tommy stated as he let his head tilt to the side. His smile and eye never changed. “Why should I?”

“I-” Tommy didn’t give him the chance to plead his case before sinking his claws deeper into his skin.

“You took my Den!” And deeper...

“You took my family!” And deeper...

“You took my **SON** !” And deeper still, hitting bone and precious tendons which he was all too happy to tear into. He heard the others gasp as the shoulder guard on Dreams' armor finally gave away under his strength.

It was then that he felt the final block of his coding fall and he embraced the power that now surged through him with equal fervor. He felt his new appendages start to form behind him in a burst of purple magic, his newly formed tail swishing back and forth as his wings opened up to their full span casting shadows upon the two. His sight began to improve, sharpened and emboldened to the point where he could see every detail on Dream’s frightened face. He wanted to remember it for the rest of his existence...

“So **THANK** you Dream!” Tommy declared as he threw the man backwards. Dream scrambled to stand up, a hand quickly grasping his injured shoulder while his eyes never left his own. “For finishing what my creators **NEVER COULD** !”

“L-Let’s talk about this!” Tommy’s laughter that now echoed through the chamber was something *other* . What remained of the cathedral now began to shake as his laughter became louder and louder at the utter audacity that Dream had. It was something low and unnatural, able to shake your very bones from its bravado. sss

“The time for talking is **OVER** !” As he shouted his declaration, he let the rest of the magic within him spill over and completely engulf his being. He could feel how his smile, carved and wider than anything remotely human, began to stretch and grow even more. He felt himself grow in size, stretching his usually gangly limbs into something that finally felt **right** for the first time in his existence.

Flimsy pink skin peeled away to reveal dark obsidian scales, shimmering against the light a light purple sheen. Arms and legs began to grow and grow into powerful claws and his whole frame morphed into something more animalistic. As he grew, he felt his body tearing through the precious marble and cobble that made the rest of the chapel's walls. Offhandedly, he could hear everyone else's screams of shock at seeing his new form, but all he had eyes for was the little green dot below him.

Finally, when he felt the magic settle with his new form, his tail coiled around one of the spires of the church, the others a good ways away and his prey trying to escape from beneath him. The time for indulging was over. He had run out of patience. He had run out of kindness. And he must certainly have run out of fear for this man. He let himself get lost in the feeling of his form once more and let himself indulge in the thrill of the hunt. Tommy smiled, his maw revealing too many teeth's to even count but he felt himself in the mood to

He roared.

Papa always said to never trust the Green Man.

And Shroud tried. He did! When he woke up to loud noises in their Web and his door opened so suddenly, he scurried away to try and hide in the shadows. He tried to make no noise like how his Papa taught him how to play! But the Green Man seemed to know where he was hiding right away. So he must've been cheating!

Then the man threw a glass bottle at him that made him really really sleepy and slow so even though he tried really really hard not to, he fell from the ceiling and into the Green Man's arms.

The man smelled really funny. Like the sticky red goo that his Papa sometimes oozed when he got hurt. But he couldn't get away from him as much as he tried.

He spent the rest of the day in that really wobbly and dizzy state. And then Green Man just talked out loud, saying that all of this was his Papa's fault. That his Papa was not a good man. That **he** would take better of him than his Papa ever could.

So, he decided that the Green Man was just a really bad liar.

But then the man told him that his Papa left him with him. That he was not going to come back for him and that he had to be the better person and take care of him from now on...

Liar Liar Pants of Fire!

Because it wasn't even a day before he saw his Papa again.

He had come! Just like he promised! And he had brought other people with him. Were they here to help his Papa or were they like the mean Green Man? He made some weak attempts at reaching towards his true guardian but the Green Man pulled him back.

Then they started talking. The adult players really did talk too much for his liking. Especially when the Green Man made his Papa so scared.

But he knew that his Papa would be sad for too long. He never was! Shroud really admired him for it. But then the Green man made his Papa angry. Like, really, REALLY angry! And the funny thing was that the Green man didn't seem to notice that! Silly little man.

Then the players started talking again but then came a point when he was dropped by the Green man. And it hurt! He thinks? He really didn't understand why he was so sleepy. He had taken all of his naps! But then his Papa introduced him to someone. The Bee Boy! Shroud

had always wanted to meet the Bee Boy his Papa always talked about! The Bee Boy was obviously a member of his Papa's pack so the Bee Boy had to be his uncle, right? Of course he was right. Papa would never lie to him.

The Bee Boy then cradled his body to him; he was oh so comfy! And so warm too! He was all too happy to snuggle up next to his uncle. His Uncle! He had an Uncle! That was so wild for Shroud!

Then his Papa started getting quite angry and put a hand on the Green man's shoulder. Shroud winced a lil, knowing that his Papa needed to get rid of the mean man. But he didn't understand why everybody else was so surprised by this?

Shroud always knew that his Papa was a good protector. He had to be for having such a strong code! Shroud had always heard rumors, whispers of a great Dragon defending a dimension that not many could go to. But his Papa had a Dragon's code! And he was **his** Papa! He CHOSE him to be a part of his thunder and he had never been happier!

But back to what they were doing, Papa suddenly started screaming and the Green man too. And then Uncle was taking him outside the shelter they were in alongside the others, only for his Papa's transformed body to push the rocks away and brought down the building.

When he saw his Papa finally transform, he was excited but also a little bit sad. His Papa's body grew so much and he was so powerfully looking! But he was sad because he also saw the bits of skin that did not have the pretty purple scales. Instead they were all filled with boo-boos and some sick looking skin... Papa had told him once that he was still hurt from something but only now did Shroud see how much.

But it was ok! Soon, Papa will pick him up and we can go back to their own adventure!

The rush of all his senses while he was in his draconic form gave Tommy a form of freedom that he's never felt in his life. It was as if all the jagged pieces that made him who he was finally fit together to form an image and of course it took for him to get to this point but he did not care one bit.

Tommy found himself reveling in the strength he now possessed. He could feel his claws digging deep into the cobblestone below him as he perched himself atop the church, his eyes gazing down at Dream's fleeing form. A low and unearthly growl began to rumble from within his chest as he felt the now familiar acrid taste of his fire aching to get out.

And who was he to refuse?

“ **DREAM!** ” Tommy roared before letting out a line of blue fire right in Dream's path, essentially cornering him off. He felt giddy as he saw his once abused jump in fear of his power. And in turn, Tommy let himself go of the Church's remaining crumbling walls and landed with a large thud.

“ **Dreeeeam!** ” He bellowed from deep in his soul. “ **Time for your punishment!** ” As his voice echoed in the surroundings, he let his tail coil around the Green bastard, bringing him up towards his maw.

“Tommy!” Dream pleaded with him while trying to get out of his hold. “Tommy stOP-AGHK!” He let out another growl as he tightened his hold on the man.

“ **Letting you keep your last life was a gift.** ” He rumbled as his gleaming eyes looked down onto Dream and found him lacking. “ **A gift that you squandered and abused with every taunt and abuse and every inconceivable notion of revenge in your mind!** ”

“Tommy!” Dream exclaimed, his voice high pitched and shaking with fear. “You can't kill me! I-Ugh- I have the revival book! I'm the only one who knows its tricks!”

“ **Wilbur has been brought back. So you tell me...** ” His voice then got even lower, rumbling down to the bone as he gave the Green man a grin, making sure to show off every single tooth. “ **What use are you to me now?** ” He chuckles slightly, letting his chest heave and weep at the catharsis of the situation.

“You- You can’t kill me!” Dream continued, not even bothering to hide his trembling. “We’re friends! Best friends-AGHK!”

“ I’ve had enough of your lies! ” Tommy barked, having had enough. ***“ Back then, I let you gaslight me into making me believe you were my friend! I let you abuse me just so I could have somebody during my exile! But now? ”***

“ Now? ” Tommy’s voice was almost non-existent. More so resembling the sound of lighting or the echoes of an explosion long forgotten. ***“ Now it’s time I put an end to this once and for all! ”*** As he said this, he brought Dream up higher, almost up to his line of sight, as his once blue eyes now morphed into a swirl of purples and blues.

His judgment now given, he started to lower Dream right towards his chest. His chest, who could’ve been a magnificent example of strength and resilience was now opened and bare to all. His ribcage began to split and open in advance as Dream began to approach it, almost as if it was eager to consume. His heart, inlaid with bits of gold and obsidian was nestled in between the rest of his organs as well as its twin counterpart, the other heart very clearly made from an Ender pearl like material.

“ SJ=ƒY =J:: 7 TL·vJ!Kk!U-! ” As he repeated the chant that his voices demanded, he gave in completely to the sensation. His ender heart now pulsated in delight at being fed and as his tail let go of Dream’s body, dark tentacles protruded from his chest and latched onto the man who has caused so much pain in this server.

To the onlookers down below, they could not believe what they were looking at. Never in their dreams could they have expected that TommyInnit could be something as powerful as a Dragon. And now? They are watching as the Admin of their server began to be enveloped by tentacles that seemed to be somewhat enderman in nature.

And how Dream's entire body began to disintegrate before their very eyes...

As seconds passed and Dream’s screams faded more and more, the more it seemed like Tommy’s ribs began to assimilate teeth. His chest pulsated ever so often that it looked like it was guzzling down on a hearty meal. Bit by bit, second by second Tommy slowly devoured

everything that Dream ever was. Every single part of his code and inventory now belonged to him as he absorbed him matter.

It was a while before Dream's body finally disappeared, having been devoured by Tommy. And once Tommy's chest cavity closed once again, he let out a roar in victory over his greatest foe. He was a bit disappointed that he didn't prolong his suffering but he knew that Dream deserved nothing but a quick end and a forgotten legacy.

He flew one lap around the church grounds, letting himself stretch and enjoy this form for a bit longer before he inevitably went to land in front of everyone. As he was landing, he could feel the magic retreating to his secondary heart.

Scales and muscles once so mighty were now their usual slim self. But Tommy could still feel the wind around him being fanned by his new appendages. Beautiful obsidian wings now laid snugly between his shoulders and he felt his tail swishing around as he took sight of his son in Tubbo's arm.

The silence that fell upon the once sacred grounds was utterly deafening...

"... Tommy... How-"

"Papa!" Tommy's face immediately shifted to one of pure joy as he opened his arms and caught Shroud in them. He then twirled each other as he let out a laugh and gave his son the biggest cuddle he was able to give.

"Hello my precious little hatchling!" Tommy gushed as he began to catalog every inch of his most precious treasure. "Are you ok? Did the mean Green man scare you? Well, you have nothing to worry about anymore alright? Papa's here and he is not letting you out of his sight." He then proceeded to pepper him with tiny little kisses, his joy and relief at finally having him with him could not beat any other feeling.

"Papa's the stwongest! Papa's the bestest!" Shroud squealed in utter joy as he tried his best to avoid getting tickled but Tommy would not allow that.

“Ohhh you are gonna get so sick of seeing your ol’ man it’s not even funny!” He hugged him tighter one last time and he began to head towards the rubble that remained of the church.

“Tommy...?” Wilbur asked from somewhere behind him but he paid it no attention. “Hey, Tommy, wait a minute!” Using his wings, he pushed himself and his hatchling towards where he knew that Dream had dug the hole before. Little by little, he began to pull his old armor out of the rubble and the few items that were left over before he turned to where he knew the entrance to his temporary den was.

“What? What is it? What do you want?” He needed to pick up some extra items to make sure their travels are spent safely and as easy as he can make them.

“Don’t you think you should explain a few things? Like, oooh say... how you turned into a bloody dragon?” Tommy rolled his eyes at this as he began to fill his inventory with his rations. Food was paramount. He would not let his hatchling starve on the way to their new lives.

“Why does it matter to you?” He was getting annoyed. Couldn’t they see that he was busy?

“Why does it- Of course it matters to us Tommy!” He continued, and Tommy could hear him walking closer to him. “You’re our brother, of course we’re gonna want to know!”

“What? A child soldier wasn’t enough? Now you wish you could’ve had a dragon under your control during the wars?” “Newsflash arsehole. I kinda needed to die before I could do this. Although who knows. Maybe you would’ve killed me fully before while I was still willing to be your shield...”

“Tommy that’s... That’s not what I meant!”

“It doesn’t matter anyways. I wasn’t able to fully turn back then.” Tommy growled while he began to pack and rearrange his inventory better. “Had all of the instincts but none of the perks! Thank youuu science!” He rolled his eyes as he kept working. He knew that the others

didn't have any idea of what to do with him. They probably saw him as an out of control beast that they needed to defeat.

"The disks... L'Manburg..." Tommy blinked before turning around to look at Phil. Phil was looking at him strangely, almost as if he was finally coming to an understanding of a question that he couldn't never answer before. And it only took a few seconds before bitter understanding fell upon his brain.

"My horde and my den..." Tommy answered in kind, not caring that his bitterness showed in his tone. "Not that it mattered in the end!" Silence fell upon the onlookers so he proceeded to finish up organizing his inventory. He should probably get a few extra tools as well...

"But, Tommy... Why?" Philza continued, his voice filled with grief. "Why do you look like that?" Tommy stopped for a second before continuing and he hoped that they would stop questioning him.

But since when did he ever get what he wanted?

"I've seen an Ender Dragon before. Its scales are pure obsidian black and its muscles full and engorged. But your... your other form wasn't like that..." Phil lamented as he took one step forwards, as if he wished nothing more than to take Tommy into his arms. "So why did you look half dead?" Hearing this, Tommy couldn't help the sarcastic and bitter chuckle that escaped him.

"The bastards who made me were missing the key element to ensure the ender dragon genes would fully develop. And that was the pure essence of the Void..." Tommy sighed before turning around.

"So when I-" He cleared his voice before continuing. "When I went away... The darkness that I was in. The infinite nothingness of my Limbo was the Void of eternity." He closed his eyes as he let the memory of his limbo fill his very code. And instead of feeling nothingness, he now felt like something or someone was giving him a gentle hug.

“All that time was all it took for my code to finish processing the proper sequence to allow me the chance to transform.” He concluded. “But since I was dead and then brought back, the code registers me as something *other* .” Tommy sighed and looked at the rest of the people who would forever be his hoard. But nothing else.

“So In truth, I am not really a proper Ender Dragon Hybrid. But something else...”

“I call it a Dracolich...” Tommy continued, as he looked into the distance with some form of melancholy. “Half alive, half dead...”

“Anyways. For what it’s worth.” He retorted as he hugged his little one closer to him. “Thanks...” And when he said this, he felt it as if it was the final nail in the coffin. His final act for these people. And he then started to walk away.

“H-hey!” He heard Tubbo calling out when he realized that Tommy was not stopping. “Where do you think you’re going?” Tommy turned around to give his friend a raised eyebrow while he kept walking backwards.

“Away?” Tommy replied as he turned back around. “The only reason I was still here was because I was looking for my son.”

“Tommy!” It was Phil this time. “Stop, please! Can’t we just talk about this? You don’t have to go!” A cackle erupted from his chest at the audacity of the man who still tried to call himself his father.

“Yes I do.” Tommy stopped when he saw the faces of incredulity on those who were once members of his Thunder. “What? Did you think that you would ask me to forgive you and I would just ‘ *Oh but of course! What WAS I thinking! Yes. I will stay and will move into the house of the father who abandoned me, the brother who turned me into a soldier and my other brother who’s punishments are honestly sometimes worse than death!* ’” His voice began as a shrill mockery of his family but then morphed into one filled with pain and indignation.

“Newsflash people!” Tommy roared out, letting some of his voice to double with the low timber of his more draconic form. “Things will never go back to what they were before! No matter how much you try to gaslight me or try to make yourselves the victims!”

“I am leaving this fucking chunk, go as far away as I can fly and I will give MY son the childhood I NEVER HAD OUT OF SPITE, MOTHER FUCKERS!” And with that, he let his wings propel him up and forward, finally taking flight from the place that had brought him so much sadness and joy. He somewhat heard the people below him cry out his name, how that might stop me he would never know. But all that mattered was that now he found himself flying away from the pain that that place gave him. And that now he would be able to raise his son without the threat of wars or torture hanging over them both.

“You ok there munchkin?” Tommy murmured against his son’s raven hair. And as he looked down at him, he saw his hatchling looking at the world around them with wide eyes and open arms.

“Papa we ‘s flying!” Tommy simply chuckled and looked at his little one with nothing but elation and love. His chest rumbled as his instincts were going wild with the need to cuddle with Shroud right at that moment because he looked so adorable.

“Haha! Yes that’s right! We’re flying!” Tommy declared as he pulled his son closer to him. “Off to a new adventure!”

"Just the two of us..."

Chapter End Notes

DING DONG THE BITCH IS DEAD! AND TOMMY ATED HIM SO ITS OK!

But in all seriousness, what did you guys think of the reveal? Some of you managed to guess what type of hybrid he was but I thought I'd put my own spin on it with a lil bit of D&D nerd sprinkle in there too.

I figured that if he were to be an Enderdragon, he would need to be exposed to the Void. But because he died and was brought back to life, he was now an undead dragon with soul abilities. Why? Because its fucking cool that's why.

Also? Blue fire = Soul fire like from soul sand. :p

ONE MORE CHAPTER LEFT YALL!!!

End Notes

Yes. Tommy is a hybrid but I want you guys to try and guess. (Although I made it kinda easy to guess tbh...)

Updates will be sporadic at best until I get some solid free time but everything has been planned out already! Let me know what your thoughts are so far!

Anyways enjoy!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!